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[THE STEWARD'S REVENGE.]

THE KEEPER OF THE FERRY.

By the Author of "The Boddage of Brandon."

CHAPTER V.

AN ATTEMPTED CRIME.

Then flashed the living lightning from his eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.

Pop.

And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain,
And long since then of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves,
Of lonely tolls cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves.

Pop.

Mr. Lister wished most fervently that he had not been so rash as to conceal himself for the purpose of hearing other people's secrets, in a surreptitious manner. He had heard nothing of any value or moment to him. What had come to his ears was calculated to disconcert him.

For some time past he had been of opinion that the ferryman's daughter entertained what is called a sneaking affection for the young coachman, who was, beyond all doubt, a good-looking fellow, and one in every respect likely to interest a girl of Molly's age and disposition. He was young, handsome, and well made. If Molly did not like him, she was certainly a fastidious young lady, most difficult to please.

The steward recognized in Tom Harvey a most dangerous rival, and one to be dreaded. When he saw on what intimate terms the lovers were, he grew wild with rage and passion, hating Tom with all his heart; and a black, venomous heart it was when the evil passions inherent in the steward's nature were excited and called into play.

As he heard Harvey coming, he tried to crawl into the hedge, so as to hide himself from those prying eyes which would be sure to be searching for him. But all his efforts were vain and fruitless.

With a light spring, Tom Harvey jumped over the hedge, and began looking around him.

The steward trusted that he was well concealed and out of sight. He could fancy the jeers to which he would be subjected if discovered; he could imagine the scornful smile which would dimple Molly's cheeks; and he could picture to himself the amusement of the lovers as the fox was unearthed.

All at once, with a cry, Tom Harvey pounced upon his prey, and seizing the steward by the collar of his coat, dragged him without much difficulty into the open air, where he could have a good look at him, and find out who he was. The hedge was not high, so that Molly was able to see both the steward and Tom Harvey, with the greatest distinctness.

"Why, Molly!" exclaimed Tom. "It's the old fox from Baskerville. It's the steward who is always dangling at your apron. He thought to steal a march upon us, but he did not lie quite still enough."

Molly laughed, and said:

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Lister. I suppose you felt tired. Do you often go to sleep under hedges?"

The steward growled something in reply, which was inaudible.

"He'd been following us, Molly," continued Tom. "I'm sure he had. I'd lay a sovereign to a bad penny of it. I'll let him know, before I've done with him, that people are not to be dogged about by spies, for nothing at all. I hate listeners."

"I am glad that you have detected Mr. Lister, for one reason," said Mary Goodall. "It will show him that I love you, and that I can never entertain any affection for him. I have told you on many occasions, Tom, how I have been persecuted by Mr. Lister, and worried and annoyed by his attentions. I never willingly or knowingly encouraged him by word or deed, and I did think it hard that I should be compelled to submit to addresses which were altogether distasteful to me. My father and mother prefer Mr. Lister to you, and would rather see me marry him, because he is better off in the world, and could keep me in better style."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Tom. "Better style, indeed! Why, he's getting old, and won't be able to work many years longer. I'm young, Molly; I've got all the world before me. I shall make my way;

and when I'm the steward's age, perhaps I shall be able to make a lady of you. I don't mean to be a coachman all my life. It's only a make shift for the present. When I've got a few pounds together, we'll go into trade, Molly, and make our fortune; that's the way to do it. Besides that, I'm strong and healthy. I can work." As he spoke, he proudly stretched forth his arm, and bent it up to the elbow, saying, complacently, as he did so: "There's some muscle there, and I'm not afraid to use it. I can make a pound a day, by hard work, at dredging. They give eighteen pence a yard for good gravel. Don't you be afraid of marrying me, Molly. You shall never want. If it pleases heaven to afflict me, and render me incapable for work, it won't hurt us, for I'm in two clubs, and shall have five and twenty shillings a week from the two."

Mary made no answer. She looked at Tom in an affectionate manner, as if she would say: "I know that if I married you to-morrow you would never make me regret it, or repent what I had done. I am positive that you would make me a good husband, and be kind and loving to me. I am certain that you would work till you dropped and couldn't raise a finger."

Mr. Lister had listened to their harangue with some impatience. Thinking he would cool the young man's ardour by throwing a little cold water upon it, he said:

"All that you have said is no doubt very bombastic and high-flown; but allow me to tell you one thing, my enthusiastic young friend. This young lady's friends have to be consulted; and I know for a fact that the keeper of the ferry prefers me to yourself. He will never see his daughter married to a groom if he can help it."

"You have found your tongue at last, my fine fellow, have you?" exclaimed Tom Harvey, in a bantering tone of voice. "You are not so much ashamed of yourself as you were five minutes ago; but you will be sorry you spoke before long. You have just raised my temper. I'm not going to be called a groom by a man who gets the gout every month or so by drinking wine which doesn't belong to him, but which is the property of his master."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the steward, tremulously, as he felt Tom's grip tighten about his neck, and saw the passion flashing from his eyes.

"You'll know if you live long enough."

"Don't hurt him, Tom," cried Molly.

"He deserves to have his neck broken; but I won't do the hangman's dirty work," replied Tom Harvey. "I'm just going to pitch him over that hedge, and if he falls short and tumbles into it, he mustn't say it's my fault."

"You had better let me go," said Mr. Lister, thinking to intimidate his assailant by a threat. "If you do not it will be the worse for you. I shall most assuredly summon you for an assault."

"And make yourself the laughing stock of the place," interrupted Tom, with a defiant laugh. "What a pretty story it would make, to be sure. They'd have it in the Norfolk papers. They'd be full of the steward of Baskerville and the ferryman's daughter; and how the old fellow hid himself under a hedge to listen, and got found out and tossed into a hedge for his pains by Miss Wicherley's coachman. I'm not afraid of your summonses. Now mind yourself. The hedge is nice and spiky. Mind the thorns and keep your eyes shut. You'd better not fall face first, or there's no telling what the consequences may be."

The steward struggled desperately on hearing these words, for he saw that his captor was in earnest, and he dreaded that he would be throwing him over the hedge cause him to fall short, and tumble into the tangled mass of thorns and briars. Harvey, was, however, too strong for him, and in his arms he was no more formidable than a baby.

"Here goes," cried Tom, taking him up in his arms, and swinging him backwards and forwards; "one, two, three."

At the last word, in the air, he fell with considerable force upon the hedge.

Mary Goodall screamed loudly, as if she thought murder was being committed. The victim of this act of lynch-law did not seem to like the punishment to which he had been subjected, for he uttered short yelps and cries, intermingled with oaths, curses, and exclamations.

Tom laughed heartily, as if it were an excellent joke. The tears ran down his cheeks, and he shouted boisterously every time Mr. Lister moved in a desperate effort to extricate himself.

The pain the steward suffered must have been great, for he was in a manner impaled upon a thousand thorns, all of which ran into his flesh and pricked him unpleasantly. At last the agony he was undergoing became insupportable, and he roared like a mad bull stung by a hundred gadflies.

"Oh, do take him down, Tom," exclaimed Mary Goodall; "pray do; you may kill him, and you will only make him more inveterate against me."

"Don't alarm yourself," replied Tom. "I'm not likely to kill him. It will only make him sore for a little while; and it serves him right for all he has done to you."

"But I don't like to see it. It is cruel," continued Mary. "Lend him a helping hand just to oblige me; do, dear Tom."

The young coachman was unable to withstand the affectionate appeal. To be called dear by Molly was very pleasing to him, and he felt bound to comply with her request.

Walking up to the hedge, he gazed upon the upturned face of his enemy—how much his enemy he did not then stop to consider. The eyes were rolling in a sort of frenzy. A crimson froth stood upon the lips, and the features were horribly twisted, convulsed, and distorted.

When Tom had gratified his temporary malignity, he proceeded to extricate the steward from his painful position.

Had it not been for Mary Goodall's earnest entreaty he would have left him to his fate. He felt like a bad Samaritan, and would have been glad to pass by on the other side of the way; but like a good, dutiful, and obedient lover he did what he was told, and taking the steward in his arms lifted him down and laid him upon the grass.

Mr. Lister gave vent to a sigh of relief, but did not speak.

"I hope he is not dead," said Molly, nervously.

"Dead! Not he," replied Tom; "he's as tough as an oak. It would take more than you think of to kill him. Come, master, wake up."

This adjuration was not responded to. Mr. Lister groaned at intervals, but did not seem conscious of what was passing around.

"Oh! if you choose to be sulky, you're welcome for me," cried Tom Harvey. "I'm not going to stand by you all night. You had best lie where you are till you feel disposed to go home."

"Can't you do anything for him?" inquired Mary, feelingly.

"Nothing at all," replied Tom. "He's not much hurt. I've tumbled into a quickset hedge before now, when I was a boy, out bird-nesting. He'll come to when he wants. Lying still like that is his artfulness. It's getting dark—I'd better think about seeing you home, hadn't I?"

"I am ready when you are," answered Mary.

Taking a run, Tom Harvey jumped over the hedge, and was quickly by her side again.

As they walked rapidly towards the ferryman's cottage, Mary Goodall said:

"I wish most sincerely that you had not offended Mr. Lister."

What I have done to him, Mary, will make little or no difference in his feelings towards me, replied Tom; "and I will tell you why. He has an affection for you. I will not call it love; but anyhow he is attached to you. That being the case he must naturally hate and dislike me for being the favoured mortal whom you prefer. He will not dislike me more for throwing him into the hedge than he did before."

"I hope not," said Molly; "but I cannot help thinking that some harm will result from your violence to him. I know Mr. Lister to be a man of fierce passions and a hasty temper. He is also determined; and I beg of you to avoid him in future. If anything were to happen to you, even in an accidental quarrel, what should I do?"

I hardly like to say how Tom quoted Molly's fears; but he bent his head down, and there was a sound of a man's lips touching some congenial substance, and almost directly afterwards followed by a sound of an opposite nature, leading the hearer, if there was one, to imagine that some one had had his face slapped with rather more force than is agreeable.

Just as this interesting episode was brought to an end, the lovers were startled by hearing the noise of footsteps advancing rapidly in their direction; in a few seconds, a person, going at speed, passed by them. It was too dark to perceive who the man was, although there was just sufficient light to notice that it was a man.

"Oh, Tom, how that man frightened me! How fast he is going!" exclaimed Mary, putting her hand on her heart, to still its tumultuous pulsations.

"He is evidently in a hurry, whoever he is," replied Tom Harvey.

"I wish my heart wouldn't palpitate so. It's given me quite a turn, it has indeed," continued Mary Goodall.

A dim light was now discernible in the distance. It came from the ferryman's cottage.

"We are nearly home now," said Mary; "will you come in for half an hour, Tom? Father will be glad to see you."

"Not he, Molly! He wants you to marry that steward fellow, and he won't care much about seeing me, leastways not with you. I know I'd not be welcome; and when I have seen you a little farther, I'll be turning homewards."

They proceeded a short distance in silence, and when Mary Goodall was within a couple of dozen yards of home, they bid one another adieu and parted; Mary saying, as Tom pressed her hand in a loving manner:

"Take care of yourself, dear Tom. You know how precious your dear life is to me. For my sake be careful."

"Never you fear, Molly," replied Tom. "I shall be ready when I'm wanted. No harm will come to me. Shall I see you to-morrow at the old place?"

"If I can get away, you may rely upon my being there. Good night, Tom; and above all things, be prudent," replied Mary.

With that they parted. Mary went homeward, and Tom went back to his stable.

When Mr. Lister felt himself sufficiently recovered, he rose to his feet, grinding curses between his teeth. If anyone had seen his countenance, they would have started back in affright, for its expression was perfectly demoniacal. If he had hated and thoroughly detested Thomas Harvey before, how much more did he do so then!

His wounds were still green and fresh, so that the sufferer was able to move about with nearly his accustomed ease.

Clambering over the hedge, he set his elbows well into his sides, and started off at a swift pace in the direction of the ferryman's cottage.

It was Mr. Lister by whom the lovers had been startled, and he ran as hard as he could to Stephen Goodall's. The keeper of the ferry was down at the beach, with Arthur. Mrs. Goodall was in the scullery, washing some potatoes of her own growing, to bake for supper, so that when the steward entered the cottage by lifting the latch, and pushing the door open, he was master of the situation.

He glanced furtively around him, and espied the clock hanging on the wall. The dial was distinctly visible by the light of a solitary tallow candle.

Moving across the brick-laid floor with the utmost caution, Lister approached the clock.

After looking over his shoulder to ascertain if he was being watched by anyone, he rose on tiptoe, swung back the glass, and adroitly moved the big hand round until it made the complete circuit of the dial.

It had been exactly twenty minutes to seven on his arrival; now it was twenty minutes to eight.

Hearing a footstep in the house, Mrs. Goodall exclaimed:

"Is that you, Steve?"

Hastily shutting the face of the clock and moving back to the doorway, Mr. Lister replied:

"No; it's me, Mrs. Goodall. I just looked in to see that Mrs. Stackpole will be glad of your assistance to-morrow, and wishes me to say that if you are not at Baskerville by tea o'clock, she shall come to fetch you."

"So she may," replied Betsy Goodall; "and she's got as good as she brought; but, it's kind of you, Mr. Lister, to come back all this way. Sit ye down till the good man comes in; you must have a glass of ale before you go. I'll draw you one."

In a short space she returned with the ale, saying:

"Here you are, sir. Much good may it do you. Steve's only down on the beach."

"I can't wait, thank you. See how late it is."

"Late! It is? I thought it was quite early."

She looked up at the clock.

"Lor bless us! so it is; a quarter to eight; well, I never! how the time do slip away, to be sure. I must look alive with those 'tators; we thought of having some, with a Spanish onion or two, for supper. I wish Molly would come in. She ought not by rights to be out so late; there's no good to be got by it, and she might help me a bit, as it's her bounden duty. Well, if you won't wait, I wish you a pleasant journey. I shall be up at the half early to-morrow. Be sure to give my kind respects to Mrs. Stackpole."

She went back to the scullery to look after the potatoes and onions. Taking advantage of her absence, Lister again approached the clock, and reversed the hands, once more setting them at the right time.

"There," he muttered, "that will do, I think. Mrs. Goodall will swear it was twenty minutes to eight when I was here; so if anything should happen to a friend of mine, who shall be nameless, I have an alibi, a capital alibi, if, in an hour's time, the friend before mentioned should tumble down and hurt himself. Mrs. Goodall will never think of looking at the clock; or if she does, she will think it has stopped for a time, or gone wrong. I will trust to chance about that."

With these half-uttered words, he left the cottage, and just succeeded in getting clear as Mary entered it.

The night was dark. The moon had not yet risen, and a rising mist was beginning to wrap everything in a dense shade. If the steward had not known the country round about almost from his youth upwards, he would have experienced considerable difficulty in finding his way; but, as it was, he pursued a certain route with incredible swiftness.

How he ran and panted and urged himself along; for all the world as if some wild beast was on his track, and hungering for his blood, chilling his heart with fierce grawls, and stimulating him, from excess of terror, to greater exertion.

The perspiration rolled in beads from his face. Suddenly he slackened his pace and proceeded with the utmost caution. Was it fancy, or did he hear some one ahead of him?—some one light-hearted and joyous, whistling as he went, for want of thought.

No, he was not mistaken, for Tom Harvey was on his way home, and had been overtaken by the steward. He was superlatively happy, because he was sure of Mary Goodall's love. He knew he had a rival, but he did not fear him. What man who ever loved an undeniably pretty girl was without a rival. Sometimes a man may have a score of rivals; but he was not a faint heart, no rival could make his heart beat faster, for Mary was not a coquette. She would sooner have died than trifled with honest Tom's feelings. She loved him and she was not ashamed of his knowing it. So Tom chanted a psalm of thanksgiving and satisfaction, for he hoped soon to be able to convince the keeper of the ferry that he was an eligible young fellow, to whom it would be desirable to marry his daughter.

He had, by dint of indefatigable industry, collected a sum of money. It was under a hundred pounds, but not far short of that amount. If the ferryman would put something to it, the young couple would be enabled to take a business and Tom could lay the foundation of his fortune, with a very pretty, loving, good girl for his wife.

A girl who would make his interest identical with her own, and do all that lay in her power to bring him increase of happiness and of wealth.

Tom was a model young man in his way. He did not mind drinking a glass of beer, or even a glass of brandy-and-water on a dark night, when the air was chilly and the wind bleak; but he never frequented the alehouse or the spirit-store.

He worked hard for his money, and he knew the value of it.

All the gold he could scrape together was intended for Mary Goodall; and he considered it much too precious to be squandered in creature comforts, or, more strictly speaking, superfluous luxuries.

It was not because he lived in a country place, and was away from the temptations of a large town. There were public-houses in Rotherham, the nearest post town, which was not above a couple of miles from Miss Wicherley's.

At Rotherham, there was a tavern licensed for music, but, although Tom was especially fond of music, he never entered the portals of the hall, not even to see what it was like.

He thought it would be establishing a precedent, and laying the foundation-stone of a career of idleness and dissipation.

Mr. Lister trud upon the yielding grass with the carelessness of an Indian scout. Not one of his footfalls penetrated to Tom Harvey's ears.

Miss Wicherley's house was situated about half-way up the "Wash," and faced the sea. She was an eccentric maiden lady, who liked to hear the dash and the roar of the waves.

Nothing pleased her so much as a fresh breeze off the sea; for then the salt spray at high water was blown by the gale towards the windows, and beat in her face.

Some people said that Miss Wicherley had been crossed in love when she was very young. However that may be, she led a secluded life, and saw few visitors.

Her brother's emigration to Australia was a great blow to her.

She had been in the habit of visiting him frequently. He was a man whose tastes were very nearly assimilated to her own. Their political opinions were identical.

She was a friend of the people, and greatly deplored the almost universal apathy of working men as regarded politics.

"They will never get the reforms they ought to have until they combine and agitate," she was accustomed to say.

"Combination—agitation." These were her watch-words.

"Let the people be represented; let the ballot be introduced, and the franchise lowered, and then see how long church-rates will exist," she often observed. "All kind abominations would be swept away by the united action of a determined people truly represented in Parliament."

Sir William Wicherley had urged her to accompany him to Australia, but she could not be prevailed upon to do so.

She was dearly attached to her house. And she clung with the tenacity of an old maid to her dogs, her cats, her horses, her trees, her favourite spots. And she preferred staying in England, although she knew that, by so doing, she lost her brother's society, perhaps, for ever.

When Tom Harvey was about a quarter of a mile from home, he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard a footstep behind him.

As he halted, so did the footstep; and he stood still a few minutes, in doubt.

To his right was a dense mass of shrubbery and wood—so far to his left the sea extended further than the eye could reach. A shelving beach led down to the ocean; but stretching westward or inland was a rocky and precipitous cliff, in which it was said the sea had, in former years, made large caves.

It was shrewdly whispered by village wiseacres, at their "houses of call," over a pot of ale, that certain persons, known as smugglers, evily disposed towards the revenue, had assisted Nature by Art, and honey-combed the rocks until they had excavated far inland, making commodious dwellings and storehouses for their smuggled goods, which, of course, were of great value.

It was as dark that, although Tom could see his hand before him, he could see little else. He knew the sea was to the left of him, because the path was familiar to him, and for an additional reason, which was that the noise of the waves beating against the pebbles, of which the beach was composed, was plainly audible.

With the stealthy, creeping movement peculiar to serpents, the steward neared his victim. The darkness was so profound that, although he knew he was within a few feet of him, he could not tell exactly where he was standing. So, for the purpose of drawing an exclamation from him in an unguarded moment, he stooped down, picked up a dry stick, and tapped it asunder.

"Who's that?" cried Tom Harvey, suspecting that he was followed by somebody.

He received no answer; but his question had unfortunately indicated the position in which he was, and the next minute a heavy body rushed through the air with a "whizz," and precipitated itself violently upon him.

Before he could fully comprehend what was about to happen to him, he was borne to the earth. A hand was upon his throat, and he experienced a sense of suffocation.

Mr. Lister was filled with demoniacal fury; he remembered only that his enemy was in his power, and that he might revenge himself to the full for the cruel treatment he had experienced at his hands but a short time before.

While he held Tom Harvey with one hand, he searched for a stone with the other, never for one moment relaxing his grip. At last he found a large piece of rock, with which he attacked the poor fellow's head, hitting it with a violence sufficient to drive his skull in; but rustic heads are hard, and he did not succeed in his charitable intention. Tom kicked and struggled at first with all the vehemence of despair, but after receiving half-a-dozen blows with the rock, he felt confused and dizzy, and succumbed to what appeared to be his fate.

It was clear that the steward wished to murder his rival. If not, why should he have been at such pains to interfere with and alter the ferryman's clock?

"He must be dead now," muttered the steward, rising to his feet and wiping the damp from his forehead with the back of his hand.

With trembling footsteps he turned back, and made the best of his way across country to Baskerdale, looking over and anon over his shoulder, as if apprehensive that the ghost of the murdered man was following him and hunting him to his doom. Strange visions of blood and scaffolds, of a gibing, jeering crowd, of a stout cord, a short shrift, and the throttling sensation of the hangman's rope, flitted before his mind's eye, and with a start and a shudder he hastened homewards.

The road to Baskerdale lay through a little village which boasted one beer-shop. Feeling faint and weary, Mr. Lister stopped there, and going to the bar, called for a glass of ale. The landlord drew it for him as he would for any other thirsty traveller. The steward was a stranger to him; but the wretched man thought the keeper of the beer-house knew him and recognized him as a murderer. So he hastily gulped down the draught, which failed to inspirit him, and rushed out into the open air once more. As he passed out of the house, the sickly light of a paraffin oil lamp fell upon him, and he caught sight of his right hand, which in more than one place was blotched and blotted with blood.

With a wild hysterical cry he pressed on, and was soon lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW LORD OF THE MANOR.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Shakespeare.

The ancient house of Earlingford,
Stood in a fair domain;
And Sovern's ample waters near,
Rolled through the fertile plain.

Southey.

The time passed quickly enough until the day appointed by Sir Thomas Breckenridge Wicherley for his arrival at Baskerdale came. Mrs. Stackpole emphatically declared that it passed too quickly. There were so many things to be done, that she was unable to do them thoroughly. Mrs. Goodall rendered her great assistance, and scrubbed the floors, and blacked the grates, and beat the carpets, as only hardworking women know how.

At last, in spite of Mrs. Stackpole's grumbling, the house presented a very creditable appearance, and the work did not look as if it had been "scamped," as the housekeeper declared it must be.

Mr. Lister did his share of the toil, superintending the arrangement of the garden, and working in the green-house with his own hands—an act of remarkable condescension.

Mrs. Stackpole fancied that he was rather more reserved than usual, and that he seemed to have become nervous and irritable; but these symptoms were fairly attributable to the worry and harassment which the extensive preparations for the arrival of the new lord of the manor entailed upon every member of the household.

One afternoon the keeper of the ferry was hailed from the other side of the "Wash" by the hoisting of a red flag, which was the usual signal. He got his boat out, and took young Arthur with him. There was a fair wind, and the passage was effected rapidly.

It was a fine day for the time of year, and Arthur was in high spirits. He watched Stephen Goodall steer with concentrated interest, as if he longed for the strength of those brawny arms, and was desirous of "doing likewise."

The keeper of the ferry had taken a great liking to the lad whose life he had saved; he thought him a gentleman's son, and intended to take the casket to a locksmith's and have it opened as soon as he had a day to spare; but his time was so fully occupied, that as yet he had been unable to do as he proposed.

"Do you like the sea, my boy?" he asked, in his rough and hearty manner.

"Yes. I think I should like to be a sailor."

"Will you work with me, and have the ferry when I die? It may not be long first. No one can live for ever. Mine is a hard life, in which there is plenty of wear and tear."

"I should like to be something better than a ferryman," replied Arthur, boldly. "When we were in Australia, papa was a great man, to whom every one looked up. I should not mind being a midshipman on board one of her Majesty's vessels. I might be a captain, or even an admiral."

"Bravo! my lad, that's your style," responded the keeper of the ferry, looking at the boy admiringly. "I like spirit, hang me if I don't. It shan't be my fault if I don't help you on. We'll open the casket some day, and see who you are, or if there's any money in it. You shan't be chained down to the ferry-boat all your life if you have not a mind to it. I believe you were born for better things."

"Thanks very much," said the boy, whose eyes were dim with tears, as he recalled the melancholy death of his mother, and the sad fate of his father. "I shall never forget that it was through your courage and help that my life was saved."

"Never mind that. I only did my duty. You are under no obligation to me. I am always glad of a chance of doing good. There are ups and downs in the world; and if I give a man a helping hand to-day, there's no telling how soon I may stand in need of his assistance. Here we are. Let go the sail. Lower away. Out with the sculls."

The boy obeyed these instructions to the best of his ability, and Stephen Goodall steered the boat skilfully alongside a small landing-stage upon which two men were standing. They were like master and man; and, in point of fact, they were so.

One was Sir Thomas Wicherley, the other his valet Hindon.

"I want to go to Baskerdale," exclaimed Sir Thomas, and I am told that the direct road is across the ferry."

"You have been rightly informed, sir," replied Goodall; "when you reach the other side of the 'Wash,' the place you are in search of is not far distant."

"In that case, all we have to do is to step into your boat and leave the rest to the wind."

"Exactly so, sir."

Sir Thomas and Hindon embarked, and the little boat was soon skimming over the surface of the water with its wonted speed. The keeper of the ferry bustled about and made a great show of extending his canvas, tying knots and immediately afterwards untangling them, for he had a shrewd suspicion that he was conveying the newly-fledged baronet to his home. He determined to satisfy his doubts upon this important subject, and with that end in view, said:

"Nice country about here, sir."

"So I have heard," replied Sir Thomas, dryly.

"Likely to make a long stay in the neighbourhood, sir?"

"As my movements are rather uncertain, and as your questions are slightly impertinent, my good fellow, I really am unable to tell you," answered Sir Thomas, sarcastically.

The phlegmatic Hindon smiled sardonically, and seemed to enjoy the spectacle of the ferryman's discomfiture, by the easy self-possession and well-bred insolence of his master.

"Hope no offence, sir," exclaimed Steven Goodall; "my remark was not so meant, I do assure you."

"Perhaps not; but I am not in the habit of being questioned as to my intentions by every boor with whom I happen to come in contact!"

"Boor!" repeated the keeper of the ferry. "I'll tell you what, sir, I don't know who you are, nor do I want to know; but if you were the Prince of Wales or the Emperor of Russia, I should speak my mind."

"That's right," muttered Hindon, in a jocular manner, directly afterwards beginning to hum:

Oh! were I Queen of England,
Or, better, Pope of Rome!"

Sir Thomas stared at Goodall in a curious manner, as if the man's blunt manner amused him.

"I was born and bred by the water-side," continued Goodall; "and water-siders generally are not very particular about what they say. I've always worked

hard, and I pay my way, which is more than some other folks do, although they dress finer than I do. I did not insult you, and you've no right to insult me. You may think what you like. You may think me a boor; but as long as my fingers will clench themselves into a fist, you shan't call me so."

"I really don't see how you are to help yourself," returned Sir Thomas.

"Don't you? Then I'll tell you," cried the keeper of the ferry, angrily, while the colour mounted to his cheeks. "Now look here, Mr. whatever your name is—"

"I am Sir Thomas Wicherley. There shall be no doubt about that," replied Sir Thomas, quietly.

"That's makes no difference," said Goodall, not at all abashed by the discovery of the rank of his passenger.

He was excited, or he would have been more prudent. It is true that he was to a certain extent independent of the lord of the manor; for he had a twenty-five years' lease of the ferry, fifteen of which had yesternight; so that although Sir Thomas Wicherley, as owner of the ferry, was his landlord, he could not interfere with him or injure him in any way as long as he paid his rent regularly.

"I am not in a position to assert that it makes any great difference," said Sir Thomas; "but it should teach you to behave with common civility to a powerful neighbour, who may be of use to you were he so disposed, and who may on the other hand be able to inflict severe injury upon you."

"I'm not afraid of you," answered the keeper of the ferry. "You can do me no harm. It generally happens that men who come unexpectedly into property, think much more of themselves than others do. Now, look here, Sir Thomas; you have, without any provocation, called me a 'boor.' If you don't retract that observation, I will turn the boat round and land you on the opposite shore, so that you will have to get to Baskerville the best way you can. I'm not joking; so you need not make any mistake. I am a man, as well as yourself, and have my feelings, which you have hurt. I didn't begin with you. I did not insult you or endeavour to pick a quarrel with you—remember that."

Hindon bent over towards his master, and whispered something in his ear.

"Certainly not," replied Sir Thomas, aloud. "If the fellow chooses to be pigheaded, pitch him into the sea. I daresay he can swim; all those fellows can, as a rule."

Hindon looked at the keeper of the ferry, and came to the conclusion that he was too big and too strong for any hostile demonstration against him to be successful.

"Now, Sir Thomas," exclaimed the ferryman, "decide quickly; withdraw your observations, or I land you again at the place at which I took you up."

Sir Thomas conferred again with Hindon, whilst Goodall stood with the tiller in his hand, and the other one stretched out towards the rope which confined the sail, so as to unfasten it and let the vessel turn round in an instant.

Sir Thomas saw that he was in a fix, as he would himself have expressed it. So he made a virtue of necessity, and knocked under to his resolute antagonist.

"Well, well, my good man, I have not the least doubt that you are a worthy fellow," he said; "the remark made was only a *façon de parler*."

"No French, Sir Thomas! Let me have it in plain English."

"You are exacting. What I meant to convey to your limited comprehension was, that I have always looked upon country people as boors, and that I was not aware that I should offend you by classing you amongst a very worthy set of men whose only misfortune is that they are obtuse."

"You recall your remark?"

"Oh, yes, if it pleases you."

With this reply, Stephen Goodall was satisfied, and he continued his journey without making any further observation.

Up to the present time, Sir Thomas had not noticed Arthur.

Hindon, however, had a more comprehensive gaze, and discovered the boy, who was reclining in the fore part of the vessel upon a coil of rope, so as to be out of the way.

Hindon was perfectly familiar with the features of the late Sir William Wicherley, and he did not fail, with his accustomed sagacity, to trace a resemblance in the boy to the deceased baronet.

Touching his master on the arm, he said:

"Look at that boy."

"Boy! What boy?"

"Over there—in the bows of the boat."

"Well, what of him? He is no doubt our friend of the ferry's son," replied Sir Thomas.

"Look more closely," said Hindon.

Sir Thomas Wicherley raised his eyeglass, and after

adjusting it to his satisfaction, took a long glance at Arthur, who remained as quiet as a mouse, looking at the blue waves as they rippled against the side of the boat, and he was totally unconscious of the severe scrutiny of which he was the object."

"God bless me!" suddenly exclaimed Sir Thomas; "the likeness is really marvellous. I can find no other word for it."

"So I thought," replied Hindon, quietly.

"My friend," Sir Thomas continued, addressing the keeper of the ferry.

"Sir to you," replied Goodall.

"Is that youngster your son?"

"He's no son of mine."

"If he was, he would be a flattering likeness of his father," muttered Hindon.

"An apprentice, perhaps?"

"He's not that either."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the baronet, rather disconcerted at the responsive growls of the keeper of the ferry, who would not vouchsafe him a civil answer.

"Perhaps you picked him up at sea?" hazarded Hindon, making a random shot, which hit the target of truth with singular accuracy.

"Praps I did and praps I didn't," was the only answer they were able to extract from Stephen Goodall.

"Leave him to me," whispered Hindon to Sir Thomas, "I will ferret this matter out. It may be an accidental resemblance, and it may be the contrary."

"It was on this coast the Golden Nugget was wrecked, was it not?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"Within a few miles of where we now are, if my geography is correct."

"Hem! it's strange. Let the matter be sifted, by all means."

The boat now ran ashore, and the keeper of the ferry exclaimed:

"This is the end of our journey, gentlemen. Fare one shilling each. Thank you. Change for half-a-crown, sixpence out."

"Can you sell us a glass of beer? We are rather tired and wearied after a long journey, and should feel grateful for a little refreshment," said Hindon.

"Yes. I daresay my missus can supply you, gentlemen. That's my cottage straight before you. Arthur, go and show the gentlemen the way; when I've taken this sail down, I'll be with you."

The boy ran before Sir Thomas and the valet, and ushered them into the cottage, where they were received by Mrs. Goodall, who speedily ministered to their wants, which were in great part fictitious, and merely a ruse on the part of Hindon, to gain an opportunity of questioning the boy.

"Come here, my little fellow," said Hindon to Arthur.

The boy approached timidly, as if his instinct taught him to distrust his accoster.

"You are a fine boy for your age. Here is a shilling for you. Buy yourself something in the shape of pegtops, or whatever the juvenile mind delights in," exclaimed Sir Thomas.

"Thank you," answered Arthur, accepting the donation.

"Were you born here?" inquired Hindon.

"No. I have only been here a short time."

"Where did you live before you came to the ferry?"

"In Australia."

"Ha! Were you wrecked?"

"Yes."

"What was the ship's name?"

"The Golden Nugget," replied the little fellow.

Sir Thomas Breckonridge Wicherley fidgetted uneasily on his chair, and a malevolent expression stole over his countenance, as he made a signal to Hindon to go on with his examination.

(To be continued.)

CARRIED OFF BY A CUTTLEFISH.—A late letter from Cuba contains an account of the carrying off a boy eight years old by a cuttlefish. Several children, coming upon the fish on the beach, attacked it with sticks and stones. So soon, however, as it had got to the water's edge it threw one of its long arms upon the arm of the boy nearest to it, and, to his and his playfellows' horror, began to drag him into the sea. The poor child struggled to get loose, and screamed agonizingly; and some of the larger boys rushed to his aid, but too late. His body was almost instantly dragged out of sight.

LIFE SAVED BY AN INSECT.—An incident, trivial in itself, was the means of saving M. Latreille, when in prison, from the terrible fate of his fellow victims. The surgeon who visited the jail in which Latreille was confined, one day observed him carefully examining a small beetle which had found its way into Latreille's place of confinement. Upon inquiry, he was informed by the prisoner that the insect was a very rare one; and he then expressed a wish to have it, for the purpose of presenting it to two young

naturalists of his acquaintance, living at Bordeaux. The wish was readily complied with, and the insect was conveyed to MM. Bory de St. Vincent and Dargelas. Latreille's eminence as an entomologist was already known to these gentlemen; and being thus made acquainted with his perilous situation, they immediately exerted themselves to obtain, if possible, his liberation, in which they ultimately succeeded. One trembles to think that a month later he must in all probability have shared the fate of his fellow prisoners, who were shipped as convicts for Cayenne, and the vessel which conveyed them foundered in the Bay of Biscay, when every soul on board perished. The deliverance was truly marvellous, if we refer to its cause—the accidental discovery of an insect. It has been said by one of our great divines that "a fly with God's message could choke a king!" A little insignificant beetle thus saved Latreille.

THE MOOR OF ARRAGON.

THE palace of Sir Juan de Tello was situated upon the banks of the Ebro, in the beautiful city of Saragossa, the capital of what was once the powerful kingdom of Arragon.

It was a beautiful evening in summer; the bright, full moon was riding in unclouded lustre through the heavens, and the twinkling stars were glittering like so many silver-set diamonds in the azure canopy, while the waters of the Ebro were murmuring a gentle strain as they went rolling along to join their great parent.

Not far from the river's bank, within a small, vine-clad bower, sat a young girl, of some eighteen years, over whose beautiful countenance there was spread a shade of deep melancholy, and from whose long, dark lashes there would ever and anon drop a silent tear; but as the weight that thus sunk down upon her soul seemed to grow more heavy from meditation, she grasped a small lute which rested at her side, and swept her delicate fingers over the strings, sending forth upon the evening air one of those lively strains that were wont to move the merry hearts of old Spain.

Celeste de Medina was the daughter of a once powerful hidalgos, who had been obliged to flee from his country, in order to save himself from the clutches of the terrible Inquisition. He had been accused by one of the holy fathers of having connived with the Moors against the church; and though he was perfectly innocent of the alleged crime, yet he knew that the inquisitor had much ill-will towards him on account of his having used his authority against some of their abusers; and he knew also that when once in their clutches, no earthly power could save him. So he chose rather to fly while yet he might, than to run a risk where all the chances were against him. To an old brother in arms, Sir Juan de Tello, he confided his only daughter, and then, under the cover of a dark night, he made good his escape down the river, and took refuge on the island of Majorca, where he died of a broken heart, after a voluntary banishment of two years.

Thus did the property of one of the most noble houses in Arragon pass into the coffers of the church, and the name of him whose good sword had done more than any other for the firm establishment of the kingdom, was trodden under foot.

Scarcely had the strings of Celeste's lute sent their vibrations over the garden, when she was aroused by the sound of footsteps near the arbour, and in a moment more the entrance was darkened by the form of a young man, dressed in a gaudy suit of court trappings.

"Ah, my pretty one," exclaimed he, as he approached the spot where the girl sat, "you were wont to be so offensive to me."

"By my faith, fair lady, you speak your mind freely," said Sir John, as he vainly endeavoured to smile.

"I always speak the truth freely, sir."

"Ay, and you may speak it too freely," returned the young man, while a flush of anger mantled his cheeks. "You know very well that De Tello has promised me your hand, and you should feel proud that you have an opportunity to become allied to one of the best houses in Arragon. I can overlook your father's former disgrace, but I tell thee, lady, I can ill brook your insolence."

"Insolence?" repeated Celeste, while she rose from her seat with a proud bearing. "And do you call it insolence for a maiden to defend herself against the suit of one of the most dissipated and licentious men of Saragossa? If you do, you had better take the only redress that is in your power, and that is, leave her presence at once."

"Easy, easy, lady. Do you suppose that John de Ferande can be played with by a young girl? If you do, you had better undecoy yourself at once; for I swear by all that is holy that you shall be mine ere two weeks have passed."

Celeste trembled as she looked up into the features of the man before her; for as the rays of the moon fell full upon them, she saw there a passion which boded her no good.

Long had the young lord sought to win the affections of Celeste de Medina, in order to subvert them to his own base purposes; but when all other means had failed, he decided to make her an offer of his hand, never doubting that she would accept it at once; but when he found that she even spurned his offer, his rage knew no bounds; and at the present moment the poor girl felt that she had a man to deal with who knew nothing of compassion, and to whose bosom mercy was an utter stranger; but, nevertheless, she determined to be firm in the course upon which she was resolved, and she calmly replied to De Ferande's last remark:

"Never, sir. You may do what you please—you may even plant your dagger in my bosom—but I tell thee, once and for all, that these lips shall never pronounce the word which can make me your wife."

"Perhaps you love another," uttered the man between his clenched teeth, while he bent a dark look upon the trembling girl.

"I know not that you have any right to question me," replied Celeste, the rich blood rushing to her face and neck as she spoke.

"So, so, pretty one. Now I understand it. But look thee, the man you love shall never have you. I swear it!"

"Do you mean violence, sir?" asked the young girl, as de Ferande took a step towards her, his eyes actually flashing fire the while.

"I mean that you are mine," he exclaimed; "and thus I'll prove it."

As he spoke, he seized Celeste by the arm, and dragged her towards him, and while she attempted to scream, he placed his hand upon her mouth; but in this attempt to stop her cries he failed, for in a moment she threw back her head, and uttered a piercing shriek.

"You need not cry out in that way," exclaimed the villain, "for we shall reach my boat before you can be heard; and if you go quietly to my palace, you shall not be harmed."

"Kill me, sir—kill me on the spot," cried the frantic girl. "That would be a mercy, compared with the life you design for me."

"No, I'll not kill thee," replied De Ferande, as with a powerful effort he raised her in his arms, "but I'll take thee where thou wilt be far better off."

He emerged from the arbour, with the almost fainting girl weakly struggling in his embrace, and with a quick step he started towards the bank of the river; but as he had reached half-way, a young, powerfully-built man, dressed in the garb of a Moor, stepped out from the shrubbery, and confronted him.

"Ha, Amad the Moor!" uttered De Ferande, as he stopped suddenly before the powerful form.

The Moor did not answer, but, with a blow that would have staggered an ox, he felled the villain to the earth; and quickly raising the insensible form of Celeste in his arms, he soon disappeared through the curved walk which led to De Tello's piazza.

The Nuestra Senora del Pilar, the handsomest church in Saragossa, was also deemed to be the place of the greatest devotion in all Spain; and at the time of which we write, there were connected with this church, a host of priests and monks, who swarmed the holy street like a cloud of locusts. Among the oldest of these was Father Jerome, a Castilian by birth; but as the Christian church in Aragon offered him a better opportunity for advancement, he had many years before removed to this city, and at the present time there was no one in Saragossa who enjoyed more privileges among the high and noble than did the old father of Del Pilar.

It was late in the evening. Father Jerome had retired to his private apartment in the back part of the church, and by the faint glimmer of a small lamp, he was busily engaged in examining a few rolls of parchment which he had a short time before taken from a small secret locker in the panelling of the wall.

He had not been engaged thus many minutes, before a loud, quick rap aroused him from his employment; and as he started back at the sound, it would not have been difficult for an observer to have seen that he was engaged in some employment which was not very becoming to one of his station and profession, to say the least; but to that as it may, no sooner had he heard the second rap, than he instantly replaced the parchment in the secret receptacle, and then looking cautiously around, he approached the door, and asked:

"Who is it that thus disturbs my meditation?"

"Open, father—open quickly," replied the person upon the outside; and as he spoke, the old monk thought he heard a low laugh.

"But who is it that thus breaks in upon my devotions at this unseemly hour?"

"It is John de Ferande. Now will you open, most devout father?"

Father Jerome opened the door at once; and as he did so, the young lord, with whom the reader is already acquainted, entered the room.

"Ah, my Lord de Ferande," exclaimed the monk, "what brings you here so late to-night?"

"Business, father, business. I need your assistance."

"What! more of your wild pranks? Ah, De Ferande!" returned Father Jerome, shaking his head in a doubtful manner; "I fear me you are getting to be rather dissipated."

"Let not you and I talk of that," said the young man, as he cast a meaning look upon the fat old confessor. "But, in truth, good father, this is a matter in which a female is concerned; though it is at the same time far different from other affairs in which you have assisted me."

"Well, and what might it be?"

"There is a young lady in Saragossa, far below me in station, whom I would have made my wife, but she has refused me; and now I would have your assistance."

"That is you would force her to become your wife?"

"Ay, father, if it suits me. At any rate, I would have her in my power."

"And how can I assist you, my son?"

"You are the lady's confessor."

"Ay—and her name?"

"Celeste de Medina."

"And do you call her far below yourself in station?"

"Why not?" returned the young man, in a quiet, easy tone. "Was not her father proscribed years ago? and did he not die under the proscription? And besides, were not all his estates confiscated to the church?"

"You speak truly," replied Father Jerome, while a fearful agitation seemed to creep over his frame, as his companion alluded to the disgrace of Philip de Medina, Lord of Andorra; "but," he continued, as he gradually composed himself, "there is noble blood in her veins, nevertheless, and it is hardly meet that aught should be done to harm her."

"And do you refuse to assist me?" asked De Ferande, while a flush of something like anger passed over his countenance.

"Oh, no!" quickly answered the monk, cowering beneath the glance of his companion. "I did not mean to refuse you; but I only thought there might be some danger in such a proceeding."

"And might there not be danger in another quarter, good father?"

The monk gazed steadily into the face of the young man for several minutes after he made this remark; but the expression there was calm and determined, and he at length said:

"I will assist you, De Ferande, as far as I am able."

"So far, so good," returned De Ferande. And then, resuming a more pleasant aspect, he continued, "You have considerable influence with the chief inquisitor?"

"I have some, my son," replied Father Jerome, while something came to his mind that caused him again to tremble.

"Good," exclaimed De Ferande, as he drew his stool nearer to the old monk, and lowered his voice almost to a whisper—for there was something about the name, even, of the Holy Inquisition, that made bold hearts tremble. "Now," he continued, "I want your assistance in the removal of a man who has grossly insulted me."

"And his name?"

"He is called Amad Mizraim."

"What! the Moor?"

"The same. But why do you tremble so, father?"

"Nothing, nothing," quickly answered the monk, vainly endeavouring to regain his composure.

"But do you know the man of whom I speak?"

"Know him?" abstractedly repeated the old confessor. "Yes—that is, I have seen him."

"Have seen him, eh? And does seeing a Moor produce such an effect upon your pious soul?"

Father Jerome looked up into the other's face, but made no answer, and De Ferande continued:

"But, tell me, can you not get him into the clutches of the Inquisition? because, if you can, I can easily do the rest."

"De Ferande," slowly uttered the monk, as he quelled the fluttering of his heart, "we know enough of each other to speak plainly."

"Exactly; and I would have you do it."

"I will do it. There are circumstances, which, at

the present time, prevent my helping you, and consequently you must get through this affair as best you can. Methinks you might find plenty of ways for redress."

"So I can, good father," returned De Ferande; "but if we should take this heretic before the Inquisition, it might give us a name for sanctity, you know."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when a deep, sepulchral voice distinctly pronounced the sentence:

"The Inquisition shall yet have those who deserve its dreadful death."

"Ha, thou falsehearted monk, have you eavesdroppers about you?" exclaimed De Ferande, as he sprang from his seat.

Father Jerome was white as marble—or, at least, as white as his skin could be—and while the sweat rolled from his face in large drops, he gasped:

"For heaven's sake, my son, be not rash. There is a troubled spirit that at times roams through these old walls; but from whence she comes, or whither she goes, no one can tell."

"And is this the Wandering Spirit of the Church?" asked De Ferande, while his own countenance began to change its expression of anger for one of fear.

"Yes."

"Then let us leave the church, and you shall go with me to my own dwelling; for I think a bottle or two of good wine would raise your spirits, and if I mistake not, a fat capon would not be far amiss."

The good father's eyes sparkled a little, albeit he was a sworn monk, and in a few moments he had thrown his hood over his head, and leaving his lamp burning upon the table, he followed his young companion from the church. Hardly had their footsteps died away upon the distant pavement, when one of the panels of the oaken wainscoting slid slowly back behind its mate, and a female form stepped from the aperture into the monk's room. As the dim lamp shed its struggling rays over her face, there were revealed a set of features, which, if they were not ghost-like, were at least pale and care-worn; and, from the deep furrows which marked her brow, one would judge that nearly half a century must have passed since she first saw the light of day.

After listening for a few moments, to assure herself that no one was near, she approached the small panel which concealed the holy father's secret recess, and touching a small spring near the head of the one above it, the square piece flew open, revealing a number of parchment rolls, besides various little packages of what appeared to be gold and jewels. From among the parchments she selected one after another, which she examined carefully; but an exclamation of disappointment escaped from her lips, as the last roll fell from her hands.

"Surely," she murmured, "I saw him put it in here, and yet I do not find it. God of mercy and justice, help me in this undertaking."

After a few moments' meditation, a sudden thought seemed to pass through her mind, and stepping quickly to the table, she seized the lamp, and returned to her examination. This time she was more fortunate, for in a few moments she found another spring, and as she pressed upon it, a small door, within the recess already opened, flew back upon its well-oiled hinges, and this time an exclamation of joy burst from her lips, as she held in her hand the object of her search. Once more she looked cautiously around, and then closing the two small safes, she disappeared by the same way she had entered.

On the next morning, Celeste de Medina sat in her drawing-room, but not alone, for by her side stood De Tello's youthful page, Julian.

Never were two hearts bound together by a firmer or more holy love than those of Julian and Celeste. Between them there was a peculiar chord of sympathy, even though Celeste knew not the previous history of the youth, nor the source of his parentage; but she knew enough to be assured that he was amiable and honourable; and though she knew that her guardian would never consent to their union, yet she could not keep down the love that burned in her bosom, nor did she even desire to do it, for her interviews with Julian were about the only gleams of sunlight that broke in upon the darkness of her station.

"This Moor is a strange young man," remarked Julian, as Celeste closed her account of the previous evening's affair. "He has more than once spoken to me, and the last time we met was at the Nuestra Senora del Pilar, where I saw him coming from the room of your father confessor."

"And did he speak to you?" asked the fair girl.

"Oh, yes; and if I could believe in his prophetic words, I should indeed be happy."

"What could he tell you?"

"Ah, Celeste, he told me that I should ere long arrive at the station which—"

"Well, what station?" asked Celeste, as the youth hesitated.

"I know you will pardon me if I retain that which I came so near speaking. I have long loved you, and I am sure that you love me in return; but I will not ask you for your plighted faith, while there is one circumstance of my birth and early history unknown to you; yet I must for the present ask your indulgence."

As the youth closed, he laid his hand gently upon the arm of Celeste, and gazed tenderly into her face; but while he waited for an answer, a rap was heard at the door, and in a moment afterwards a servant handed a note into the room. It was for Celeste; and as she cut the ribbon which secured it, and ran her eyes over its contents, she turned to Julian, and remarked:

"This is from Father Jerome. He wants me to come to the church to-day, as he is too unwell to attend me here, and he has sent a conveyance for me."

"And do you intend to go?"

"Why not?" asked the girl, looking up in surprise at the curious expression of her companion's countenance.

"To tell you the truth, Celeste, I have reason to doubt the honesty of the old monk, and if you go to the church, I shall most certainly follow you."

"Neither have I much confidence in him," replied Celeste; "but still I do not fear him, nor would he even dare to harm me if he wished."

Seeing that she was preparing to attend the messenger to the church, Julian withdrew from the apartment, and shortly afterwards Celeste was on her way.

When she reached the place of her destination, she alighted from the small conveyance which had brought her, and entered the church, keeping on between the double rows of huge marble pillars that supported the massive roof, until she reached a small confessional near the altar.

Observing the dark gown of Father Jerome in the confessor's box, she at once stepped towards the place of the confessor, and would have entered, had not the holy father stepped suddenly out, remarking, as he did so:

"I have waited for thee, daughter."

"But you are not Father Jerome."

"No, daughter; he is too feeble to leave his apartment, and he has sent me to bring you to him. If you will follow me, I will conduct you."

Celeste did not hesitate, though something told her that all was not right; for she felt sure that in such a place, at least, she should be safe from harm.

Several rooms were passed through, until, at length, they reached a small apartment, to which the light was admitted only by a small grated window, which was situated far out of reach from the floor. As the heavy door was closed behind her, she tremblingly asked:

"Is this the place where I am to confess?"

"Here is where you will confess to me, and to me only," replied her conductor, as he threw off the cowl which had heretofore concealed his features, and revealed the countenance of the young lord, John de Ferande!

"Ah, villain, I have been deceived! Help! help!" shrieked the poor girl, as she sprang towards the door, and vainly endeavoured to draw it open.

"Oh, you may cry, lady, as long as you please; but I assure you that no one can hear you, save myself."

"And what is your purpose now, sir?" asked Celeste, as she drew herself proudly up, and gazed steadily into the face of the villain before her.

"You come to confess, proud beauty, and I am here to hear it. Until you confess yourself mine, you leave not this place."

"Then I shall never leave it alive," replied the lady, in a firm tone, while her eyes flashed with an unwonted fire.

"Yes, you will," returned De Ferande; "for now you are in my power, and there are no infidel Moors here to thwart me. I wot that one or two days of fasting will curb that proud spirit of yours somewhat."

"My pride, sir, is that of innocence and virtue, and when I lose that, I am ready to die," answered Celeste.

"But, lady, even now you have a chance to retain all that; for if you will consent now to become my wife, you shall honourably and virtuously become so."

"I do not choose to become your wife."

"And I choose that you shall," returned De Ferande. "Now, who is the most powerful?"

"I am, sir," proudly replied the fair girl; "for virtue and innocence are more powerful by far than are the black and soul-corroding sins by which your soul is seared."

"Then you refuse all my offers?" uttered Ferande, between his clenched teeth, while he fastened a keen look upon Celeste.

"I have said it once—and if you would hear it again, I answer, yes!"

"Then, by all that is holy, I swear—"

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment the deep voice which he had once before heard broke upon his ear. It said:

"Swear not, traitor; but beware of the Inquisition!"

John de Ferande started towards the door, but at that moment he had not the power to turn the key. The sweat stood in big drops upon his brow, and his knees trembled together, so that he had to seek the partition for support; and in a few moments he partially recovered himself, and in turning towards Celeste, he asked:

"Didst hear that voice, lady?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"It does not seem to frighten you much."

"No, sir; innocence is not so easily frightened as guilt," replied Celeste, as she bent a calm look upon the man before her.

She spoke calmly, for something whispered to her soul that friends were near; and even the very sound which had sent terror to the soul of De Ferande spoke comfort to her. As several moments had elapsed without any repetition of the unexpected interruption, the villain began to gain courage; and as the coolness of Celeste stung him to the quick, he took a step forward, and said:

"I have dallied with you as long as possible, and now you shall learn your fate. You will remain here until after dark, when you will be conveyed to my own residence; and when once there, you will soon come round, or at least, you will not have the opportunity to act your proud independence longer."

"And do you think my guardian will not seek me?"

"And if he does, lady, it would do you no good, for Sir Juan de Tello dares not oppose me."

As de Ferande spoke, he drew back the bolt upon the inside of the door, and passed out, and in a moment more the heavy grating of the outer fastenings was heard, as the poor girl was shut out from even the sound of help.

Not long after the villain had gone did the proud spirit of Celeste de Medina support her.

The presence of the man who would have destroyed her had kept her soul in arms for the defence of herself; but now that she was alone, and her mind ran over the fearful reality of her situation, that proud spirit gave way.

One thought—one prayer, trembled upon her lips. It was, that she might close her eyes in the dreamless sleep of death, ere John de Ferande could claim her for his own; then, while she clasped her hands high above her head, she fell back, insensible, upon the cold pavement.

Don Pedro, King of Arragon, sat upon his throne, and around him were gathered all the chief nobles of his powerful kingdom.

Not one of them knew why they had been summoned thither; but from the deep concern which was visible upon the king's countenance, they knew that something of more than usual import had transpired, and yet they wondered even at that, for they had not heard of aught that could thus need such counsel.

Next to Don Pedro stood Goffrey d'Auchin, the old seneschal of Saragossa, and as the door was closed, the king turned to him, and asked:

"Sir Goffrey, have all our orders been truly obeyed?"

"All, sir," answered d'Auchin, as he cast his eyes about the large chamber.

"And have all the lords answered our letters?"

"They are all here, sire," returned the old seneschal.

"Then see that every avenue is secure, and that the soldiers are near at hand."

As the king spoke, he cast his eyes around upon the wondering nobles; and as they saw the keen flash of his dark eye, they knew that the denouement was near at hand; but there were some who stood there that trembled, as they met the look of their sovereign.

"My lords and nobles," said the king, as he arose from his chair, after d'Auchin had returned to his side—"knights of Arragon, think ye that our kingdom is safe?"

Again Don Pedro swept that assembly with the keen flashes of his dark eye, and again did the nobles look wonderingly upon each other.

At length Sir Juan de Tello ventured a look at the young Lord de Ferande; and as he beheld the pale tremulousness of the latter, his own cheek blanched, and he dared not raise his eyes to the countenance of his sovereign.

Only one stepped boldly forward, and answered the query of the king.

The old constable of Arragon, Sir Reginald de Guesclin, drew forth his bright, keen sword, and while he held it high above his head, he said:

"Sire, I know not the danger that besets your kingdom; but be it what it may, here is my good sword. It has never yet been tarnished, and I offer it with a hand that never did my country wrong."

"Well said, brave constable," exclaimed the king, while the deep concern upon his countenance gave place for a moment to a look of pride, as some thirty or forty glittering blades gleamed in the sunlight of the old hall—then, while the shadow again settled upon his features, he continued:

"Put up your swords, my trusty lords, for in the present instance there is no need of loyal steel; if there had been, do you think your king would have let his rest idle in its scabbard? But tell me, my Lord de Tello, and you, John de Ferande, Peter de Roze, and Alphonso de Myre, why are not your weapons offered to your sovereign? Are ye afraid?"

All eyes were turned towards the four nobles who had been thus singled out by the king, and in a moment the rest comprehended the full import of the business before them; for as this inquiring gaze fell upon those four faces, they saw such a look of guilt and trembling fear depicted there, that they knew at once that the danger lay in their own midst.

"Sir Goffrey, call in your guard, and secure those knights of whom I spoke."

As the king gave this order, the old seneschal moved towards the small door, and in a moment afterwards, a body of the guard entered the chamber, and without a word of explanation, or a motion of resistance, Juan de Tello, John de Ferande, Peter de Roze, and Alphonso de Myre, three of whom were among the oldest nobles in the kingdom, were taken prisoners, and carried before the chair of the king.

"Now bring forth that accursed monk!" cried Don Pedro, as he settled back into his chair, and awaited the coming of the man whom he had called; but as Father Jerome approached the throne, the king started up again, and, while his eyes flashed fire, he exclaimed:

"Bring him no nearer! Let not his foul breath contaminate our presence!" Then, bending his fiery orbs upon the form of the trembling monk, he asked:

"Dost know why thou art brought hither, thou fool imp of Erebus?"

"Indeed, sire, I do not," replied Father Jerome, endeavouring to assume a composure which he did not feel.

As the monk answered, Don Pedro made a sign to his page, who stood near a door to the left of the throne, and in a moment the youth disappeared, soon afterwards returning, followed by a young man who wore upon his head the coronet of an earl. Those lords who stood around, looked in amazement upon the young stranger, who bore upon his head and breast the insignia of one of the most powerful earldoms of Spain. Who he was, or whence he came, they could not surmise, and with an inquiring look they turned to their sovereign; but he, seeming not to notice their meaning, turned his attention to the monk.

"Dost recognize that man?" asked the king.

From the moment that the stranger entered the apartment, Father Jerome had been struck with a fearful trembling—for in that form and in those handsome features, he recognized one with whom he had thought himself acquainted, and while his knees knocked together, he gasped:

"Amad Mizarin, the Moor! Undone! undone!"

For a moment Don Pedro gazed in the most bitter contempt upon the covering form of the monk, and then, making another sign to his page, the small door was once more opened, and an old lady entered the chamber, while from the further end of the apartment approached De Tello's page, supporting the shrinking form of Celeste de Medina.

"Great God!" ejaculated the monk, as his eyes fell upon the form of the old woman, "are you too a being of flesh and blood, brought here to appear against me?"

For a single moment—no more—Father Jerome looked upon the face of the Spirit of the Church, and then, with a heavy groan, he fell back upon the seat behind him. The king took no notice of this; but turning to the anxious-looking nobles, he said:

"Now, brave knights, you shall wait no longer for the matters of which you would learn. First of all comes this hypocritical monk. Years ago—you d'Auchin, and you, Sir Reginald, and many more of you, must remember the circumstances well—one of our most powerful nobles, Sir Philip de Medina, Earl of Andorra, was accused of plotting with the infidel Moors against the Church and State; and so thickly was the web of circumstances woven about him, that he chose rather to flee from his native country, than to run the risk of a trial. You all know how oft you have seen his stout blade and spear strike for Arragon; and you know, too, how many of our foes have sunk beneath his heavy axe. My lords and nobles, Philip de Medina was as innocent of the crime charged to

him as the child yet unborn! Yonder cursed monk—who was the first to accuse—was the only man who bore the guilt!"

A dozen bright blades gleamed for an instant in the light, and but for the intervention of the king, they would have all found the heart of Father Jerome; but one more obtaining silence, he continued:

"The poor old earl is dead—God rest his soul—but the name of the noble knight, and a fitting representative of his prowess, is still among us—Gonsalvo de Medina step forth! Knights of Arragon, welcome to your midst the son of Sir Philip, for in him you behold the future Earl of Andorra!"

While the nobles were raising their voices in loud acclamations of joy, there was one who crept slowly up to the young earl's side, and for a moment gazed earnestly into his face. It was Celeste. She looked once more, and then, while Gonsalvo opened his arms, she fell upon the bosom of her brother.

For a few moments the old woman, who, for the last five years, had found her home in the secret recesses of the *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, gazed in silence upon the scene, and then, while the thick tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, she tottered forward, and murmuring:

"Celeste—my daughter!" she pillow'd her aged head upon the breasts of her children.

As soon as order could be restored, Don Pedro again spoke:

"My friends, I have long known that he who has till the present time been recognized only as a Moor, was the son of De Medina, and I gave him full liberty to prosecute his search after the proofs of his father's innocence, he having learned that large sums of money had been sent by the Emir of Andalusia to this monk. The old Countess de Medina also returned, and together have they attained their object; but not only have they detected the guilt of Father Jerome, but my lords, they have saved Arragon from the horrors of an internal war, for while the young earl professed to be an adherent of Andalusia's Moorish emir, he was sounded by the wily monk for another purpose, and he discovered that there was a plot on foot for the murder of the king and all the loyal nobles, which event was to be followed by a complete overturn of the kingdom. The four lords who stand bound before you were the instigators of the plot, though in justice to De Tello, I must say that he was rather frightened into the conspiracy, through fear of death at the hands of the traitors, than from any desire against the government."

While the old countess and her children were receiving the congratulations of their friends, De Tello's youthful page had crept near to the foot of the throne, and looking up into the face of Don Pedro, he tremblingly asked:

"Sir, did you say that the monk was the only man who was guilty of the crime for which the Earl of Andorra suffered the shame?"

"So I said, fair youth," returned the king, as he looked admiringly upon the page, "and I spoke truly."

"And was there not one who even suffered death for that offence?"

"By my faith, but there was!" quickly answered Don Pedro. "It was the Count de Nueada."

"And he was innocent?"

"So help me heaven, he was!" answered the king, while a tear rolled down his cheek as he thought of the brave man who had suffered so unjustly.

"Thank God," murmured the gentle youth, as he fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands above his head, "my father's name is no longer dishonoured!"

And then rising to his feet, he drew from his bosom a small roll of parchment, together with the jewelled tunic of a Spanish count; and as he extended them to the king, he continued:

"Here are the proofs of my birth, and I claim at your royal hands the restoration of my father's title and estate, and in return you shall receive Julian de Nueada's oath of allegiance with a true heart and a trusty sword."

"By San Jago!" exclaimed the delighted monarch, as he stepped down from his throne, and threw the tara upon the brow of Julian, "we can well afford to lose those recreant knights, when in return such noble lords are restored to us! You shall have your estates, De Nueada, and you, my lords and nobles, once more welcome a brother-in-arms, in the person of the young Count de Nueada!"

Once more the sound of loud huzzas went up from the old council-chamber; and as the king again got an opportunity to speak, he turned to the constable of Arragon, and as he drew a large roll of parchments from a drawer by his side, he said:

"Sir Reginald, here are all the proofs of the guilt of those who have been arrested, which have been secured by the wit of the Countess de Medina. Let the traitors no longer breathe in our presence. The old Lord de Tello alone may live, and to him we will hereafter give further attention. And now, gentlemen

of Arragon," continued Don Pedro, as he gazed around with pride upon those who remained, "let us thank God that we are thus saved from the deeds of horror which must have followed upon the consummation of this dark plot."

Ere long the council broke up, and one by one the nobles left the palace. At length the young Earl of Andorra, in company with his mother, took leave of the king, and behind them walked Celeste, leaning upon the arm of Julian, Count de Nueada. The young count had asked Celeste for her hand, and she had freely given him an answer which crowned his earthly happiness with prospects of a future fraught with nought but images of joy and peace.

S. C. J.

NEVER DESPISE.

NEVER despise, for sinning brings sorrow,
And good deeds are seeds that with blossom arise!
The guilty must dread the mystic to-morrow;
Crime cannot be happy. Oh! never despise!
There's many a brave one, whom Fortune denies,
At the foot of Fame's ladder, but waiting to rise.
Never despise! The mind in its splendor
Should seek to enlighten—to rend all disguise—
For ignorance frequently makes the offender.
Man grows up in defiance. Oh, never despise!
The hopes of the heart, like the stars in the skies,
May be clouded, though brilliant. Oh! never despise!
Never despise! Life's but a short summer,
That flashes with glory, then shadowless dies:
And judge not too harshly—God sends ev'ry comer.
'Tis noble to pity. Oh, never despise
The purest among us—the great and the wise—
May censure the fallen; but never despise!

J. O.

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

WAYS AND MEANS.

The game of life
Looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. *Schiller.*

MEANTIME the summer was fading into autumn. As the days grew short and the nights chill, Amy and her little son put their heads together to devise ways and means to pay their debts, and to provide for the coming winter.

The next thing to be thought of was retrenchment. But in what possible way could they, so frugal in all their habits, retrench at all? In only one.

"We can discharge Nancy, Owen dear. And indeed we ought not to keep a servant while we cannot pay our debts," said Amy.

"Oh, mother! that will be so hard on you," said the boy, sorrowfully. "But no! it shall not be, either. For I will do Nancy's work; and even if there is any part of it that I don't know how to do yet, why I can soon learn," he added, cheerfully.

"My own dear boy, I know that you will be a great help as well as a great comfort to me," said Amy, embracing her son.

"But, mother dear, we must pay Nancy before we can send her away," suggested the boy.

"Yes, yes, I have thought of that; and I find, Owen dear, we have got forty-two pounds, and now we can make another payment on your dear father's—"

Amy's voice was suddenly choked by emotion, and her eyes filled with tears; but she wiped them away as Owen exclaimed:

"Don't cry, mother; I will pay the rest. Why, mother, I mean to be a rich merchant one of these days; and to have great warehouses full of goods, and long wharves piled up with merchandise, and big ships on the ocean fetching and carrying everything—everything that is wanted everywhere!" exclaimed the boy confidently, with his eyes beaming, as if he saw through and beyond the "ignorant present" into the "all hail, hereafter."

"Oh, Owen, Owen, my son, you must not think too much of this uncertain world! Think how few of our hopes are ever realized, my dear! Oh! think of your father! How noble and high-souled and aspiring he was! and how he was cut off in his prime!" said Doctor Wynne's sad widow.

"I know it all, mother dear. And I know if the Lord pleases to cut me off it will be right, because all that he does must always be right. But still, if the Lord will, I mean to be a rich merchant, with warehouses and wharves and ships, as I said; and with a town-house and a country-seat; and carriages and horses and dogs! And mind, mother dear, I don't want all these things for myself neither, because very little would satisfy me; but I want them for other

people—first of all for you, mother dear; and for both little sisters; and then for the poor—especially the widows and orphans; and then for all the rest of the world."

"My poor little knight-errant, you are expecting some day to be made Lord Mayor of London, perhaps," smiled Amy.

"No, mother, I don't. I believe in John Stevenson, the great self-made man, who was a poor almshouse boy; but who lived to make a great fortune and to build almshouses himself! And I, too, mean—if it is heaven's will—to make a great deal of money and do a great deal of good in this world. You'll see, mother!" said the boy, nodding his head confidently.

The same day Nancy was called in and informed of the resolution to part with her.

"Nancy," said Amy, "nothing remains but to thank you, Nancy, and to pay you your wages, and—part with you; part with you most unwillingly, for you have been a valuable friend as well as a good servant," said Amy, with the ready tears rising in her eyes.

"Part! what's that for? I'm not going to part, and I tell you so plainly. I'm not going to part, because if you know you have got a good servant, which you appear to know, I know that I've got a good mistress, and a comfortable home, which I don't mean to leave in a hurry."

"Oh, Nancy, dear, if I were able to keep you, I would never part with you."

"Are you able to lose me? that's what I want to know."

"Not very well, indeed, Nancy. But, you see, while I am so much in debt I cannot afford to keep a servant."

"With your little strength, can you afford to do without one? Tell me that."

"I don't know, Nancy; but what I do know is that I cannot pay the wages."

"And who asked you for any wages? I didn't, that's certain. I thank heaven that I've got clothes enough to last me ten years, if I never buy another stitch. And I reckon you can afford to give me food enough to eat, and a place to lay my tired bones down on at night. I suppose you are able to do that much. And that's all I ask; leastways for the present. After a while, maybe, if I live long enough, when Master Owen gets to be a great, rich merchant, with warehouses, and ships, and town-mansions, and country-seats, he can pay me," said Nancy, with a touch of dry humour and caustic irony.

Not so, however, did Owen receive the suggestion. He answered in all sincerity:

"That I will, Nancy. I will pay you both principal and interest, and compound interest too. And oh! I say, Nancy, you shall be the housekeeper at the town-mansion or the country-seat, just as you please. And you shall wear a black silk gown and a lace cap every day of your life, and have nothing to do but to carry the keys and to scold the maids. And that would suit you exactly, Nancy."

"Yes—thank you kindly—so it will! I think I see myself in a black silk gown and a lace cap, carrying the keys and ordering the maids!" said the old woman, rising and putting her arms akimbo.

At this moment the ringing of the shop-bell announced a customer, whom Owen flew to attend.

And then the old woman turned to leave the room, declaring that it was time to put her muffins to rise for tea.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD.

Light and busy feet astir
In the small housewifery, the busiest bees
That ever wrought in hive. *Milford.*

The next day being the first Sunday in October and communion day, Amy, for the first time since her awful bereavement, made an effort to attend Divine service.

So, as soon as their frugal breakfast was over, Amy put Owen into his new suit of black, dressed herself in her widow's weeds, drew the long crape veil over her face, and, leaving the house and the infants in the care of old Nancy, set out with her little son to walk to church.

It was a glorious autumn morning, and the village street was at once calm with the Sabbath stillness, and bright with the throngs of country people in their gaudy Sunday dresses.

The sad-eyed young widow looked languidly through the folds of her black veil at her happy fellow-pedestrians.

The church was on the same side of the way with Amy's house, but built at the upper extremity of the street. It was a small Gothic edifice of gray stone, and stood in the midst of a large churchyard that was thickly shaded with evergreen trees, and closely crowded with white grave-stones.

It was yet early when the young widow passed

the open gates that invited entrance to the sanctuary. So, closing her fingers convulsively upon her little son's hand, she drew him down a large bye-path leading to an obscure nook in the southwest corner of the yard, where in summer the shade was always deepest, and in winter the sunshine was always brightest, and here she paused beside a lonely grave without a head-stone.

A few moments she stood calm and self-possessed, clasping the hand of her little son and gazing down upon her husband's last resting-place; but then her fortitude suddenly gave way, and she sank, sobbing, down upon the mound.

After a little while, Owen knelt down beside her, put his little arms around her neck, and his soft lips to hers, and caressed her in silence.

Her grief was too sacred and his sympathy too reverent for many words.

The church bell began to toll, calling the people to prayer. But still Amy cowered and wept upon the grave, and still Owen knelt there and comforted her.

The church bell had tolled some time, and the mourners were still in the same position, when the young widow felt a hand laid kindly on her bowed shoulders, and heard a voice speak gravely in her ear:

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? Go thy way hence. It is well with thy husband."

Amy looked up through her tears, and saw bending over her, with looks of the deepest compassion, a young man in the dress of a clergyman.

He had apparently entered the church-yard by a side gate leading from the parsonage that stood on that side of the church.

With a grave, sweet courtesy, he extended his hand and raised the mourner from her prostrate posture, and pointed the way towards the church, and passed on.

Amy took the hand of her little son, and followed.

But the young clergyman took the way to the back door that led through the vestry-room into the chancel, while Amy and her son passed on to the front door, through which the congregation was now pouring into the body of the church.

"Who is he, mother dear?" whispered Owen.

"I don't know, darling; probably Mr. Eveson, the young curate who has been engaged to assist Mr. Morley," replied his mother, in a low voice, as they reverently passed into the centre aisle.

When they had reached their pew and seated themselves, they bowed their heads in private prayer, and remained thus while the organ pealed forth the opening "voluntary," and until the music ceased and the voice of the minister arose, reading the impressive exhortation:

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

These soul-subduing words rebuked that tumultuous earthly grief which was rending the widow's bosom and ready to burst forth at any moment; and she grew still, with the reverential stillness of one who felt herself in the invisible, awful presence of the Most High.

The prayers that followed comforted her soul; and the hymn that came next cheered her heart, as well it might.

In this old-fashioned country-church, not the choir only, but the whole congregation sang the hymns. Amy joined in the singing. She had a sweet, low, thrilling voice, and the trembling of her tones did but give depth to its pathos.

The sermon for the day was a message of Divine love for the mourner. It was preached from the following text:

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.

It spoke first of the infinite love of the Father for his children; secondly, of His infinite wisdom in allotting to each one the life-discipline that shall ultimately prove the best for the welfare of his or her soul; and thirdly, of His infinite power to comfort and save to the uttermost.

Amy and her little son were most attentive, absorbed, and reverential listeners to this discourse. They seldom removed their eyes from the face of the preacher. And when they did, it was only to seek each other's eyes for sympathy. The thought in Amy's mind being: "Does my little son understand all that he hears?" while the mental question with Owen was: "Is mother consoled by all this?"

Had they put their questions in the form of words, they might have been answered satisfactorily. For Owen not only clearly understood, but deeply felt the Divine beauty and power of that sermon. And Amy was not only much consoled but greatly strengthened by it, so that at its close her voice did not falter in the least degree, but was as firm and even as it was sweet and clear, when she joined the congregation in singing the closing hymn.

In leaving the church, Amy became, for the first time, aware of the deep interest that was felt by her neighbours for her and her fatherless children.

First, old Mr. Morley, who had not assisted in conducting the worship this morning, but had remained quietly in his private pew during the whole of the services, came forward with his wife to shake hands with Amy and Owen; and to express his pleasure at seeing them once more at church.

Amy thanked him on the part of herself and her son.

And while they stood conversing, the old pastor beckoned the young preacher of the day to approach them; and when he drew near, introduced him to Amy as the Rev. Ernest Eveson, his new assistant.

The young preacher bowed low, and when he raised his head again, Amy said to him:

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Eveson, and to be able to tell you how much I thank you for your sermon of to-day. It has revived my nearly sinking faith and hope."

Again the young preacher bowed low, as he answered modestly:

"If my words have carried one thought of comfort to one mourner here, I am amply rewarded." And smiling with a pensive brightness, he passed on.

The old pastor and his wife then shook hands with Amy and Owen, and followed their clerical brother.

And the mother and son walked slowly from the church.

As soon as the young widow and her fatherless boy appeared in the church-yard, they found themselves surrounded by a crowd.

Country people are very sympathetic; and so, all who had the least excuse of the slightest acquaintance with Amy, or the late Doctor Wynne, or even with little Owen, came thronging around the mother and son with looks and words of the sincerest sympathy and respect, and with proffers of the friendliest services.

Some entreated her to be of good cheer; others invited her out to tea; and others again, who had come to church in their little carriages, and in going home would pass her door, pressed her and her son to take seats with them.

Amy, with the grave, sweet courtesy that was habitual to her, thanked her neighbours for their kindness, but declined their offers.

And taking the hand of Owen, she walked on towards their own home.

"Owen, dear," she said, as they passed hand-in-hand down the street, "I feel happier to-day than I have felt since your dear father left us for the better world. For now, for the first time, I feel that he still lives—that he lives now more than he ever lived before; that, though we can not see him, nor hear him, nor touch him, yet he is still among us, loving us, caring for us, and watching over us. Owen, love, I always steadfastly believed all the sacred truths taught us by our Christian religion; but I never deeply realized them until to-day," she concluded, dropping her voice to a reverent whisper.

Owen pressed her hand; that was the only way in which he could express his sympathy, or reply to such thoughts.

And thus they reached their own house.

They found "both little sisters," as Owen called the babies still sleeping in the cradle where Amy had laid them before she went to church.

And they found their frugal dinner of mutton chops and mashed potatoes, with rice pudding, ready to go on the table.

So as soon as Amy had laid off her bonnet and mantle, she and her son sat down at the board.

Nancy waited on them. And as she handed about the dishes she gossiped according to her custom.

The Sabbath closed very peacefully in the young widow's little household.

On Monday morning, after the breakfast-service had been cleared away, Amy took her seat on the low sewing-chair beside the cradle where slept the two infants, placed her foot upon the rocker, drew a large work-basket near her, and began to rock and sew, as was her daily custom.

Could the husband, whom, in her fond faith, she believed to be watching over her, have breathed a caution into her ear, it would have been to leave the sleeping children and the sewing-chair, for a quarter of a hour at least, and take a short walk this bright autumn morning, to gather a little strength to fit her for the struggle that was before her.

If such a whisper was breathed by her spirit guardian into her soul, it was misunderstood, or disregarded; for though Amy dimly felt that she ought to go out into the fresh air, while the children's sleep gave her the opportunity, she considered the feeling only a temptation to idleness, and she resisted it, and sat there bending over her needle-work, until she got the old cramping pain in her chest and the old hectic flush on her cheeks.

And thus, at the end of three hours, Owen, returning from his errand, found her. He came in cheerfully, and as she raised her head, he exclaimed:

"Why, how pretty you look, mother dear! Your cheeks are as red as roses, and your eyes so bright! You are getting well, sure enough now, isn't you?" he inquired—for what did he, poor boy, know of that fire of death that looks so much like the bloom of health?

"It is the excitement of my work. Owen, love, you see I am cutting up my white cambric wrapper into slips for these two little ones. They are badly in want of slips, and I can get them three a-piece out of this wrapper. Dear me, Owen, I find myself telling you all my little womanly contrivances just as if you were another woman, and could understand them! But I have no one else but you to talk to, dear. You are son and daughter, sister and brother, bosom friend and all—all—to me, my darling!" said Amy, earnestly.

"I do wish to be, mother dear; I wish to be more and more to you every year I live. Oh, I do pray heaven to make me good, and wise, and strong, as it made little Samuel; for your sake, mother dear. And now it is so beautiful out of doors; so beautiful, it makes one's heart swell with praise only to walk in the sunshine. Now, won't you put on your bonnet and go for a walk, while I watch the little sisters?" he coaxed.

"No, dear, not to-day. I want to finish a couple of these little slips at least before night; so that Nancy can do them up early to-morrow. But now tell me about the creditors. Were they satisfied with what you gave them?"

The ringing of the shop-bell summoned Owen into the surgery to wait upon a customer.

And lastly, the waking up of the babies, who were very hungry, compelled Amy to lay aside her needle-work and take them into her lap.

And so the little household separated temporarily about their several businesses, to meet again, when the day's work should be done, at their frugal dinner. For by a new, economical arrangement, they had agreed to have but two meals a day—one in the morning, at eight o'clock, and one in the afternoon, at four.

(To be continued.)

EARL RUSSELL has recently been obliged to refuse a supply of coals to the Federal war-ship Sacramento. The rule of her Majesty's Government is, that a period of three months must elapse before a second supply of coal can be supplied to a belligerent war-ship. The Sacramento evaded this rule. She "coaled" at Cork on the 29th of July, again at Plymouth on the 17th of August, and more recently, asking for coals at Dyer, she was refused.

EFFECT OF RAILWAYS ON INCUBATION.—A strong suspicion is abroad that the constant habit of riding in railway carriages must be injurious to the brain and the nervous system of man, and there is something like collateral evidence of this supposed fact in the effect of the vibration on the incubation of fowls in France. It is found that in the hen-houses situated very near railways, hatching is extremely difficult, and that vast numbers of eggs yield very few chickens, and this is attributed, with every show of reason, to the vibrations of the earth, which, of course, are the more intense and of longer duration in proportion to the length of the train and its speed, and the proximity of the line of rails,

THE TOMB OF AN ANCIENT BRITON.—A barrow has been opened near to Seale House, Rylstone. The tumulus was 31 ft. in diameter, and about 7 ft. high, and situated in a meadow. It was opened from the south-east, and, immediately under the sod, was found to consist of yellow clay to a considerable depth; then came layers of blue clay, which had evidently been puddled, or worked to a finer consistency, doubtless to keep out the water. Exactly in the centre of the tumulus, at a depth of 7 ft., and on a level with the plane of the field, was found an oak coffin, formed out of a tree, which had been split and hollowed out, and placed due north and south, the head being placed to the south, as that was the larger part of the tree. After being exposed to the air for about ten minutes, it parted at the sides, and it was found impossible to move it, except by detached pieces. The body had been wrapped in a cloth or shroud, of a texture resembling wool, coarsely woven, of which there was a considerable quantity remaining; but the body itself was dissolved by the action of water. The Rev. Mr. Greenwell, the antiquary, considered the interment to have been that of an ancient Briton, decidedly pre-Roman, and doubtless 2,000 years old. He said it was the only instance (with one exception, found at Gristhorpe, near Scarborough) where an interment in an oak tree, hollowed out, had a tumulus placed over it. The coffin was more than 6 ft. in length inside, and about 7 ft. 6 in. outside.

The lasted not story told of hero, concluded the moment the poor review of those va ledged to ease mind. "And until after turned to "And ev He bro discussion. "The impossible whether "True unusual mind not Count de particular there are solved to bottom of "I app reasons to if would be made to y can be no her family should ex this affair you may Pizarro. "The l here, we a glace aha and yonder bank of the successful



[THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF BAVARO.]

THE
DIAMOND-SEEKER.

CHAPTER XIII.

BROKEN FAITH.

The voyage of Bertram Bavarro and his friend lasted nearly all the remainder of the night. The story told by Pizarro, after abruptly awakening our hero, concerning his adventure with Berta, had furnished the staple of an endless discussion. At one moment they were both ready to credit every word the poor girl had uttered, and the next, after a further review of the subject, they had reluctantly acknowledged to each other that her revelation had the air of those vagaries which frequently characterize a diseased mind.

"And yet, I did not have a suspicion of the kind until after her departure," said Pizarro, as they returned to the affair for at least the fortieth time. "And even now——"

He broke off abruptly, as if his mind, after all their discussions, was as much in uncertainty as ever.

"The truth is," responded Bavarro, "it is simply impossible for us to decide, on the testimony we have, whether the poor girl is insane or not."

"True; but by my soul," declared Pizarro, with unusual energy, "I will not dismiss her from my mind until I know more about her. I will learn who Count de Paos is, where he came from, and all the particulars about his character and family, and if there are two persons claiming the name. I am resolved to know whether madness or villainy is at the bottom of that poor girl's sorrows."

"I approve of that resolution, José, for more reasons than one," replied Bavarro. "In the first place, if the girl is what she declares herself to be, it would be cruel for me to neglect the appeal she has made to you for assistance; in the second place, there can be no harm in learning something about her and her family, even if she is insane; and, finally, if you should expose the villainy which may be bound up in this affair, and set all to rights, who knows but that you may be drawn out of your bachelorship by her?"

Bavarro smiled sadly as he replied:

"The least I can do is to present her letter to the emperor, providing I can obtain access to him. Ah, here we are," he added, with a long and searching glance ahead. "We are at the Parahiba, sure enough, and yonder is the village of Dos Rios, on the opposite bank of the river. I am thankful we have been so successful in our impromptu voyaging."

Pizarro plied the oars with energy, and the boat soon drew up alongside a rude quay, consisting of several large logs, which distinguished the port of Dos Rios.

Like the majority of the villages in Brazil, this river town presented a strange mixture of races and pursuits, from tribes of wandering savages, to foppish young students, and grave merchants.

The hour of the diamond-seekers' arrival was so early, that not a person or a sign of life was visible as they landed.

"Two hours more, providing we can find good mules, will take us to Valenca," was the exclamation of Bavarro, in more joyful tones than he had lately used. "Our first task is to obtain a breakfast, and then we will leave the boat in safe hands, hire our mules and attendants, and go on our way rejoicing."

Proceeding up the main street of the village, the adventurers soon encountered a buxom-looking dame, who was sweeping off the side walk in front of her dwelling. In response to the inquiries and observations of our tired and hungry voyagers, she declared that she kept a lodging house, and could give them a breakfast in a few minutes, besides introducing them to a couple of muleteers, who would transport them to Valenca quicker than the distance was ever traversed by man before.

"Very well," observed Pizarro, as he smiled at the bustling air of the woman. "Only do us one half these favours, and there is a brace of mireas for you."

Being now fairly out of the wilderness of the Parahiba, and within the precincts of civilization, the diamond-seekers became happy in the prospect of reaching Petropolis before night. The bustling hostess they had encountered speedily served them up a tempting breakfast, and at the same time aroused the two men, whose services she had promised to her guests. In the course of three-quarters of an hour all the arrangements were made, and the adventurers set out on a couple of mules for Valenca.

The remainder of the homeward journey was performed without any incident calling for a special mention. Just as the day was drawing to its close, Bavarro and his friend reached the station at Petropolis, and drove away in the twilight to his neat but humble cottage.

It is needless to say that the return of our hero, produced a great sensation in the circle in which he had formerly moved. Having been seen and greeted at the station by several of his former acquaintances, not an hour elapsed before public rumour was busy with his arrival, his riches, and all his affairs.

He was met at the door of his residence by the

person he had left in charge, a motherly old dame—a former dependent on his mother; and he received such a warm welcome that Pizarro sighed over the contrast between Bertram's fate and his own.

After a shower of greetings and explanations on both sides, a good supper was served up to the wanderers, and they entered upon the discussion of the considerations growing out of our hero's return.

"Having the promise of Senhor Dos Montes," Bavarro declared, "I shall pay him a visit at a seasonable hour of the morning, to claim its fulfilment."

"And I," said Pizarro, "will avail myself of the same hour, to pay a visit to the mayor. He used to be friendly to my father, and will no doubt bring this petition to the emperor's notice. It is possible that it is nothing but a tissue of delirium, but I will take the risk of forwarding it through the mayor, explaining myself as fully to him as I can. You know that I might be weeks in gaining a personal audience with his Majesty, and that is why I adopt this course."

The following morning Pizarro waited upon the Mayor of Petropolis, and gave him the petition he had received from Berta, earnestly imploring him to present it to his Majesty in person, assuring him that it contained revelations of the most vital interest to the state. The mayor declared that he would faithfully present it to his Majesty the next time he was admitted to his presence, and that he would use whatever influence he possessed to ensure for it instant attention and all possible favour. Satisfied that he had secured a better fate for the petition than it could have received if presented by his own hands, he said he would call in a few days, to learn any facts that might arise from its presentation, and returned in a hopeful state of mind to his friend.

"I hope you will be successful in your visit to Dos Montes," he said to our hero. "Go hopefully—go as the possessor of a hundred thousand dollars should go; and I will await your return."

"I am hopeful, dear José," replied Bertram, "for have I not fulfilled the sole condition Senhor Dos Montes made to my marriage with Nona?"

On his arrival at the mansion of Dos Montes, Bavarro was met by the father of his betrothed and treated with the utmost civility.

"Glad to see you back again, Senhor Bavarro," exclaimed the planter, directing him to a seat. "It must be pleasant for you to return after a year's wanderings among the jungles and mountains thousands of miles away, eh?"

"It is, indeed," replied Bavarro, overjoyed at his reception. "I have returned at last to claim the hand of your daughter Nona. I have fulfilled our

agreement, sir, and am the possessor of diamonds to the value of a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Hundred thousand dollars!" ejaculated the planter. "It seems incredible! Why, how did it happen that you were so successful?"

"I had Nona's love to encourage me, and also your promise that she should be mine," replied Bavarro. "With such inducements, I could not fail to succeed."

The planter looked thoughtful, but neither the success of the young man nor the fact that he had promised Nona to him in marriage influenced him for one moment. He was as firmly resolved as ever that his daughter should wed a man of noble birth and political influence, and nothing could change his resolution.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by Bavarro, who asked if Nona was well, and if he might be permitted to see her.

"Nona is as well as usual," replied Dos Montes, with increased politeness; "but I shall be compelled to deny your request, Senhor Bavarro."

"Deny my request to see Nona!" demanded Bavarro, in astonishment. "Do you mean, Senhor Dos Montes, to retract your word?"

"My word that Nona should be your wife on condition of your gaining wealth was given under peculiar circumstances," answered Dos Montes, avoiding the searching gaze of the young man. "At the time I gave you the promise I felt a strong interest in you, and was influenced by Nona's childish love for you. Now all is changed. Nona's hand is sought in marriage by a noble, who stands high in his Majesty's favour, and is the scion of one of the oldest houses in Portugal. I have given my consent, and Nona will become the wife of Count de Paos in a fortnight!"

"Fortnight! Count de Paos!" ejaculated the young man.

Even in the misery caused by the heartless words of the planter, Bertram remembered Pizarro's adventure with Berta de Paos and her statement concerning the man who had usurped her father's title and fortune.

"Yes, the Count de Paos, secretary to his Majesty," replied Dos Montes, with evident pride. "They are to be married in a fortnight. I am sorry for your disappointment, senhor——"

"Does Nona consent to this?" demanded Bavarro. "I know she has been true to me, whatever you may say. Where is she? I must see her!"

"You cannot see her! Nona is lost to you for ever! Give up your ambitious dreams, Senhor Bavarro, and look elsewhere for a wife. I tell you that I have other views for her!"

"If you disregard your promise," said Bavarro, "if you break your word to us both, think what a lifetime of misery you would inflict upon us! I beseech you, Senhor Dos Montes, by the love you bore your own lost wife, give me Nona! I will love and cherish her as the apple of my eye, as the life of my life, the soul of my soul!"

The young man's impassioned words had no effect whatever upon the ambitious planter.

"It is useless to talk to me," he said, quietly. "Do you suppose I would grant to your words what I would refuse to the silent pleadings of my own child? To show you that I am affected by neither, I will tell you that I have confined Nona in a strong room, where she receives no food but bread and water, and where she will see no face but mine until she promises to become the wife of the Count de Paos."

"Oh, heaven!" cried Bavarro, almost overcome by the picture thus presented. "How can you thus treat your innocent child, Senhor Dos Montes? Consent, I beseech you——"

"Nonsense," interrupted the planter, as he arose from his seat. "You know very well that I have the reputation of being a man of honour, and I have given my word to the count that Nona shall be his wife."

"And your word to me?" said Bavarro, bitterly.

"That is a different thing. I never expected you would return with a single gem; indeed, I never expected that you would come back at all! I am sorry, however, for your disappointment, Senhor Bavarro, and wish you better luck next time. Come, forget your troubles, and let us have a glass of wine together."

Bertram declined the civility, and made a further effort to soften the obdurate heart of the old planter, but did not succeed. He begged to be allowed to say one word to Nona, but Dos Montes denied the request. At length, with an almost breaking heart, Bertram took his departure, and Dos Montes proceeded to prepare the frugal breakfast he allowed to Nona.

The emotions with which Bertram returned to his humble cottage, after his interview with Dos Montes, are beyond our powers of expression. The positive assurance that Nona had been placed in confinement, and that she would not be restored to the light of day until she promised by all she held sacred to become the wife of Count de Paos, had plunged him into the

most exquisite misery. He comprehended that in Brazil, more than in most other countries, the parent has a despotic power in his own house and family, and realized only too clearly how utterly impossible it was for any power at his command to mitigate the poor girl's oppressions.

All day long he remained in his cottage, occasionally receiving a visit from some old friend or acquaintance who had heard of his return. Among all these visitors there was not one to whom he could unburden the misery stifling his whole soul, and the hours dragged on wearily enough. Plan after plan for rescuing Nona was formed and dismissed, reflection finding some fatal defect in every one of them, and the shades of evening found him plunged in the deepest despair, which even Pizarro could not remove.

Soon after nightfall, however, a lady closely veiled called to see Bertram, having heard that he was at home. She was Mrs. Vallos, and had come at Nona's instance, to guide him to her presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

BERTA AND NONA.

The joy with which Bavarro hastened to Nona can be better imagined than described. The poor girl was quite overcome at the first view of his pale face; but the loving glances of his eyes soon filled her soul with peace, and she told him how she had been persecuted and fled from her father, and listened to the recital of all that had befallen him in his absence.

"Before I proceed to details," was his commencement, "let me show you the results!"

He produced his hard-earned treasures, and placed them in her hands.

"Oh, how did you get so many?" Nona inquired. "It was owing to our good fortune," he replied. "We went prospecting for ourselves, as soon as we reached the diamond district, and chanced to hit upon a ravine of unusual richness."

Nona examined the diamonds with feelings of wonder and satisfaction, but soon said:

"They are as nothing in my sight, in comparison with you. Alas! that these diamonds cannot gain my father's consent to our marriage."

"Well, we must make the most of our unhappy condition. It seems that your father is ambitious of official power and distinction, and these honours have been promised him by your suitor as a reward for his good offices in the matter."

"That's the whole secret of my father's conduct," sighed Nona; "and, oh, Bertram! if you only knew the wickedness of the secretary, you would not wonder that I have fled to avoid him."

"Why, what has he done?"

Nona proceeded to narrate to her lover all that she and Mrs. Vallos knew or had heard concerning him.

It is unnecessary to say that he was greatly astonished, and, at times, completely carried away with his emotions, so terribly did these communications agree with those Bertha had made to Pizarro; and when she had concluded the startling narrative, he said:

"This is indeed a terrible story; but I can tell you one which will keep it company, and throw a great deal of light upon it."

He hastened to narrate the adventure of his friend with Bertha de Paos, and both Nona and Mrs. Vallos could not restrain their tears, either at the sad recital or at the evident providence with which the life and lot of that poor girl had become associated with their own.

"Strange—strange!" was the exclamation of Nona, when her lover had finished. "It is clear, Bertram, that we can never gain my father's consent until we have unmasked this deeply-dyed villain. We cannot be happy until we have secured the happiness of the unfortunate nobleman and his daughter, and brought their cruel enemy to punishment. In a word, the star of this false count must set before ours can be in the ascendant."

"True, darling; and this is the task to which my friend and I have been all day directing our attention. We have had a number of earnest discussions during the day, since I saw your father, and we have concluded that one or both of us will go back to the Parahiba, and put things in train for rescuing the count and his daughter. My friend has become deeply interested in the whole subject, and will be unable to content himself here after I have revealed to him the facts you have just told me."

While the lovers had been holding this conversation in the parlour of the little cottage, Mrs. Vallos had considerably left them nearly all the time to themselves, passing the time in the back room and out of doors; but she now abruptly entered their presence, saying that she had been startled by finding a man lurking under the garden wall, in the immediate vicinity of the house.

"He fled as soon as I saw him," she added, "and

quickly vanished from view. Perhaps it was nothing; and yet, with such a desperate villain as Joao, I am so nervous that every little incident startles me!"

She had only too much cause for her inquietude for the man she had seen was a spy of the false Count de Paos.

The interview between the lovers, in which Mrs. Vallos occasionally took a part, was prolonged until a late hour; and then they separated, with words of mutual consolation and hope, not wholly unconscious of their dangers, but yet with hearts so full of the faith of true love that they could not help but look hopefully upon the great future.

Immediately after his interview with our hero, Senhor Dos Montes had presented himself at the door of his strong-room for the second time, with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water in his hand. The darkness of the passage-way leading to his impromptu prison was, as we have previously indicated, as great as to render the sense of touch more essential than that of sight in approaching the entrance, and it thus happened that he did not become conscious of Nona's escape until his nose came in painful contact with the edge of the half-open door.

"Death and furies!" was his angry exclamation, as the pitcher of water fell to the floor with a crash. "Who has been here?" And he rushed into the room, falling headlong over the box Nona had used for a seat. "Hallo! help! destruction takes her! who has been setting my authority at defiance?"

His yell soon collected half a dozen of his slaves, male and female, at the entrance of the passage-way; but the violence of his curses and menaces terrified them so much that not a single one of them could be found bold enough to proceed to his assistance. His presence among them was the cause of a general scampering, so terrific was his appearance, with all the fiendish passions his countenance revealed.

"Who has done this?" he shouted, shaking his clenched hand at the two or three servants who had the courage to remain. "Who has released my daughter, and where has she gone? Speak, you rascals, or I'll skin you alive!"

All his inquiries and menaces were fruitless, and he finally called his carriage and went to consult with the Count de Paos, who consoled him as no other man could have done, assuring him that all would be right in a day or two.

"Oh, if I had known that she was gone this morning when that villainous diamond-seeker came to see me, I would have shut him up in her place," declared the planter. "Can it be that he called upon me merely to blind me, and that he had already made arrangements to run away with my daughter?"

The false count shook his head.

"I think they are not in collusion—in fact, that your daughter is not aware of that fellow's return. I shall soon know how it is, however. I have sent a man in quest of information, and will ride down and report as soon as I hear any news. In the meantime, if some thieving and unscrupulous fellow should happen to learn that this diamond-seeker has a handsome prize in his possession, he might be visited before another sunrise!"

This hint was not lost upon Senhor Dos Montes, as we shall see.

CHAPTER XV.

BAVARO.

WHEN Bertram returned to Pizarro from his interview with Nona and her temporary protectress, he was in better spirits than he had experienced since his illness. The astounding news he had learned concerning the false Count de Paos had already endowed him with a hope that the villain might be exposed in time to save Nona.

"There is no question about the rescue of the real count," he declared, after he had communicated everything to Pizarro. "We must lose no time in releasing and producing the real count, or we shall be destroyed by the false one!"

"True," replied Pizarro, whose soul was moved to its utmost depth by the full confirmation of Bertha's story Nona and Mrs. Vallos had given our hero. "I will start the first thing in the morning, and return to the woods!"

"And I——"

"Will stay just where you are," interrupted Pizarro. "The wolf being here, at least one of us must remain here to look after your lamb. Besides, you are not strong enough to endure the fatigues of such a journey. Leave it all in my hands, Bertram, and keep your eyes upon Nona and the deserted wife."

The young man discussed the situation of affairs at great length, and it was near twelve o'clock when they retired for the night.

"Never mind me," said Pizarro to Bertram. "I am singularly wakeful to-night, and am going to review matters a little before I indulge in slumber."

It was no unusual thing for the Spaniard, with his contemplative and serious nature, to spend hours, and even whole nights, in silent reflection, and our hero merely responded:

"I think you had better join me, and let everything take care of itself until morning. For my part, I am quite sleepy and exhausted, and feel that I can sleep to-night better than I have done for some weeks."

Bavaro retired, and soon fell asleep.

Pizarro stretched himself on the outside of the bed, and reviewed the adventures and experiences of the last few days. The unhappy condition of Berto de Paos was continually before his mind, and he endeavoured to think of a plan of operation that would accomplish all the objects Bavaro and he had in view.

For a long time Pizarro continued to reflect upon the grave questions presented to his notice.

The shadows deepened around him, his friend breathed louder and louder, and the stillness of the night became more and more profound.

Suddenly, while his wakeful eyes were turned towards one of the two open windows of the apartment, he beheld the indistinct outlines of the head and shoulders of a man.

No one who has not had a similar experience can conceive the startling effect such a spectacle at the dead of the night generally has, even upon persons of strong minds.

There was something so suggestive of evil in the utter silence and repose of the figure that Pizarro would have instantly challenged its nature, if he had not seen that it was in motion—that the person, who ever he was, was slowly and almost silently introducing himself into the room.

It was evident that the intruder was an assassin, with an assassin's purpose. As if to set at rest all of Pizarro's doubts on the subject, the naked blade of a knife was occasionally seen to flash faintly in the right hand of the unknown, as he worked his way into the apartment.

He was a man below the medium size and height, and moved with ease and agility, as was seen the instant he reached the floor. The simple cause of his appearance in the chamber of the successful diamond-seeker is already apparent to the reader. The planter had told his overseer that Bertram had returned from the mines with a large quantity of diamonds, which any bold and ready hand could undoubtedly obtain by visiting his cottage at the proper hour; and this hint had led the overseer to take counsel with an unscrupulous ruffian of his acquaintance, and eventually resulted in the appearance of this latter person in our hero's chamber, as we have just recorded.

Once inside of the room, the actions of the intruder were sufficiently expressive. He listened a few moments to the regular breathing of the sleeper, and was satisfied that he could be dispatched without noise or danger. The room was so dark that he could not see the reception awaiting him—Pizarro lying between him and the intended victim, with his eyes intently fixed upon his every movement, and with every nerve ready for the struggle.

Satisfied that his success was certain, the assassin crept swiftly and stealthily towards the bed, knife in hand, and poised his weapon for the fatal blow, with his eyes fixed upon the outlines of Pizarro's motionless figure. At that same moment the Spaniard sprang up and seized the murderer's hand in a grip like that of a vice, and wrested the knife from him. With a yell of surprise and consternation, the baffled villain turned to retrace his steps, but received several severe wounds before he could break away from his captor, and make his way through the window.

"What in heaven's name is this?" exclaimed Bertram, as he started up out of his sound sleep and looked wildly around.

Pizarro explained; at the same time assuring himself that the baffled assassin had passed beyond sight and hearing.

"I will now close the windows," he said, in conclusion, "and endeavour to take a nap with you. I dare say the prowling thief has received too severe a lesson to have any ideas of returning!"

The remainder of the night was passed without incident; and early in the morning Pizarro started for the wilderness, according to the resolution he had formed, declaring that he should make his headquarters at Dos Blos in his absence.

In the meantime, the wounded assassin had reached his home, where the overseer of Dos Montes was waiting to hear the result of his interested suggestions. Seeing that his tool was in a critical condition, he induced him, in the course of the following afternoon, to make a declaration that he had been assaulted and wounded by Bertram Bavaro.

After a few hints from the overseer, a justice was sent for, and the declaration of the dying man reduced to writing, in official form, and sworn to as being the whole truth. The assassin declared, in substance, that he had met Bavaro in the way, and bantered him a little about his relations to Nona Dos Montes,

whereupon he had become enraged and made the fatal attack upon him.

This horrible lie having been duly placed upon record and authenticated, the wretch, unexpectedly himself, at least, fell into convulsions, and died in a few minutes. As a consequence, Bavaro was arrested soon after, and flung into prison.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Senhor Dos Montes, when he was informed of the fact. "That young man is not what he used to be, and I have long had my doubts about him. Now that he is effectually out of the way, all will go well if I can only find my runaway daughter!"

It was at this instant that the false Count de Paos came to pay him a visit.

"I told you all would be well," was his complacent greeting, "and you will now see that I was a true prophet! I have discovered the exact spot where your daughter is hiding!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Dos Montes, with the most intense delight. "Where is she?"

"With an unfortunate woman of the humbler class—ah, now that I remember, a creature I have heard reported as insane. This charge against that returned diamond-seeker will rid us of him, and we can put our hands upon Nona at any moment."

(To be continued.)

LYNDE ASHTON'S VOW: AND HOW HE KEPT IT

LYNDE Ashton sat in his easy-chair, wrapped in his rich dressing-gown, carelessly holding the stem of his highly-coloured meerschaum between his thumb and finger, and gazing indolently at the white smoke as it curled slowly upward.

He was surrounded by all the appurtenances of a bachelor's apartment. Books, pictures, boxing gloves, foils, pipes, fishing-rods, and odd bits of furniture, and little articles of virtu, being strangely intermingled. An air of luxurious ease and carelessness pervaded the apartment.

This carelessness was perceptible in the person of Lynde Ashton. His feet, extended upon a chair, were thrust into loose slippers; his vest was unbuttoned, displaying a broad chest covered with snowy linen, from which three diamond studs gleamed brightly. His shirt, open at the neck, with Byron collar turned widely back, disclosed a white throat that many a woman might have envied.

He was a fine-looking man, for his inborn character would shine through the mask of indolence he wore so constantly. His black, curly hair hung in damp masses upon his white, high forehead; his dark hazel eyes wore a dreamy, listless expression, and yet that expression seemed but as a shade to veil their brightness, and his features were regular, nay, almost classic, in their contour. Rings of value gleamed on the delicate white fingers, which looked as if they had never been stained by toil.

Lynde Ashton had not always lived this life of indolent ease.

There were those among his associates who remembered when he was a poor, almost friendless orphan, fighting a stern battle with the world for his daily bread; and they wondered at the great change that had come upon him.

Then, a subordinate clerk in a large mercantile establishment, he had been hopeful, ambitious, full of energy, and a strong determination to grasp Fortune, shun her as she might. And there were many who thought still it would have been much better for Lynde Ashton if he had been allowed to work out his own destiny.

But who can control the chapter of accidents?

Left an orphan at an early age, he had been thrown upon the care of an uncle—a cross, crabbed old bachelor, who despised himself and the whole world.

His temper had been early soured—nobody ever knew exactly how; and age and infirmity had but increased its bitterness.

Strangely enough, several of Lynde's relatives were also thrown upon the charity of this eccentric old man, who paid himself for the aid he bestowed by the most unmitigated abuse of the recipients of his bounty, whenever they were rash enough to intrude upon his presence.

This uncle sent Lynde to college; and, when his course was finished, summoned him to his presence.

The proud spirit of the boy could not brook the taunts of his benefactor, as unjust as they were unkind.

They parted in anger—mutually renouncing each other.

Lynde was too poor to adopt the professions his education fitted him for, so he accepted a clerkship. He toiled day and night, hardly allowing himself the

necessary hours of sleep; and at the expiration of three years he called upon old Roger Thorne, his uncle, and paid him back all the money he had advanced for him.

The ire of the old man was fearful. He called Lynde a viper of ingratitude, and indulged in epithets of the most extravagant nature, concluding by ordering him from his house, with a strict injunction never to cross its threshold again.

Smiling at his uncle's impotent rage, he quietly withdrew.

He emerged into the open air with the feelings of a slave who had been released from his bondage. He hastened to visit one who had lately filled his mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts; one to whom he looked for sympathy.

You will understand by this that he was in love. Being but twenty-five, of fine appearance, and good family (for the fact of his being nephew to old Roger Thorne, the millionaire, was patent to everybody), he found no difficulty in mixing with the best society.

Celinda Leonard was the fair object on which he fixed his youthful affections. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Our hero had fixed his aspirations somewhat high, and hardly dared to hope for success. Much to his surprise and gratification, his suit was very favourably received.

It was with the consciousness that the heart of Celinda beat responsive to his own, and would share in his joy or sorrow, that he called upon her after his final quarrel with his uncle.

Man must have some one in whom he can confide. The heart is not large enough to contain all our joys or cares—we must share them with some one. So Lynde disclosed all to Celinda.

Her reception of him had been so cordial, that he did not have withheld his confidence from her, if such had been his desire. Though very much in love, Lynde was not blind, and he saw plainly that his intelligence was not favourably received. Celinda grew suddenly quite cool and distant. The conversation became constrained, Lynde arose to depart. They separated without those little signs of affection which had graced all their former partings.

Lynde returned to his solitary chamber in a very unsatisfactory state of mind. Celinda had the headache, and was not at home for the remainder of the evening to visitors.

This breach was not lessened, but rather widened, by the lapse of time; and Lynde was soon delicately given to understand that he had lost his place in Celinda's heart. It is true this information was not conveyed in words, but actions sometimes speak louder than words.

There was no occasion to dismiss Lynde, for his proud and sensitive nature was easily affronted. He surmised rightly that his quarrel with his uncle, which destroyed all hopes of his ever succeeding to his great wealth, rendered him no longer an eligible match; so he sent Celinda a brief note, releasing her, if such should be her desire, from all engagements.

He awaited the answer to that note in a feverish state of excitement; for the old love was strong within his heart, and he felt that the displacement of his cherished idol would leave a scar that years might heal, but never wholly erase.

The answer came. It was what he had expected, but not what he had hoped; for man will hope even against hope. Celinda accepted his release. It was better for them both. Bred to a life of luxury, it would be criminal in her to unite her destiny with one who had but a life of toil before him, which would only be increased by the additional burden of her support. Such was the tenor of her note, nicely written upon gilt-edged paper. It was respectful, sensible, and very worthy.

Lynde crushed it between his fingers with an iron grasp, and set his teeth firmly together. Then he smoothed it out carefully, and re-read it. It was plain—she had never loved him! He tore the paper into minute shreds, and cast it into his grate. It was over! Now for the struggle with the world again.

Three months afterwards, Celinda married the wealthiest of her suitors. Two months after that, old Roger Thorne died. On examining his will, it was discovered that, with the exception of a few unimportant legacies, his great wealth was bequeathed to Lynde Ashton. The noble independence of the young man had pleased the old grumbler, always subject to strange whims, and he had made him his heir.

When this astounding intelligence was made known to Lynde, his first thought was of Celinda. Had she but remained true, what a rich reward would have met her constancy? Did he regret her? No; he thanked heaven that her heart had been revealed to him before this great wealth had come to him. He did not even rejoice at the revenge this sudden change of fortune afforded him—he knew the knowledge would sting her worldly soul to the quick—his only feeling towards her was contempt.

Strangely enough, he inherited with his uncle's

wealth a portion of his disposition—that morbid sensitiveness of mercenary motives in all who approached him. Deceived by one woman, he lost faith in the entire sex.

He settled his affairs as speedily as possible, and then set forth upon a tour of travel, to be extended through years. What a disappointment this was to the match-making mothers among his acquaintances.

He was absent five years. He returned—the indolent, careless man of thirty that we have described. He had visited all the great capitals of Europe; he had drunk deeply of the cup of pleasures, and had come back to his home, jaded, surfeited, tired of the world and himself.

His former associates renewed their acquaintance, and sought to bring him into their circle. He refused all invitations, leading an isolated, almost solitary life; and the bright hopes of many young ladies were much dulled on learning that Lynde Ashton had registered a vow never to marry. In a short time they gave him up as a misanthrope not worth a woman's smile.

Lynde seemed to enjoy his life in his own careless way, little heeding the thoughts or opinions of those around him. But on the day on which we introduce him to the reader a circumstance had occurred which rippled the smooth current of his daily existence. A cousin—so many times removed that it was difficult to trace the relationship—had sent him a letter.

This cousin was married, and living in Bristol. She had been mentioned in old Roger Thorne's will as the recipient of a small legacy. Lynde remembered the name—Maria Boothby—having sent her the money. Her object in writing was to solicit him to take charge of her sister's orphan child, Eve Hetherington. Lynde remembered that name also, it having been mentioned in the will likewise. But he did not know that those two cousins were sisters, as the names were different, and he had no memory of ever having met either.

Mrs. Boothby, in her letter, informed Lynde that her sister, a widow, had just died, leaving her only child, Eve, to her care. Being encumbered with quite a family of her own, the charge of Eve was likely to prove a burden; therefore she appealed to him as a simple act of justice—he having inherited so much of their uncle's wealth—to provide for the child, he having none of his own.

On the whole, it was a sensible, motherly letter, and touched Lynde's better nature. Had it been an appeal to his charity, he might have cast it aside, unheeded; but being an appeal to his justice, and the child's claim being put forward as a right, he could not find it in his conscience to ignore that right. So he sat and mused over it that pleasant summer's afternoon.

He wondered how the prattle of a little girl would sound through those vacant chambers. Would not the stern visage of old Roger Thorne, which frowned grimly from its richly-gilt frame upon the wall, relax into a smile to behold a bright-eyed little cherub dancing into the room like a sunbeam? Would not her presence relieve him of the lassitude which was wearing upon him, enervating both mind and body? Would it not be a relief to tutor her, to watch her expand day by day, like a cherished flower, until he finally grew to love her like his own.

His own! How the thought kept echoing within the chambers of his mind. His own! Why not? He would adopt her, instruct her with the whole strength of that powerful brain which had so long slumbered, and make her an ornament to her sex—one that should pale the lustre of the false fair around him.

Her mind must be unformed. It would be like wax beneath his touch. What was her age? Memory became busy with the past. Maria had been married a year or two before her uncle's death, probably seven years. Was her sister the oldest? Possibly; perhaps by two or three years, and had married first. In that case, Eve would be between seven and eight years of age. Just the age to be interesting and of little trouble.

The long study was at an end. Lynde threw aside his pipe with an unwanted animation, and drew his writing materials towards him.

He answered the letter, desiring Mrs. Boothby to send on the child, under charge of some careful person, and enclosed a sum of money to defray all expenses.

This done, he sounded his bell, and awaited the coming of his servant. The bell was answered by the appearance of a youth, some seventeen years of age. He was very neatly dressed, and had a bright, intelligent look. There was a mystery attached to this boy, who was, in fashionable parlance, Lynde's "tiger." Some said that Lynde had found him in the West Indies. Lynde and the boy himself were remarkably silent in regard to themselves, though it was evident that some strong tie existed between them. There

never was a more indulgent master, or a more devoted servant.

"Take that letter, and post it at once, Curly," said Lynde.

The boy departed upon his mission, without uttering a word.

Lynde had kept the old family mansion in which Roger Thorne had lived and died, and, though he had many newer and handsomer houses, he preferred to let them, and occupy the old house.

The furniture, with the exception of Lynde's chamber, was the same as it had been in Roger's time. Even the old domestics were retained, an old couple who had grown grey beneath that time-stained roof. Mrs. Davidson was the housekeeper, and had charge of the whole establishment. Old Jared was butler and gardener combined.

His office as butler was almost a sinecure; but as gardener he found sufficient occupation, the grounds in the rear of the mansion being quite extensive. This old couple, two female servants, and Curly comprised Lynde Ashton's entire establishment.

Lynde sauntered into the cosy little apartment allotted to the housekeeper. He found Mrs. Davidson sitting before a window which commanded a view of the garden, with an old pair of silver-bowed spectacles perched upon her nose, busily engaged in knitting a pair of woollen stockings.

This was her favourite occupation of an afternoon—to sit at the open window, watch Jared at his work in the garden, and busily ply her knitting-necesses.

She looked somewhat surprised as Lynde entered the room and drew a chair beside her. He was not in the habit of visiting her often.

They met only at meal-times, when she presided at the table, more like the mistress of the mansion than a housekeeper.

"Mrs. Davidson, I have a little surprise for you," began Lynde. "We are going to have a new inmate in our quiet circle. I have adopted a little child—a girl—who will be with us in a day or two."

Then he went on to tell her all about the letter he had received, and the resolution he had formed, ending by saying:

"Do you think we can find room for her here, and will it be too much trouble to look after her?"

"Bless you, no!" responded Mrs. Davidson, cheerfully. "There is room enough in this old house for a dozen girls; and as for the trouble—how old is she?"

"About seven?"

"Seven! Why, she's old enough to take care of herself. Trouble? Why, it seems to me as if it would be a comfort, like, to have her here. Never, never," continued the old lady, shaking her head sadly, "in my time, have these walls echoed to a child's laugh; never has the patter of little footsteps sounded upon these old stairs. It will appear strange to see a little girl running about here, and I'm afraid Jared will tremble for his flowers. Well, he needs a little trouble; his life is too comfortable for his own good."

"You think I have done well, then, in inviting the child hither?"

"No doubt of it, sir—no doubt of it, sir," returned Mrs. Davidson, sedately. "Her presence here will do us all good, and you in particular."

After a few more words, relative to the disposition and comfort of his charge on her arrival, Lynde withdrew.

"A child!" mused the old lady, as she proceeded to pick up a stitch which she had dropped in her knitting during the conversation; "a child; that's one comfort. pity it hadn't been a wife—that would have been so much better."

In that orderly household, where everything moved as if by clockwork, the preparations were soon completed for the reception of Eve Hetherington.

One day, when Lynde came home somewhat earlier than usual to dinner, the housekeeper met him in the hall.

"She's come!" she exclaimed

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes, the child is here, in the parlour."

Lynde noticed that the housekeeper laid a particular emphasis upon the word "child," and that there was a singular expression upon her face. He did not stop to ponder over this; but, placing his hat upon the stand, he entered at once.

He saw a mass of brown curls and a white dress upon the sofa, as he advanced, exclaiming, cordially:

"Well, my little girl, how do you find yourself?"

But when the brown curls and white dress had arisen, and stood shyly before him, he suddenly discovered that the little girl was quite a large girl. And not only a large girl, but a fine-looking one. In short, a young lady, simply attired in white, with a wealth of brown tresses floating upon her neck and shoulders, a clear grey eye and arched brows, regular features, marked by that expression which the French call "spirituelle," with the prettiest little mouth and

dimpling chin, arose from the sofa on which she had been seated, to receive Lynde Ashton.

"I really beg your pardon," stammered Lynde. "I took you for my ward, Eve Hetherington."

"I am Eve Hetherington," answered the young lady, who seemed to be labouring under an equal amount of astonishment.

"There is some strange mistake here," said Lynde, with a bewilderment so comical that Eve smiled involuntarily. "I thought you were a child."

"And I thought you were an old man," answered Eve.

"But why should you think so?" asked Lynde, recovering his equanimity, and beginning to feel amused at the singularity of this mutual mistake.

"I can hardly say. I never thought much of the matter. I only knew you as my mother's cousin. She was over forty when she died, and I naturally imagined you must be her senior in years."

"But your aunt—she is not an old woman?"

"No; she is much younger than my mother was—seventeen years, I think."

"How old are you?" asked Lynde, abruptly.

"Eighteen. Why should you imagine that I was younger?"

"From the simple circumstance that your aunt was a young woman, and I never dreamed of such a disparity of years between her and your mother. I do not see, however, that our mistake should make any difference in our relationship. I expected a child, and you a father. Nor shall you be disappointed. Though not old enough, perhaps, in years, to fill that responsible office, I think I can supply that lack by an unlimited amount of worldly experience, such as few men acquire in a lifetime. Henceforth you are to look upon this house as your home, and such, I trust, it will prove to you. I do not like you any the less for being a young lady, and I hope you do not like me any the less for being a young man?"

She looked at him timidly from beneath her long lashes as she answered:

"Oh, no."

And so Eve Hetherington was installed in her new home. It was astonishing how soon she ingratiated herself into the good will of that quiet household. Old Jared allowed her to scamper, like a young colt, amongst his flower-beds, without a solitary grumble. She won the heart of the housekeeper by patiently acquiring the science of knitting under her tuition. Even the boy Curly did not escape her spells.

To Lynde alone was Eve shy and distant. She invariably addressed him as "Mr." Though Lynde had desired her to call him "father," there seemed to her something so absurd in the title that she could not adopt it. Lynde himself seemed struck with the absurdity of it, for he did not insist upon it.

When he came to speak with Eve on the subject of education, he found that she already possessed as much as he deemed it necessary a woman should acquire. Her father had been a music-teacher in Bristol, and she had attended one of the schools there almost up to the time of her departure. She was well versed in the common branches of an English education, and was remarkably proficient in music, having inherited a natural taste for that divine art from her father. The old tuneless piano in the parlour was exchanged for a new one, and many an evening did Lynde remain to listen to the bird-like warblings of Eve.

Though she had come to him a poor dependent, she had suffered few of the ills of poverty. During her father's lifetime they had lived in easy circumstances. He was a genius, and, like most of that class, improvident. His death left his family totally unprovided for. The mother and daughter had struggled on for five years, living upon the legacy of old Roger Thorne; and then Eve was left, when all was gone, to maintain the struggle alone.

She had sought a temporary asylum at her aunt's house, intending to adopt her father's profession and give lessons in music. Her aunt, who was of a practical, worldly turn of mind, had told her that she considered that she had a claim upon the rich cousin who had inherited old Roger Thorne's money, and if he would give her a home and an introduction into society, her pretty face would do the rest.

Her aunt's house was no home for her—she saw that at a glance; so she allowed her to write to Lynde Ashton in her behalf. Eve was shy and sensitive—a home-plant, unfit to mingle with the jostling crowd in the world's throng. She pictured Lynde Ashton as an old man, whose declining years she might solace and console, thereby winning from him the affection due to a child, and the right to make her home beneath his roof. She had no thought of his great wealth; no selfish emotion filled her artless mind.

It would be hard to analyze Eve's feelings when she discovered her guardian—her father by adoption—to be a man of thirty, and the best looking one, she thought, that ever her eyes beheld. Her little heart fluttered wildly, and she was so nervous at dinner that she had no appetite for the delicacies that graced

the board; and when, after the repast was over, the housekeeper invited her to her room, she relieved herself of the perplexities that oppressed her, by telling Mrs. Davidson her simple story, and asking her advice.

"Can I remain here, beneath his roof?—is it right,

"Yes, child," answered Mrs. Davidson, kindly; "it is perfectly right and proper. He is your guardian;

he has brought you here, and placed you under my charge; even the most fastidious could find no objection to your remaining here. And besides child, we live for ourselves, not for the world. I daresay some people will make an awful fuss when they find that

you are here—some people who have been trying for

some time to be Mrs. Lynde Ashton."

From this remark Mrs. Davidson naturally branched off into quite a stream of conversation. It was such a treat to have somebody to talk to—a fresh listener, who would find all her old stories new. So she went on, until she had given Eve a pretty good account of Lynde Ashton's life, not forgetting the episode of Celinda Leonard, and Lynde's resolve never to marry.

And when she had finished, Eve had found her hero—the central figure who was destined henceforth to mingle in all her thoughts and aspirations.

"So you think I had better remain?" she asked, returning to the main topic, when Mrs. Davidson had exhausted her breath and the subject of her discourse.

"Certainly, my dear; where can you find a more quiet home than this? Why, you will be like a sunbeam among us; and after you have been here a month,

you will never want to leave us."

The arguments of the old housekeeper removed all

doubts from the mind of Eve, and she determined to remain.

In a week's time she felt perfectly at home, and went carolling about the house like a bird. Free,

happy, joyous—the pet of all the household—she only

with Lynde.

When the new piano was procured, Eve expressed a desire to learn French and German, and Lynde pro-

posed to teach these languages to her himself. He

wanted occupation, and this was the very thing to

employ his leisure time. So they arranged hours for

the lessons.

Time glided on smoothly in this quiet household,

and never had Lynde Ashton felt so happy. The in-

difference and lassitude passed away, and the pristine

vigour of his early manhood came back to him. I do

not know that Lynde paused to ponder on the change

that had come so gradually, or that he was even

aware of its existence. The shrewd old housekeeper

attributed it to the advent of Eve Hetherington.

She was right. Eve was the sun around which

they all revolved, basking in her light and gladness.

But few visitors were admitted to their circle; cards

innumerable were left, but few were answered, and

then only by Lynde himself.

The few who were fortunate enough to be intro-

duced to his ward, spread the report that Lynde

Ashton had found a poor young girl, of matchless

beauty, whom he was educating for a wife. Of

course, this story never reached the ears of Lynde.

He was so cold, distant, nay, even haughty to his

acquaintances—he had no friends—that they dared

not broach the subject.

The winter season had now commenced, and Lynde

suddenly came to the resolution to bring Eve out.

She should mix with the world, and see something of

its pleasures, its vanities, and its follies. His motive

for this determination will appear in the ensuing con-

versation, which took place with Mrs. Davidson.

Having formed this resolution, he asked her advice

upon the matter.

Mrs. Davidson shook her head gravely.

"At the risk of offending you, Mr. Ashton," she

said, with due deliberation, "I must say I do not

think you will act wisely in so doing."

He had expected her disapproval, and was not

anxious by it.

"Why not?" he asked, quietly.

"Because Eve is a quiet home body."

"Quiet?" Lynde laughed. "Why, she goes about

the house as if her veins were full of quicksilver. I

have seen her at her pranks when she little thought I

was in the house."

"The girl's lively enough—I don't deny it. I

mean by quiet, that she has no extravagant notions.

She would prefer a plain dress, any day, to one made

of silk, with all the colours of the rainbow, and rather

wear flowers in her hair than diamonds."

"In short," interrupted Lynde, "you think she is a pure blossom from nature's garden, which it would be a pity to transplant to the hot atmosphere of the conservatory?"

"That's the idea, precisely," continued the old

lady, nodding her head sagely, "though I couldn't

put it into such fine words. You may talk of your

exotics as much as you please; but Jared can tell you,

and he knows something about the matter, that among

all flowers, the handsomest and most fragrant is our

own native rose."

"Yet cultivation will improve even the rose."

"May be so. It is not for me to dispute with a learned gentleman like yourself; but I am a woman—an old one too—and I know something about my own sex. Young girls are apt to be giddy; beauty is a dangerous gift; and though Eve has a well-balanced mind, she is unused to the gay world into which you would introduce her, which will render her much more susceptible to the flattery which has turned wiser head than hers."

"I understand. You think she will be reputed my heiress, and courted by fortune-hunters."

"You know that, as well as I do."

"But what am I to do? I must bring her forward some time. I cannot keep the girl here like a prisoner. If I do, some romantic youth may come prowling about the premises and persuade her to run off with him."

"Nonsense! you are joking. You have allowed Eve the utmost liberty. How do you know but what she has found a lover in some of her rambles?"

"She has not. She seldom goes out alone; Curly attends her. But tell me, if it is not safe to carry this young girl into society, what can I do with her?"

"Marry her," answered Mrs. Davidson, senten-

tiously; "and then you can take her where you please."

Lynde elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"Marry her? Marry Eve Hetherington?"

"Why not?" continued the old housekeeper, unabashed. She had been waiting for an opportunity, and was determined not to neglect it. "You want a wife, and I do believe that heaven has sent this young girl to you for that express purpose. Marry her while her heart is young and fresh, and, my word for it, you will never have cause to regret it."

The old lady had had her say, and felt relieved.

Lynde regarded her with an expression half-serious, half-comical.

"Softly, softly!" he cried; "do you think Eve would accept me if I were to offer?"

"I know she would," answered Mrs. Davidson, readily. "Gratitude would prompt her to do so, if nothing else."

"Gratitude?" echoed Lynde, bitterly. "A cypher that, in the world's arithmetic, stands for nothing. Never would I ask her to risk her fate with mine through gratitude. But we are discussing an idle subject—speaking of an event beyond the range of probability. It is for Eve's good that I intend to introduce her to the world. Her wondrous beauty—for she is beautiful—will procure her a husband worthy of her, and I will not send her forth a dowager bride."

So saying, Lynde abruptly withdrew, and sought the solitude of his own chamber. He paced back and forth, strangely communing with himself. His thoughts, if they had been uttered in words, would have run thus:

"Gratitude! Yes, doubtless that would prompt her to accept me. But could I content with gratitude after waiting all these years, seeking in vain for that pure love which I almost fancy exists not upon the earth? Because I have been once deceived, the world fancies that I keep a shrine within my heart, dedicated to the false Celinda. Pshaw! that was but a boyish fancy. I have outlived worse disappointments than that. I do believe I really love Eve—really, truly, with the purest, deepest passion I ever felt, and could I win her young, fresh heart, it were a treasure beyond gold to purchase. But I dare not take her untried. She shall mix in the world's gay throng, she shall taste of pleasure with untrainted lips, and if she pass the ordeal untaught, her pure heart untouched, why, then—then—"

Lynde Ashton lost himself in the brightest day dream in which he had indulged for years.

Eve Hetherington's advent into the world of fashion was a sensation. Her life, formerly so quiet and secluded, became a never-ceasing round of pleasure.

Lynde was her escort upon all occasions. They visited all the popular places of amusements. Balls and parties followed each other in rapid succession. How proud Lynde was of her, as, clad in her becoming ball

dress, she leaned confidingly upon his arm. He seldom danced himself, but he derived much pleasure in witnessing her graceful figure glide over the floor. She never waltzed; Lynde had expressed himself rather strongly against it, though he had not intended his opinion to act as a prohibition; but she thought it would please him if she did not. It did please him,

What he had conjectured came to pass. Eve made many conquests. Was her heart touched? Who could say?

This life of pleasure began to wear upon her. The roses on her cheeks faded perceptibly. She began to tire of the gay world into which she had plunged at the first so eagerly, and long for the quiet of the old

house again. The pleasant nights in the house-

keeper's room, when Lynde was absent; or when he

remained at home, the quaint old parlour, where she had sat and sung to him, pouring out song after song with all the volubility of an untrammelled bird.

All this was over now. They were seldom alone—either visiting or receiving visitors. There was one person who was particularly pertinacious in his calls. This was Arthur Moore, a wealthy young merchant, handsome, gay, and careless—with all the nonchalance and finished ease of a man of fashion.

He had been early impressed with the charms of Eve, and had been assiduous in his attentions ever since their first introduction. Of all the suitors who had appeared to wrest Eve from him, Arthur Moore was the only one that Lynde feared. Eve had refused four good offers; Lynde was cognizant of this, as the baffled suitors had appealed to him; but would she refuse Arthur Moore? That question cost Lynde many sleepless nights.

The winter passed away, and with it the gay round of pleasure stopped for a while, to be renewed the following summer at the watering-places. Brighton and Newport were to be visited. Lynde asked Eve if she would not like to see these places, and she had answered—

"If you wish it, yes."

Spring came, and with it peace and quiet to the old home again. Their visitors were reduced to a select circle; but among them came the inevitable Arthur Moore. He became Lynde's bane, and he longed for the day which should decide whether he was to be accepted or rejected.

Accident favoured him with a solution to the problem which was perplexing his mind. He had a little study adjoining the parlour; he had come in quietly one day, and gone into his study to write a brief note. He heard the light footfall and the rustling of her dress, as Eve entered to receive her visitor. Their voices were plainly audible, and he became an unpremeditated listener to the conversation that ensued.

"As radiant as ever, Miss Hetherington," exclaimed Arthur Moore, gallantly.

"As complimentary as ever, Mr. Moore," returned Eve.

Lynde drew a long breath. She had not called him "Arthur," as he expected.

"Do you know that I feel very much like a criminal in your presence, Miss Hetherington?" resumed Moore. "Like a criminal who awaits his sentence, a sentence which is to decide his future weal or woe?"

Lynde, in his concealment, also felt like a criminal; and he awaited with breathless impatience for the words which were to follow.

"You cannot be ignorant of the object of my attentions," continued Moore. "You must have discovered before now the deep passion with which you have inspired me. Eve Hetherington, I love you."

"I am sorry to hear it," answered Eve, sadly.

"And wherefore?"

"Because I can never return that love."

"Do not decide hastily. Is it not possible for me to win your love? I am young, wealthy, and of a good family, as you know. I can place you at the head of a fine establishment. I can surround you with every luxury that the heart can wish for. Offer you the first love of my life; do not consign me to eternal despair by rejecting it. Will you not become my wife?"

"I cannot."

"Cannot! Let me—"

"Mr. Moore," interrupted Eve, with a sad dignity, "further words are idle. Let us end a subject which is painful to me in the extreme. I sincerely regret that I can give you no better answer. Believe me, I appreciate and respect your feelings towards me. You have paid me the highest compliment that man can pay to woman. I hope this passion will prove but a transient one, and pass away—"

"Never! believe me!" interrupted Moore, fervently.

"And pass away," continued Eve, not heeding the interruption, "with the lapse of time. You will find one much more worthy of you than I can ever be. Remember, I am but a poor orphan, entirely dependent on my guardian's bounty."

"If that is your reason for declining me," cried Moore, quickly, "I can easily surmount the obstacle. I have wealth enough for both, and half my fortune shall be settled upon you. Pardon me; I do not seek to buy your love. I merely wish to assure you that if you accept me, all I possess on earth would be but as dross compared with the treasure I should gain."

"You rate me at a high value, Mr. Moore."

"Were I a king, I would share with you my throne!"

"And I would not accept that throne, even if I could rule a world."

"Am I so distasteful to you?"

"No, no, Mr. Moore; but it would be wrong in me to afford you the least encouragement. My respect, esteem for you force me to a confession, which I have never made to others, who have sought my love as you have done. Can you not divine the nature of that confession—the secret known only to heaven and myself? I love another."

The pen dropped from Lynde's nerveless fingers, and the thick drops hung heavy on his brow.

"Those words are indeed the death-knell of all my hopes," said Moore, huskily. "I will intrude no longer. Farewell, Miss Hetherington; may heaven give me strength to bear up under my bitter disappointment, and teach me how to erase your image from my heart."

Lynde heard them leave the room together. The front door closed, and Eve did not return. She had gone to her room.

Lynde came forth from his study. He paused, unconsciously, before the large mirror. He started in amazement at the reflection of his own image there. He was glantly pale, and the perspiration was damp upon his brow.

Oh! the torture that conversation had inflicted upon him.

The stern fact now confronted him, and would not be put aside.

He loved Eve Hetherington—not with a father's nor a guardian's love, but with the strong passion of manhood—deeper, more intensified, than any boyish love could be.

He felt that he had never loved before. He, the gay man of the world, who had sported with the smiles of high-born dames in the gilded saloons of Europe, he had been forced to succumb to the artless grace of poor Eve Hetherington.

And she loved another! Like a fool, he had cast this pearl of price away. Instead of keeping her secluded in his own quiet home, he had exhibited her to the heartless world, and now his treasure was wrested from him!

Mrs. Davidson was right. Eve had yielded to the world's flattery!

How could he hope that she would remain a natural flower where all is artificial? What chance had a man, prematurely old, for so he thought himself, in a contest for a young girl's heart, with those gaudy, perfumed popinjays of fashion?

Who was the object of her love? It did not matter. Some sprig of the aristocracy, of course. She should have a dower that should make her worth a husband's love.

The great struggle was over. The secret went down into Lynde's heart, where no prying eyes could ever find it; and the calm, quiet look came back to the face again.

He summoned Curly, and sent him for his lawyer. When he came, they had a long conference together.

The next day Lynde requested Eve to accompany him to the parlour. The girl obeyed, wondering at the request, for a coolness seemed to have sprung up between them of late.

"Eve," said Lynde, when he had motioned her to a chair, and they were seated, "I unconsciously played the eavesdropper yesterday."

Eve looked distressed and uneasy.

Lynde continued:

"I was in my study, writing, and overheard what passed between Arthur Moore and yourself."

Eve became painfully agitated; but Lynde, whose eyes were bent upon a paper which he held in his hand—for he could not trust himself to look on that fair face—did not perceive her emotion.

"I must confess to being surprised," he went on to say, "at your rejection of Arthur Moore's suitor; he is an estimable gentleman, and in a worldly light, a most eligible match, and one that few young ladies would treat as lightly as you did. But my surprise vanished when I heard the words that followed. You love, Eve; that young heart has found an object which it considers worthy of its choicest affection."

"It has," answered Eve, very faintly, and stealing a look at her guardian's averted face.

"Then, if he be worthy, marry him. Here is your dower." He placed the paper in her hand. "Arthur Moore offered you one-half his fortune. You will see that I am not to be outdone in generosity. That paper conveys to you one-half of my entire fortune. Take it, as a gift from a father to his child—for no father could ever love his child better than I do you."

"What am I to do with so much money?" asked Eve, in perplexity.

"Your husband will inform you better than I can; and, believe me, he will not think the less of you for bringing him so much. Now, tell me his name."

Eve blushed crimson.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, piteously, "I can never tell you."

"Courage, my little trembler. You must have no secrets from me. Do you fear that I will refuse my sanction? Much as it will grieve my heart to part with you, I will not stand in your way to happiness."

At last she understood him. She sprang to her feet, and the words came impulsively to her lips.

"Lynde Ashton, is this a new trial? When you introduced me into the world, Mrs. Davidson warned me to be upon my good behaviour; she said you had lost all faith in womankind, and I must restore that faith, dropping sundry mysterious hints of some great good that might happen to me; and, above all, not to lose my heart. Vain caution! that heart was already gone—the idol of my heart's worship was on its shrine, not to be displaced by the gay butterflies who buzzed around me. My heart was full of one, who seemed to be a king amidst the glittering crowd, bound in a chain that neither adulation nor ambitious dreams of wealth could break."

She tore up the deed of gift, and cast the fragments before him.

"It was not your wealth I sought," she continued, in the same impassioned strain; "now let me leave a house I should have been happier never to have entered."

Her eyes were full of tears as she moved towards the door, but a strong grasp upon her arm restrained her.

"Stay—am I awake?" gasped Lynde. "You love me, Eve?"

"You know I do," she sobbed, hiding her blushing face in his breast.

How lovingly those strong arms circled her.

"I never dreamed it, dearest; but if you knew how much I love you?"

"As a father?" she asked, looking archly in his face.

"Pshaw!" and a kiss silenced those saucy lips. "Mine, mine at last. Ah, Eve! Mrs. Davidson was right—heaven sent you here to be my wife."

"But Mrs. Davidson said you made a vow never to marry."

"And if I did, I shall not be the first to make a silly vow, nor the last to break one."

G. L. A.

A LETTER from Turin says that when the king rode into the city from hunting the other day, the market-women, the *dames de la halle* of Turin—howled after him; he found his very palace walls plastered with rewards of 10,000 francs, for the recovery of the lost *Re Galantomo*, and every where bills "A palace to let, and a king for sale."

The following is the reply of the Premier on accepting the cheese which commemorated his birthday so appropriately. Not a joke, or the faintest drop of the eyelid, in the shape of a wink, is to be discerned:—*Broadlands, 24th October, 1864.—Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th of this month, together with a magnificent specimen of Cheshire produce, and a list of the persons by whom it was sent; and I beg you will convey to them, and accept for yourself, my best and sincere thanks for this token of good will and kindly feeling.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, PALMERSTON.*

A RETIRED solicitor, who is known to be worth £150,000, in addition to landed estates of the value of some thousands per annum, was, until lately, in the habit of paying a person to collect his rents in the neighbourhood of the town in which he usually resides. The remuneration which he gave was 2s. 6d. for each amount received, which was, perhaps, an eighth of the usual percentage paid by other persons to agents for similar services. It would seem, however, that even this modest stipend was begrimed, as the landed proprietor in question now collects the rents himself; but, in order to avoid paying for the use of a room at the hotel, he brings an ink-bottle and his receipt-book, and, standing at a gate in the village, receives his rent from each tenant, and hands him an acquittance. This edifying spectacle may be witnessed each quarter-day.

THE EARLIEST COOK BOOKS.—Spain, it appears, had the honour of precedence in the publication of a cookery-book, about 1623; France followed in 1692, but England had been in advance of her, and had, as early as 1660, put forth a volume, entitled the "Treasure of Hidden Scents, or Good Huswife's Closet," which was little more than a book of receipts for perfumes and essences, but was succeeded in 1662 by the "Queen's Closet Opened," which is still to be met with, and gives a marvellous picture of the gastronomical tastes of our ancestors. The following extract tells of the amount of civilization to which our ladies had attained a hundred and seventy-one years ago:—"Some choice observations for the gentlewoman's behaviour at table. 'Gentlewoman, the first thing you are to observe is to keep your body straight in the chair, and do not lean your elbows on the table. Discover not by any ravenous gesture your

ravenous appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat can swallow. In carving at your own table, distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork; if so, touch no piece of the meat without it!'"

AN AMERICAN BEE-KING.—I have just returned writes M. M. Baldwin (a well-known American writer on bees) from the State Fair at Decatur. One of the curiosities on exhibition at the fair was an individual from Ohio—by some denominated as the Bee King! He fooled the people out of several hundred dollars with some stuff he called Bee-charm. He had a small swarm of bees in his cap, and tried to make the people believe that he could call bees out of the woods back home, in case they should decamp after swarming. I told the people that he had the queen in his cap, which was found to be true. He kept her in a wire cage, which was concealed under some fringe. His cap was made for the business. He understands the trade admirably of catching "gudgeons!" How strange that the old bee-keepers should be so easily duped.

LADY VENETIA.

CHAPTER IV.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thine—so decorum dictates;
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

The Piccolomini.

On the following morning, it was known throughout the castle that Count Vittorio would resume his travels on that day—that his absence would be indefinite; and conjecture was rife among the domestics as to the cause of his sudden departure.

Many of them shrewdly surmised the cause of his transmigration from the paternal roof, and characteristic comments were made on the young girl, whose ambitious aspirations had received so complete an overthrow.

The servants were generally attached to Lucia, for her gentleness and sunny temper were irresistible; but they still regarded her as an interloper, and by no means a fitting match for the son of a Colonna.

"It's a pity for her, poor thing," sighed the housekeeper over her comfortable breakfast, taken in company with the butler, who had long been devoted to her. "It's very hard to have the tender buds of affection dragged up by the roots as one may say. But the marquis has said no, and no it will be, so they may as well give up at once, poor broken-hearted dears. The signorina looks like a broken lily this morning, and the young count was as fierce as a baited tiger. It'll take some management to break him in, but his father will do it."

"Of course he will," responded her *inamorata*, "and it is right that he should; for the signorina has no fortune, and no family that one knows anything about. They might have known, poor things, how matters must turn out before they acted in so silly a manner as to fall in love with each other."

"Does the heart calculate consequences, Giuseppe?" asked the housekeeper, in a sentimental tone. "If people stopped to consider everything that might happen contrary, they would never fall in love at all. It's a pity they don't; but then it's not human nature—no—not by any manner of means."

Her admirer usually deferred to her superior wisdom, and he replied:

"Exactly so, Bianca. You are perfectly right, as you always are; but that don't mean matters for these young people. I've seen a long time that they were mighty taken with each other; but the marquis seemed to think it was all right, and I really thought he meant to give 'em his blessing all reg'lar, and let the signorina become his daughter sure enough."

"You haven't lived in the family as long as I have, or you wouldn't have believed such a thing possible. Count Vittorio is the darling of his father's heart, and I knew long ago that a grand match was planned for him with the heiress of a noble house. You see he's only the younger son, and he must marry money."

"I can't see the necessity for that, if all that is told about the savings of the marquis is true. They say he has a mint of money laid up in his treasure chamber, and we know who's to get it all when he dies."

"No, we don't know any such thing; for, if Count Vittorio refuses to obey his father's commands, it's not much of it he will ever enjoy. I know these Colonias; soft words and sweet smiles as long as they are not thwarted; but iron firmness and will of steel when they are. The marquis has the power to separate them, and these two young creatures had as well give up first as last."

At that moment the door of the room was abruptly darkened, and looking up, half-startled, Bianca recognized her young master.

All the brightness of youth and hope seemed to have been suddenly struck out of Vittorio's face, and he looked many years older than the buoyant youth who, but a few hours before, had filled the castle with merriment.

The young count usually had a word or a jest for the most humble retainer; but now he was sombre and self-centred as a man of mature years.

He spoke quickly, almost sharply:

"I shall leave the castle this morning, Bianca, and I wish you to attend to having my things put up as easily as possible. You will know what I shall need, and I do not wish to be referred to about anything. I have other affairs to attend to."

"Yes, my lord; I will see that everything is properly done; but it breaks my heart to see you setting off again to them forlorn parts, when we've only had time to know how pleasant it is to have you here among us."

"Thank you, Bianca; but fate is stronger than I am, and it wills that I shall go. Perhaps I shall return some day; and, if I do come back, it will be for good."

"I hope so, indeed. It's too bad—the master has no pleasure in his children. There's Count Angostina, who is always going from one outlandish place to another, and writing back that he's better pleased to run round the world than to stay in his own home, and now you're to start off in the same way."

"I do not go because I have a desire to do so, Bianca. My happiness is centred here; but, as I said, fate is at cross purposes with me just now. I yield to circumstances; but the day will come when I can bend them to my own purposes."

He disappeared as abruptly as he had entered, and Giuseppe shook his head ominously.

"It's just as plain as the nose on my face that the old gentleman and the young one have had a split, and the count went to the wall, as he was bound to do. But, mark my words, Bianca, he won't stay there; he's plotting rebellion now, and the marquis won't have all the game in his own hands."

The housekeeper gravely replied:

"The master has all the money, and the lad can't do without that. He may plot as he will, but the old head will prove more than a match for the young one. But I must be looking after his things, as he bade me."

She put aside the breakfast things, and went upon her errand, while Giuseppe walked leisurely toward a back terrace overlooking the stable-yard, to watch the grooms attending to the high-bred horses belonging to their young master.

In the meantime, Vittorio availed himself of his father's permission to seek a parting interview with Lucia.

They had met at the breakfast table that morning, and he saw from the pale cheeks and drooping eyelids of the young girl that rest had been as much a stranger to her on the previous night as to himself. His father was impassive; he was kind as usual to both of them, and conversed as pleasantly as if nothing had occurred to mar the unity of their lives; as if he were unconscious that two torn and bleeding hearts were beating near him, separated by his fiat.

As he arose to leave the room, Vittorio managed to whisper to Lucia:

"Meet me in the pavilion half an hour hence. My father permits me to bid you adieu."

When he had passed beyond hearing, the marquis turned toward Lucia, and impressively said:

"Vittorio will claim a parting interview with you, Lucia. I feel that I can trust you both, for you are too honourable to abuse my confidence. You are aware that it will be ruinous to him to make you his wife, for I will never forgive either of you if you run counter to my wishes. I have said all that is necessary, and you perfectly understand my wishes."

Lucia bowed, without speaking, for at that moment she felt incapable of doing so, and glided from the apartment.

The intervening half hour was spent in walking to and fro in her own room, vainly seeking to control the surging waves of anguish that beat upon her shrinking heart. Her life had been lonely—oh! so very lonely—since the death of her protectress, but she had bravely fulfilled her duties towards the invalid marquis, stifling her yearning need of companionship of her own age; repressing the cry for sympathy that would arise in spite of her efforts to be contented with the lot awarded her on earth, she had moved cheerfully upon her allotted path.

Vittorio came with his winning smile, his gay spirits, and the sun seemed at once to flood her dim and solitary existence with its warmth and light. Day by day they were thrown together; they soon awoke to the consciousness that they were all in all

to each other; and now that they were to be torn apart at the arbitrary command of another—perhaps to be separated for ever. She must sink back into her old dreary life, with that brief, bright dream of happiness as her only solace for the future; and the wail arose from her heart:

"How can I resign him—my beautiful—my own! Yet I must—I must—or bring ruin upon him."

The half hour passed away; and throwing a black lace mantilla over her head, Lucia sought the pavilion. She had assumed outward calmness; but the sight of the count, pacing to and fro in front of the rustic building, with downcast eyes and dejected air, again unnervered her.

When she joined him, she was trembling so violently that he almost carried her into the pavilion, and placed her on a seat. The sombre expression of his usually gay face struck to her heart, and she could only murmur:

"Dear Vittorio, there is no help for us, and we must submit to your father's will."

"No, by heaven! it has not come to that yet," he passionately exclaimed: "Do you know, Lucia, that his will, if carried out, will give my hand to one whose chief attraction is her fortune? The marquis does not ask half measures; and if I resign you, the sacrifice will be incomplete unless I consent to wed the daughter of the Count Amalfi."

"I know it," she faintly replied. "Alas! Vittorio, I am very, very miserable."

He drew her to his heart, in spite of her struggles to evade him, and tenderly said:

"Be consoled, darling; for nothing shall ever force me to such baseness as giving my hand to one woman while my heart is devoted to another. Venetia is too good and lovely to be sacrificed to a man who can never make her happy. I will go to her—I will tell her our story, and induce her to interest herself in our behalf. Her father has much influence with the government; and if he will exert himself to serve me, he can procure a place for me, the emoluments of which will suffice for our wants. Once independent of my father, I will claim you, at all hazards."

"But how could I leave the marquis? He has been my benefactor from my infancy; his feeble health demands constant care, and I should merit the charge of ingratitude he brought against me if I forsook him, even to follow you."

"At the last, my father will not permit you to desert him, dear Lucia. When he finds our union inevitable, he will reconcile himself to it; and in the end rejoice that I gave him so lovely a daughter. Opposition at present will only arouse his anger, which is implacable when he thinks he has just cause for it; so we must temporize till better times. Have faith in me, Lucia, and cast from your heart all fear of the future. Try and cheer the marquis as you have so successfully done since my mother's death; for in his great affection for you lies my chief hope that he will yet place your hand in mine, with his cordial blessing upon our union."

"Ah! if that could ever be accomplished, no effort of mine would be too great to ensure it. But his words were so positive, his manner so unyielding, when he bade us think no more of each other."

"That is true, my love; but when Greek meets Greek, 'tis doubtful which side will yield. My will is as unbending as that of my father; and it is strengthened by the deep love I cherish for you—by the certainty that your happiness is in my keeping. With so sacred a trust as that, do you suppose that I can ever be so untrue to my manhood as to give up all that is most precious to me at the command of another, even if that other is my father?"

"Then you have not relinquished all hope of winning him over?" And there was an inflection of joy in her tones that deeply touched her lover.

"With life alone is all hope lost, Lucia; so long as that vibrates in my frame, I will not give up the plighted troth you have vowed to me. Let me look again upon the little cross on which we swore eternal fidelity to each other."

She took from her neck a gold cross, simply chased, and put it in his hand.

Vittorio pressed it to his lips and heart, and said:

"Precious little symbol, which you and I reverence too highly to make a false promise upon. How much I owe it; for I look on you as securely bound to me now as if the priest had sanctioned our vows. Is it not so with you, Lucia?"

"I—I do not know. There can be no real marriage without the priest, you know."

"True enough; and suppose we should go a little further, *caveat* *mis*, and make it a real marriage?" And he bent down to look into her eyes.

"Oh, Vittorio! what can you mean?" she asked, in an agitated whisper.

"I mean just what I said, my angel; go with me to La Tempesta, and Father Boniface will join our hands irrevocably; he will keep our secret, for he is a firm friend of mine. This will only be giving the

sanction of the church to the vows that are already binding upon us."

"Count Colonna, I had not expected this of you!" she proudly said. "Your father trusted us; yet you ask me to do that which he never will forgive. I will not—I dare not place you in so false a position toward him; for it might lead to your ruin. You cannot doubt my truth; for there will be no one here to rival you, even if your fears point to inconstancy on my part."

"It is not that fear, Lucia; for I am not jealous, and I know that you love me. But my father is despotic; he may attempt to render our separation irrevocable by seeking to bestow you on another. I shall not be here to protect you, and I tremble at the thought of the persecutions you may be called on to bear. I should be happier in my enforced absence if I know that I have the right to protect you; to fly to your rescue in the hour of danger."

"Do not the solemn vows we have already plighted give you that right?" she tremulously asked. "Dear Vittorio, do not ask me to violate the confidence reposed in me by your father. He again reiterated the assurance to me that if I became your wife without his sanction, he will cast us both off. I owe him so much, that I dare not be guilty of this disobedience."

"If you love me, Lucia, the allegiance you owe me is paramount to everything else," urged the count in his selfish passion, for few men can be generous under such trying circumstances. "I dread what may happen in my absence; my father is a man of infinite resources, and he will use them all to separate us. He will feel that so long as you are free, I will never consent to give my hand to her to whom he has promised it. He will stop at nothing to bring about my marriage with Lady Venetia; and for your own safety, you should consent to my proposal."

She shook her head, doubtfully.

"Leave me to bear any burden the marquis can impose. I have courage and the strength of an indomitable will to oppose to any offer of marriage he may urge on me; you may surely trust me, Vittorio."

He put her from him, and rising, paced the floor many moments, endeavouring to overcome the excitement that swelled his heart almost to bursting. At length he again approached Lucia, and held up the cross she had given him.

"I will urge you no further, Lucia. I must console myself for your refusal by the thought that she who is as true as steel to her protector, will prove equally true to her lover. But again let us vow to be faithful to each other through every trial, every temptation."

A faint glow came into her pale face, and she kneeled beside him, their clasped hands resting upon the cross, and repeated the words he dictated to her. He then kissed her tenderly, and placed her on a seat beside himself.

"Now let me tell you my plans. I go hence to Palermo, at the command of my father. I will see Lady Venetia, and confide to her all that has happened here. She is generous and proud. The last feeling will prompt her to break the bonds I am anxious to escape from, and the first will induce her to aid me in placing myself in a position to claim you as my bride. I have some claims on her father, and he has often told me that no return could be too great for the service I rendered him in saving his daughter's life. You are aware that I once rescued her from drowning?"

"I have heard of it. But in all these years may not Lady Venetia have cherished an attachment for her preserver, and be unwilling to give you up to a rival?"

"I scarcely think that possible. It is several years since we have met, and if efforts have been made to keep alive her interest in me, it will die a natural death when she knows that I love another. She is little more than a child, and can have no decided preference for any one. Have no fears on that score, Lucia."

"But should it prove otherwise, Vittorio, what can you then do but submit to your father's wishes?"

"I will die first," he exclaimed. "What! give my loveless hand to a girl I do not even admire—to one whose misfortune should render her sacred? Are you aware that she is dreadfully deformed from some injury to her spine, received in that plunge in the water from which I rescued her? It is shameful in my father to ask me to sacrifice myself in such a manner merely to acquire wealth. No, Lucia; you alone shall become my wife, or I will remain as I am. I will yet win the right to call you mine, and force my father to consent to our union."

Lucia remained silent, and he rapidly went on:

"We must arrange some method of communicating with each other, without the knowledge of my father; for he would never permit a correspondence to be carried on between us. I have thought of several ways, but they are all open to objections."



[THE PARTING INTERVIEW IN THE PAVILION.]

"I cannot see how we are to accomplish it without discovery," replied Lucia, dejectedly. "Yet I shall find it hard to live on here without hearing from you, Vittorio."

"And do you think I could exist away from you without receiving constant intelligence of what is passing here? Oh, no, my darling; that would be impossible. We must find means to send letters constantly. Do you think we could trust Pepita? She is daring enough to brave even the wrath of my father to serve the cause of a friend."

Lucia started, and breathlessly exclaimed:

"Pepita! Holy Virgin! She would surely betray us to Baldoni, and he would think it his duty to inform the marquis. Why should you think of her, Vittorio? I have an impression that she is false at heart, and, to tell you the truth, I think she regards you with a favourable eye herself."

"Impossible! Are you getting jealous yourself, Lucia? Pepita and I have been the best friends from childhood; but she has no love for me. Young Santani will doubtless carry her off from her many admirers; but she could never, for one moment, have dreamed of becoming my future wife."

"Why not, if you stoop to me? She is very handsome, and will be well dowered if all is true that is told about the savings of her father."

"You are a pearl of price in yourself, Lucia, and Pepita is only a bit of glittering tinsel. But she has some good in her, and it will prompt her to aid us in this strait. All I shall ask of her will be to receive my letters under cover to herself, and forward yours in return."

Lucia laid her hand on his, and earnestly said:

"I would rather trust any one else. I cannot think it will be safe to give Pepita such power over either of us. I am sure she does not really like me, for I have never been able to regard her as a friend, in spite of our long association. Her light and frivolous nature, her harshness, have too often revolted me. I am certain that you could not have selected a more unsafe confidant."

"What, then, are we to do?" he impatiently asked. "It will be wrong to induce any of the domestics to do what would inevitably cause them to be discharged if the marquis discovered their agency. Pepita is our only resource, and I know she will gladly serve me, even at the risk of my father's displeasure."

Lucia did not venture to remonstrate further, though she trembled at the thought of being at the mercy of so unprincipled a creature as she believed Pepita to be. She faintly said:

"Since you have confidence in her, I will try to

think better of her. But I confess to you that I have long shrank from being thrown much in contact with her."

"I comprehend that so sensitive and refined a being as you are can have little in common with a wild rattle-brain like Pepita. She often tramples propriety under foot; but where she likes a friend, she will go any length to serve him. She will not refuse me her assistance, and she is really the only person of whom I can ask this service with any prospect of success."

"There is Father Boniface; if he would unite us and keep our secret, would he not do this for us?"

"He is getting old and forgetful. In a fit of absent-mindedness he might give my letters to my father in place of their rightful owner. No—Pepita is our only resource."

"Then I must submit. I will have faith in your judgment, and try and cultivate a feeling of confidence in Pepita."

"That is right, my love. I will call at Baldoni's cottage, ostensibly to bid them good-bye, really to arrange this little matter. But here comes Lingui, no doubt sent by my father to break up our interview."

His own valet came to the door with a request from the marquis that his son would come to him in his library, as he had much to say to him, and little time in which to say it.

When the steps of the man again died away, Vittorio again clasped his betrothed to his heart, and murmuring vows of constancy and blessings on her head, he tore himself from her side.

Lucia went at once to her own apartment, to pour out her grief in bitter tears, while the young count sat before his father, wearing an aspect of strong calmness, apparently listening to his parting counsels. But, in truth, he heeded them so little, that an hour later it would have been impossible for him to have recalled any portion of the wisdom that was so freely lavished for his benefit.

The marquis seemed to take it for granted that his own wishes were in a fair way of accomplishment, and he spoke as if the discovery of the previous evening had utterly passed from his mind. He had prepared letters to Count Amalfi and his daughter, and he said, with a smile, as he offered them to his son:

"This letter to Venetia is one of many which I have written to her, for I have long been wooing her on your behalf. I have no reason to believe that I have been unsuccessful, and you will find the way smoothed before you. Lady Venetia believes that you

have loved her from her childhood, and she is grateful that the defect in her person has not estranged your heart from her."

These words struck on Vittorio's ear with more force than all that had gone before them, and he quickly said:

"It would have been far better if she had been kept in ignorance of our betrothal, as I have been. Why was this difference made?"

"Because I judged it best. You might have opposed my wishes on account of her misfortune; but she, in the isolation of her convent, with the consciousness that Fate had dealt hardly by her in stunting the fair proportions of her person, has clung all the more tenaciously to the memory of the youth who preserved her life at the risk of his own; who asks her to be his wife in spite of her deformity."

"But I have not asked her, my lord; nor is it my purpose to do so. I wish you to understand that clearly. I will see Lady Venetia and explain to her my exact position; knowing her as I do, I believe that will suffice to break the net in which you have entangled me."

The marquis grew livid; but he repressed the outburst of his wrath. He felt that it could do no good, and might do much injury to the cause he had so deeply at heart. He merely said:

"See your promised bride, and then tell me what your decision will be. We will not open this discussion again, as what was said last evening sufficiently puts me in possession of your views. You may as well look on Lucia as lost to you for ever; for I assure you that it is not within the bounds of possibility that she shall ever become your wife."

"Stranger things than that have come to pass, my lord," replied Vittorio, with assumed calmness. "I will obey you as far as may be, but there are limits even to parental authority. That I bow thus far to yours, is due to my affection for you; not to the fear that you may deprive me of the hoarded wealth you told me you would lavish on me. Adieu. I trust we may meet in peace again, even if I do not return as the husband of the heiress of Amalfi."

"Farewell, Vittorio, and may a blessing attend you; the blessing that is promised to all obedient children. I have placed ample resources at your command; and if you and Lady Venetia desire to make a bridal trip to Paris, I shall not object."

Vittorio compressed his lips to keep back the reply that sprang to them. He thanked him for his liberality, and in a few moments was galloping towards Baldoni's house, followed by Lingui.

(To be continued.)



THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larkhall's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MOTHER'S DREAD.

The truth is, I have loved this lady long. *Ben Jonson.*

I am dumb and can make no reply;

This kiss, bathed in tears,

May learn you what I should say. *Massinger.*

THOUGH apartments had been taken for the Ingardstone party at a West-end hotel, they were virtually Ormond Redgrave's guests during their stay in town, or rather their passage through it to the sea-side.

All the resources of his exquisitely appointed mansion were open to them. They dined with him, met his friends, rode his horses, used his brougham, and in brief, gave his invitation to "make themselves quite at home" its fullest meaning.

What inevitably happened?

What but that which Andrew Nolan had foreseen? Ormond and Beatrice were not yet thrown together in the indolent life of a fashionable watering-place—for the Ingardstones still lingered in town—but they were perpetually in each other's society. They took morning walks together, or spent hours in idling in the library, or over the piano-forte, both being very fond of music. After luncheon, Beatrice and Dora drove in Rotten-row, and Ormond rode by the carriage-side. Then the October evenings were long, and afforded time for a good after-dinner chat before it was time to go to the opera, where Lord Ingardstone had a box, chiefly for the use of his friends.

During these days, and more especially in the evenings, the Lady Beatrice looked inexpressibly lovely.

Her recent indisposition had, as we have described, heightened the charm of her pure, and almost spiritual beauty. Those who looked at her lustrous eyes, and the transparent whiteness of her face, suffused with rosalie flushes, half-fearred for her, regarding this heightene^d beauty as the sign of that insidious disease which carries off so many of England's fairest daughters. But it was not so. This resplendent loveliness was natural to her.

What was not natural, was a sad and wearied look, which sometimes stole into her face, even in moments of enjoyment.

Ormond noticed that, and partly guessed its cause. He suspected that her heart often reproached her with unkindness and with injustice to Andrew Nolan; but he did not know that with that feeling there often

[MILDRED CROOK ENDEAVOURS TO ESCAPE.]

came over her a presentiment as if of impending danger, which she found it impossible to resist.

She was not afraid of Nolan.

No. Their parting had been angry; but she did not fear him. Yet his name never rose to her lips now unaccompanied by that strange undefinable feeling.

It was a subject she could not mention to Ormond, because the relations between them were of the most delicate nature.

That they shared a strong feeling of mutual sympathy and admiration was nothing to the purpose.

Before their first meeting, the magic circle indicated by the simple word "engaged" had been drawn around Beatrice, and had rendered her sacred from direct approach.

Not only etiquette, but right feeling, would have kept Redgrave aloof. He had expressed—he could not help expressing—his strong admiration. It had looked out of his eyes, modulated his voice, shown itself in a thousand delicate attentions. But its expression had its limits.

And now that Nolan had received from Ingardstone his polite but inexorable dismissal, a difficulty stood in the way.

Ormond's infatuation about Darn Crook's daughter was over. Her presence and her alluring fascinations had always been necessary to the charm, and these being gone he was "himself again." More than this, the reaction had set in. He had discovered the importance of which he had been the victim, and felt annoyed and humiliated.

These feelings were new to him, and therefore were acutely painful.

It is a hard thing for a proud man to suffer shame.

And pride was inherent in Redgrave's nature. Was he not the descendant of a family that had never known defeat or ignominy; but had preserved its name and fame intact from century to century? Had he not been accustomed to admiration and deference all his life—in the nursery, at school, at college; and later, when, with all the advantages of birth and wealth, he entered the arena of life?

Adulation and a high sense of personal greatness, always: reprobation and a sense of inferiority, never. These had been the conditions of his life; pleasant conditions enough, but little adapted to fit a man for actual contact with the world.

Ormond Redgrave felt most acutely how little Donna Ximena's treatment made him appear. And worst of all, he was painfully conscious that he had played the fool's part, the dupe's part, in the eyes of Ingardstone's daughter.

Every time he looked at her, his cheek crimsoned.

"How is it possible that I could have preferred that coarse, voluptuous woman, to this angelic being?"

This question forced itself upon him whenever they met.

And every time he asked it of himself the difficulty of returning a satisfactory answer increased.

"It was because I knew that Beatrice was engaged to Nolan, and so honour forbade me to interfere."

That plea had satisfied him for a time; but he was soon obliged to confess its hollowness.

"Their engagement was broken when Beatrice accused him of her sister's murder," he was compelled to own. "A man like Ingardstone was sure not to accept him as a son-in-law. I've been a fool. That's the truth of it, and I deserve all that I've brought upon myself."

It was easy to come to this conclusion; but Redgrave was not the man to settle down contented with it. Besides, there was every temptation for him not to do so. The fair Beatrice was his guest; they met every hour of the day; he knew by intuition that she was not inconsolable for Nolan's loss, and if, as he suspected, she regarded him with favourable eyes, might it not be possible for her to forgive him even for his devotion to Donna Ximena?

A loving woman's heart is easily won upon, and Redgrave, knowing this, took heart of grace, and resolved to take advantage of the opportunity presented to him.

So, on the day on which Cecil Ingardstone had his interview with his sister Dora in the breakfast-room, he ventured to make his first advance.

It happened that they were looking out of window into the garden, in the rear of the house, a desolate place enough in these advanced autumn days. Half the trees were bare and shivering in the wind, the rest had changed colour, wholly or in part,—were yellow, red, or rust colour, according to their kind,—and the scattered leaves were whirling about in one never ceasing round upon the grass, and across the garden paths.

"It is late for the seaside," Ormond remarked.

"You will hardly get a week of fine weather."

"And how miserable it is to be confined to the house in those wretched places," cried Beatrice. "I shudder to think of the *enormous* papa will suffer from, should rain set in."

"We must endeavour to amuse him somehow," returned Redgrave.

"What! You go with us? I did not understand that!" Beatrice said.

"Oh, Dora cannot go without me, you know," he

replied; "and if she did not go, the consequences might be serious, I'm afraid—to Cecil."

"The dear fellow!" cried Beatrice. "And darling Dora!"

She sighed.

Was it at the contemplation of their happiness?

Ormond chose to think so, or to appear to think so, and his voice was subdued to a half-whisper as he said:

"It is ever on my conscience that I may have been the unconscious means of interrupting your happiness, and robbing you of something of the feelings they naturally experience."

"No!" cried Beatrice, quickly. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with. Your conduct has been uniformly upright and honourable. You have shown me nothing but kindness, and—and I am very grateful to you."

"Mine is a delicate, I may almost say a painful, position," replied Ormond. "I fear lest at every step I may unconsciously inflict pain."

"That is impossible," was the hasty answer. The next instant she appeared to regret it, for she added, "We suffer gladly when there is no design to wound. And I think—"

"You may be assured," interrupted the young man, "I would yield up my life rather than cause you a moment's uneasiness. Oh, Beatrice, since so much has been said, will you suffer me to add one word further? I cannot dare to expect that, after what you have seen of late, you will believe me when I say that I regard you with the sincerest devotion. I cannot hope that you will believe me, or even listen to me, when I tell you that, in spite of all that has passed, the single hope of my life is that I may one day prove myself worthy of your consideration."

To his surprise, Beatrice listened to him without any attempt to interrupt his speech.

When he had ceased, she held out her hand.

"You are amazed?" she asked. "You expected that I should repulse or reprove you? In the world's eyes, I had ample ground for doing so, but, Ormond, I have not to decide for the world, but for myself. I believe—and if I am wrong, heaven help me!—that I have all along known your heart better than you have known it yourself. Women judge by instinct, and I saw that at our very first meeting you regarded me with something more than admiration. I saw then, or thought I saw, the struggle in your breast between a chivalric sense of honour and the promptings of affection. Had I been absolutely free?"

"I should at once have declared the passion that inspired my heart," interposed Redgrave.

"I saw it—I felt assured of it. And when I found you hesitate, and saw you drawn away by the wiles of a clever, intriguing adventuress, I did not despair of you. 'It is not love which inspires his breast,' I said to myself. 'This mushroom growth of infatuation will subside as speedily as it has sprung up.' Feeling this, I was not pained, I was not even hurt, when you exhibited your prize for my admiration. I was only grieved that you should cherish so strong a feeling towards an object so unworthy of it. But that is past—"

"And you forgive me?"

"Freely."

"And I may hope that, in proof of your forgiveness, you will permit me to indulge my heart's strongest, deepest dream of future happiness?"

"No," replied Beatrice, with a soft smile.

"No!"

"Not as a proof of my forgiveness, for I have nothing to forgive; but because I feel our mutual happiness is involved in the answer I now give you."

He raised the fair hand which trembled in his to his lips, and imprinted a burning kiss upon it. Then Beatrice Ingastone left him, radiant in her happiness and beauty, yet with a tremor of the heart, she knew not why.

It is the strong impulse of the happy lover to impart the secret of his happiness, and this Ormond Redgrave felt. His heart seemed incapable of holding its joy. He longed to tell it, to make a confidant, and who was worthy of that knowledge but his loved and honoured mother?

Acting on this impulse Ormond hastened to Lady Redgrave's apartments—a suite reserved specially for her as an invalid.

Her ladyship, who had been gazing in a musing way, habitual with her, into the bright fire, looked up as he entered, and confronted him with her silver hair, her steel-bright eyes, and handsome English face.

At the first glance she saw that something had happened, for her boy's face beamed with joy.

"Why, Ormond," she exclaimed, "what brings you back so soon?"

"Mother," he replied, "something has happened which is of great moment to me; something that I can tell to your ear alone."

"Does it concern the Donna Ximena?"

"Oh, mother! How can you? All is over between us, long ago. I told you so. I told you I had escaped from her fascination, as a bird from the fowler's net. The bare discovery that she was of plebeian birth disenchanted me in an instant."

Was it a spasm of pain that for an instant contracted the mother's open face?

"Take care, Ormond," she said. "Beware of pride."

"Oh, there is no need in this instance. Be sure of that, mother," he replied. "But guess—ah, no! you cannot. We have not spoken together of what passed long ago—when I first went down to Ingastone. Are you ill, mother?"

"Not worse."

"You are in pain."

"For the moment. It will pass. Well?" "I have never told you how deep an impression was then made upon my heart. You never knew that I threw myself into the intoxication of a passing fancy for Ximena, as men fly to drink to drown sorrow? Nevertheless, this was true. I thought my chances hopeless. I felt my honour compromised by my ever entertaining a thought of the happiness that seemed beyond my grasp. But now, mother, suddenly and as if by magic all is changed. I am gratified beyond my wildest hopes. My angel has discovered my passion, and returns it."

"Of whom are you speaking in these rapturous terms, Ormond?" asked her ladyship. "Your angel—"

"Beatrice."

"That is her name?"

"Ah, yes; but I see. You do not know her by that name. It is Beatrice Ingastone, mother."

"What! His daughter! Oh, my poor boy, my poor darling boy!"

Overcome with astonishment, Ormond sank on his knees at his mother's feet, and she, throwing her arms about his neck, wept over him long and bitterly.

CHAPTER LV.

WHAT INFLUENCED CECIL INGASTONE.

There is no life on earth, but being in love!
I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, that slept away my life,
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love.
And now I can outwake the nightingale.

Ben Jonson.

LOVE is the strongest of all motives of action. Men have achieved wonders under the influence of other passions; but inspired by love, they have well-nigh wrought miracles.

So Cecil Ingastone had heard and read in books, half-doubting it, and now his own experience was making it clear to him.

It was his love for Dora Redgrave which lay at the bottom of his present activity.

On his coming up to town, she had received him with a subdued cordiality, and he noticed that there was a look of care or thoughtfulness in her face which was not natural to it, and which gave an angularity to its usually soft, rounded, peach-like contour.

Ormond, who was present when they met, also noticed this, and rallied his sister upon it.

"Pining, Dora?" he asked, playfully. "Pining for—"

"How can you, Ormond?" she interrupted, with a charming blush.

"Oh, no! don't fear. There's no harm done," he had replied, "I was only afraid you had been mourning over an absent—brother."

He was so long in bringing out that "brother," and it was so clearly not the word he was expected to use, that they all laughed as at a joke, and Cecil crimsoned as deeply as Dora had done, and Ormond shook his head in a meaning way and then good-naturedly left them together.

It was morning and the scene was the breakfast-room, into which the red October sun was shining, finding its way through the conservatory, stored with camellias, cacti, and other exotics.

As soon as the lovers were alone, the young lord took Dora's hand, and looking earnestly into her face, said:

"Is Ormond right? Have you been unhappy?"

"Frankly—yes," she answered.

He looked more pained than surprised.

"You refused to join us at Ingastone," he said, apologetically. "It was your wish to stay here?"

"With my mother—yes. It was my own wish."

"Separation, therefore—for a time—was inevitable, was it not?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she returned; "but you mistake. I should have been content to know that you were well and happy. It is something quite different which has oppressed me, and weighs upon my spirits."

"Indeed!"

He could only listen in vague wonder.

"Surely, Cecil," cried Dora, "you can guess what this has been? You know how I love my brother, Ormond—how inexplicably dear he is to me?"

"You are a good sister—"

"Oh, no, I simply love Ormond. I am not good to do so. I cannot help it. But loving him, I cannot have seen, without a pang, what I have of late been doomed to witness, nor can I reflect, without uneasiness on what the end may be. This is not the first time you and I have spoken of his infatuation."

"You speak of the Donna Ximena?"

"Oh, pray, call her by her true name. I sicken at deceit and imposture. That impudently assumed title bilsters my lips. You cannot think how I blush with shame, when I reflect that my poor brother, with his honest pride of birth and position, his upright, honourable feelings, has been made the dupe of such a miserable impostor."

Cecil Ingastone's eyes sought the ground.

He was uneasy and perturbed, and Dora felt the hand which rested in hers tremble with emotion.

"I understand your reproach," he said.

"Forgive me if I am unjust orunkind to you," the fair girl returned with deep seriousness; "but as I have seen the triumph of this adventure, and have beheld my poor brother drawing nearer and nearer to the abyss, I have said to myself, 'Cecil will yet save him.' If all is as I suspect, he cannot suffer his friend—my brother—to become an utter wreck. And yet the times passes on, and you are silent."

"It is natural, Dora, that you should reproach me," replied the young lord. "Would to heaven that I could say that your reproaches were undeserved!"

"Had you but spoken what you knew!" cried Dora.

"It would have been to little purpose, since even I was deceived in part," he replied.

"Indeed! Perhaps then you did not know that this woman was of gipsy blood?"

"Not wholly, and I believed she was related on her father's side to a Spaniard of noble birth," replied Cecil. "But even so much I dared not say in words."

"You dared not?"

"It is true. I could but hint at the truth, and I did so. I went still further. I warned Ormond earnestly against the step he was taking. You think all this strange. You despise me as weak and disingenuous. Oh, Dora, cannot your generous heart give me its confidence? Can you not believe that there might have been reasons strong enough to prevent my speaking out more boldly?"

Tears were in the blue eyes that looked up into his face, full of love and trusting confidence.

"I will never doubt or question you," she said;

"but trust you wholly."

He caught her to his breast in a transport of joy which was yet dashed by some dark, remorseful emotion.

"But you are still troubled?" he asked.

"Shall I distress you if I own it?" was Dora's rejoinder.

"No; pray speak your heart's thought to me," cried the loving, but weak Cecil.

"I will," replied Dora; "but I must still speak of this woman."

His brow lowered a little.

"Was she weak enough to be jealous?" he asked himself. "Did she still distrust him in respect of that previous knowledge of Mildred Crook of which he had spoken?"

One glance at her sweet, open face, was sufficient to dispel the idea.

"But even Ormond is disenchanted," he said. "He has discovered more than I could have told him, and in time to save himself."

"And now that all is known," said Dora, "what is your position?"

"With regard to this woman?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Dora, you know that I am wholly yours. I swear it."

"I do not doubt your sincerity," she replied, "but you have mistaken my question. I mean, are there still reasons—into which I promise not to inquire—which make it difficult for you to speak of Mildred Crook, or to act toward her as your heart would dictate?"

She watched his face for the reply.

There was an evident struggle in his mind as he gave it, for his lip quivered, and a cold sweat came out upon his brow as he said, faintly:

"I am free to speak and act toward her as I choose."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

He spoke the two words firmly, and they were followed by a sigh of relief. In the moment of uttering them he had formed a great resolution. He had determined to dare Ximena to her worst: but he could not

press a qualm when he thought of his father, and of the interests he was imperilling, including even the chances of calling Dora his wife.

But he found his immediate reward in the bright smile which beamed from the sweet face, looking up into his, and in the warmth with which she responded, "I am so happy!"

"Are you?" he asked.

"Yes, because you have removed a load from my heart, and because I am sure you will gratify one of my strongest wishes?"

"I will try to do so," returned the ardent lover.

"Cecil," said Dora with a sudden seriousness, "my affection for Ormond, and my great apprehension for him, has led me to watch narrowly every movement on the part of Donna—let us call her, Mildred Crook."

That ominous name again! Cecil trembled.

"Nothing has escaped me," Dora continued. "I can recall every word she has uttered in this house, and almost the very tone in which it was uttered. She is a clever woman, excessively clever; but an impostor is always at a disadvantage. The assumed character does not sit naturally, or rather it cannot be made to hang together in all its parts. It has its incongruities and discrepancies. To-day's inventions do not always dovetail with those of yesterday, while to-morrow is apt to be fatal, in details, to both. Thus a very clever person playing a part may be at the mercy of another of very inferior capacity, who has an object in learning the truth. This is how I account for having very early discovered that this woman was not what she pretended to be."

"And you told Ormond of your discovery?" asked the young lord.

"I tried to do so; but he was infatuated and would not listen to me. In my extremity I opened my heart to you, and you promised me your aid. How you were defeated, you remember?"

He did, and his cheek flushed at the remembrance. Gladly he would have confessed all that he had seen and suffered on that perilous night, and the subterfuge to which he had been driven; but as yet this confession was impossible.

"After that," pursued Dora, "I was at a loss how to act. But I could observe, and I did so. With surprise at first, but afterwards with a feeling more nearly approaching to horror, I noticed the singular interest this woman took in the inquiry respecting your late sister's melancholy end."

"Poor Lydia!" sighed the young man.

"Ah, you are moved at the thought of her sad fate. It is natural that it should excite strong emotion in your breast; but why should Mildred Crook have felt so deep an interest in the matter?"

"Why?"

"Yes, ask yourself that question. Some slight interest she might have felt or affected to feel, because of the part Ormond was taking; but her interest was not slight. It was deep and absorbing. I know that she read the papers daily, with feverish interest, and with a fierce desire that some one—Nolan, Holt, she did not care who—might be found guilty, so that the murder might seem to be expiated and the matter be left at rest. And then, her going to hear the trial at the assizes, why should she have done that?"

"To be near Ormond, possibly?" suggested Cecil.

"Partly, no doubt; but mainly because her anxiety was so great as to the result, that she could not rest here. That conviction was forced on me at the time, and what has happened has confirmed it. Oh, Cecil, it is horrible to think of; but I am sure this woman is guilty of your sister's blood."

"If we could only gain some *proof* of this—and in time!" exclaimed the young lord.

"There is, at least, one link in the evidence which I can myself supply," returned Dora. "Ormond has told me all that has passed about the silver cross found in the fernery at Ingastone. All that is at present known is that the prisoner, Holt, speaks to the woman who gave him the diamonds, having worn such a cross, and Janet Leeson hints it concealed in the ground to which Mildred Crook had access. What is wanting is, proof that the woman Holt saw and the woman who buried that cross was one and the same. That is the link I can supply, for I saw the silver cross on Mildred Crook's dressing-table in this very house."

"You are sure of that?" asked Cecil.

"I cannot be more confident of anything."

"This is most important. My father should know of it at once. Unfortunately, I'm afraid that he's already gone to the Home Secretary's."

"No matter," said Dora; "I will take care that he is apprised of this fact. But you must do more for me. I don't think my love for Ormond makes me vindictive; but I do feel that this woman, who has so grossly deceived him, and played upon his credulity, ought not to escape, especially when the life of a fellow creature is at stake. Apart from my strong conviction of her guilt, therefore, and an impression that it may yet be brought to light, I am anxious that

a watch should be set upon her, that her actions should be closely scanned, and that, above all things, she should not be permitted to escape from the country. Will you undertake this difficult and delicate task for me, or rather, in the interests of justice? There are times, dear Cecil, when the end does justify the means, and this is one of them. Much as you and I must recoil at the idea of acting as spies on the actions of others, I am sure that in this urgency you will not feel that I ask of you a dishonourable action."

"You ask it," returned Cecil, "in the sacred name of justice?"

"I do. I feel that my brother's rashness may cost an innocent young man his life, unless the effects are counteracted. And who so proper to counteract them as his sister? Oh, Cecil, help me in this! Promise me that you will use all your exertions to second me in what I am attempting. The guilty woman has already, in part, betrayed herself. Closely pressed, she may unconsciously give further evidence of her wickedness. Watch her closely then, Cecil; do not let her slightest actions escape your notice; and, above all, see that she does not slip through our hands and escape from the country. Promise me this."

"I give you my word," Cecil replied.

"Thank you. And now there is not a moment to be lost. The woman has returned to London, and is secreted in her own apparently deserted house. So much I have learned, and give you as a clue."

"That is enough," he cried, with enthusiasm. "Rely on me for the rest."

"Bless you!"

She clung to him for a moment in a fond embrace, and as they parted,

Cecil was true to his resolution.

The restraint which Ingastone's prudence had imposed on him in regard to Mildred Crook had grown intolerable to him; and now, stimulated by the necessity of prompt and decisive action, he revelled in an inexpressible sense of relief and satisfaction.

Sometimes a vague dread of impending ruin, threatening his family, and inevitably separating him for ever from Dora's side, rose in his mind; but he shook the feeling off.

"I have played a cowardly part too long," he argued with himself. "The Regency virtues of policy and *finesse* stifle me. Thank heaven, our new era of beards, and peg-tops, and bitter-beer has a redeeming dash of manliness about it. I must play a bold part or I shall die."

Thus had it come about that Cecil Ingastone had taken part against the Donna Ximena—her wiles, treacheries, and crimes; and it was through this determination of his that, as Flacker suspected, she was "secretly, but closely and cleverly watched."

CHAPTER LVI.

OPEN EYES AND EARS.

Vain efforts! Still the battering waves rush in
Implacable: till delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks fondering in the dread abyss.

Philip.

AND now it is time that we returned to Donna Ximena's little mansion in Mayfair.

We have seen Cecil Ingastone intercept the desperate woman in her flight, and that she determined on re-entering the house.

This she did with the worst possible grace.

Cecil's arguments she admitted, were irresistible; especially when backed up by the appearance of the men in attendance on him; but she nevertheless resented in no measured terms, this interference with her liberty.

"You triumph now," she exclaimed at the door, "but you will live to repent this triumph."

"I am prepared for the worst," Cecil answered.

"Oh, you are sublimely philosophical and indifferent, no doubt," said the angry woman; "but you're trembling with fear, for all that. You are not going," she cried, as he turned away.

"Yes."

"And these men—who are they?"

"My servants."

"And my gaolers?"

"In part. They have no right and no power to interfere with you or to control you in anything, but this—they are not to permit you to quit the house."

The face of the woman flushed angrily.

"You have dared to give them these orders?" she said.

"I have; but you have still a choice. It is your own house or the cells of the police-court—which you please!"

"Devil!" muttered Ximena, between her teeth, as she darted a ferocious glance at the young lord.

The opening of the door stopped further conversation. It was like looking at a picture to see the face of the old woman, who presented herself, candle in hand, as the door swung slowly back.

At the sight of her disguised mistress, she uttered

a shrill scream, and stood transfixed with astonishment.

"Massy me!—oh! massy me!" she could just mutter.

"Show a light to the drawing-room," said her mistress, sternly.

"But, madam—beggin' your pardon—I'd no more idea that out of this house you was than—"

"Show a light."

She obeyed, trembling and groaning; and her mistress walked slowly after her, while the men closed and secured the door, leaving their master on the outside.

The drawing-room was as its mistress had left it, ghostly and chilling; for the candle hastily set down on the holland-covered table, only made a dim patch of light, rendering everything beyond invisible.

Wearied, angry and heart-sick, the donna dropped into one of the luxurious chairs, wrapped in its damp-feeling, dingy covering, and gave herself up to a few moments of bitter reflection.

"What will be the end of this?" she asked herself. One misfortune follows on the heels of another. Every avenue of escape closes as I approach it. These Ingastones appeared so safe! I thought I had secured their silence till death. I would have sworn that nothing could have forced an accusing word from their lips, and it is from that quarter that danger comes! I have been a fool not to work on their fears to better purpose. I thought they dreaded my power, and all the time they have only laughed at me. No! They did fear me. They knew well enough that mine was no idle boast; but that what I threatened, I could perform. How comes it, then, that they are inspired by new courage? Do they know that my father has disappeared, and that without him I am helpless? Can they know this? No, no. And yet I am bewildered at every turn. My card-house is rattling down about my ears, and I don't know what is gone or what remains. There is only one thing clear to me. It is plain that I should have gone before this. I have delayed it too long. Oh, why did I waste the hours that would have been so precious to me?"

While these thoughts passed like flying clouds over the mind of the distracted woman—obscuring that moon-like clearness of intellect which had illuminated her path in many a crisis—the two men, who had accompanied her into the house, stood respectfully near the door.

They were rough fellows—roughly clad in peajackets and corduroys; but they stood, each cap in hand, evidently acting on orders in treating their prisoner with the utmost deference.

The solitary candle—for the lamp had not been turned up since they came in—dimly revealed their shock heads and downcast faces, as well as the furtive glances which they cast at the pictures and furniture, as if appraising their value to the extremest shilling.

But they also were soon subjected in turn to a species of appraisement.

Ximena was not the woman to despair. She might bemoan her lot, and blame herself for the folly (never for the wickedness) which had brought it about; but it was not in her nature to give up while there was the faintest chance either of making a position or retrieving one.

It was no feeble or despairing habit of mind which had raised the ambitious gipsy-girl to the height from which she was falling. Firm, inflexible, unwavering determination had constituted what she called *Fate*—for like most of us, she unwittingly created her own destiny. And now that the hour of peril was come, now that ruin stared her in the face, now that the tenure by which she clung even to life was feeble and uncertain, it was not for her to give in, or to throw away the few chances which were yet left her.

Bewildered and uncertain how to act, she might naturally be; but only for the moment.

She had scarcely felt her position as a prisoner in her own house before she began to reflect on the means of escaping from it.

"If I could escape the vigilance of these men," she thought, "and make my way to Dover, all might yet be well."

With this thought in her head, she slightly spread the fingers of the hand she was pressing to her eyes as she sat in a despairing attitude, and looking between the fingers, took a steady survey of her gaolers.

The light was dim, but she saw enough of them to sum them up in her quick, intelligent way.

"Both tall, broad-shouldered, and strong as horses." So she summed them up. "It would take three or four to overpower them, and my strength wouldn't count. Force is out of the question. Cunning must do it. But how? Can I work on their feelings?"

Her eyes glanced from one stolid face to the other, or rather from the one face she could see to the back of the other head turned toward her, and she at once decided.

"No, not on their feelings. On their credulity? It might be difficult. Will they be bribed? Doubtful. They must be well paid, and well know when they are well off. However, they *may* drink. I must try that. Men of their class seldom resist that temptation."

Having resolved on the course of temptation to be attempted, the lady purposely rose and paced the room, as if in the utmost perturbation of spirits; then stopping abruptly, she said:

"Is it necessary that you should remain in this room?"

"'Twas our orders, ma'am. Wasn't they Bob?" said one of the men addressed.

Bob nodded assent.

"And were you to mount guard at the door in that fashion?" Ximena asked.

"Not as I knows on, ma'am. Was we Tom?"

Tom shook his head.

"Pray be seated, then."

Tom looked sheepishly at his friend Bob, and Bob returned the enquiring glance with a look approaching to intelligence. Then they said, "Thank'e, ma'am," both together, and selecting the two nearest chairs sat down simultaneously on the extreme edges of them, and began to twirl their caps with their thumbs.

There was a pause—a long dreary pause.

"Can I offer you anything?" the lady said at length—she had resumed her walking, but had stopped for the purpose.

Tom's eyes sparkled, then his face suddenly fell.

His companion watched him narrowly, with a look of increasing intelligence; then abruptly turned away his head.

"I think not, eh, Bob?" said his companion.

"You knows what the orders is," was the reply.

"Yes. I thought they was so," said Tom, whose mouth was evidently watering at the idea suggested in Ximena's question.

"They was," returned the laconic Bob.

"As you please," said the clever woman, who looked on amused at her strange guests; "only if you care for wine or spirits, or prefer a draught of ale, it is very much at your service. You have only to say so."

Tom's eloquent eyes and expressive mouth "said" more than he dared trust his tongue to utter in Bob's presence. As for that individual he sat stolid and immovable, and with his eyes fixed on the ground. So Tom, who could not even attract his attention by a cough, was obliged to reply:

"Thank'e, ma'am. But it's agin orders."

"Leastways," said Bob, suddenly looking up, "it was again my orders."

"Lord Cecil prohibited you from accepting my hospitality?" asked Ximena, bitterly.

"Yes, ma'am. He forbid me. As for my mate—"

He paused, and looked at the person indicated.

"Well," returned the mate, "he didn't, you know, in so many words say 'not a drop, Tom,' he didn't. 'Not a drop to keep the cold out, or sich-like.' All he says to me was, 'Tom,' he says, 'you keep your eyes open and your mouth shut,' he says."

"Which might mean that you were to see everything, and say nothing, you know?"

"So it might, ma'am; but—"

It matters little what that "but" led to. Tom had already yielded, before he got to it, and what he foolishly urged was only to quiet his own conscience, which upbraided him with a violation of orders—a violation which he was not man enough to stand against. As to his mate, he pretended that his employer had only given him strict orders, knowing how soon a little liquor got into his head. Nevertheless, for the sake of good fellowship, he, too, consented to take half a glass, which, as a rule, may be set down as the most dangerous quantity possible. More men have been sacrificed to "just half a glass," than to any other formula of imbibing.

In this instance, however, it was Bob's mate who suffered. After a very small quantity of the coveted spirits, Tom's shock head sank upon his breast, and his eyes closed.

Then his companion hastily rose, and approached Ximena with an abruptness at which she started.

"This is your opportunity," he whispered.

"What?"

"Pray go, without a moment's delay."

"But surely—"

"You are astonished. Let me explain. You're Flacker's client?"

"Yes."

"He has been watching your interests, and was prepared for what has happened."

"But how did you know this?"

"I? Oh, I'm his clerk. Hush! That's our secret. Friend Tom here hasn't the ghost of a notion of it. Believes me one of his own class, because I mix with 'em for business purposes. But that's wide of the mark. Now or never, is the word. You have only to

get from the house as you did this evening—we watched you—and steal down the road. There you will find a cab. The driver will open the door and you enter it. Within the hour you will find yourself with Flacker and his friend—Andrew Nolan."

Ximena fairly started at the name.

"But I shall be losing time," she urged.

"No. You will catch the mail train to Dover, in time for the boat. If you go now—now! No! It's too late. By all that's treacherous, this fool's reviving. He sees. Heavens! If he has heard, too!"

The alarm did not seem unfounded; for, as Bob spoke, his mate started to his feet.

(To be continued.)

THE RIVAL MECHANICIANS.

A SWISS TALE.

"I AM growing old; my sight is failing very fast," said a famous watchmaker of Geneva, as he wiped his spectacles to examine several chronometers, which his two apprentices laid before him. "Well done! Very well done, my lads," said he. "I hardly know which of you will best supply the place of Antoine Breguet. Thirty years ago (pardon an old man's vanity) I could have borne the palm from a hundred like you. But my sight is dim and my hands tremble. I must retire from the place I have occupied in this busy world; and I confess I should like to give up my famous old stand to a worthy successor. Whichever of you produces the most perfect piece of mechanism before the end of two years shall be my partner and representative, if Rosabella and I both agree in decision."

The granddaughter, who was spinning flax, looked up bashfully, and met the glance of the two young men. The countenance of the one flushed, and his eye sparkled; the other turned very pale, and there was a painfully deep intensity in his fixed gaze.

The one who blushed was Florian Arnaud, a youth from the French cantons. He was slender and graceful in figure, with beautiful features, clear blue eyes, and a complexion fresh as Hylass, when the enamoured water-nymphs carried him away in their arms. He danced like a zephyr, and sang little airy Frouch romances in the sweetest of tenor voices.

The one who turned pale was Pierre Berthoud, of Geneva. He had massy features, a bulky frame, and clumsy motions. But the shape of his head indicated powerful intellect, and his great dark eyes glowed from under the penthouse of his brows like a forge at midnight. He played on the bass-viol and trombone; and when he sang, the tones sounded as if they came up from the deep iron mines.

Rosabella turned quickly away from their expressive glances, and, blushing deeply, resumed her spinning. The Frenchman felt certain the blush was for him; the Genevian thought he would willingly give his life to be sure it was for her.

But his manly efforts soon conquered the jealous feeling, and he said, cheerfully:

"Well, Florian. Let us accept the offer of good Father Breguet. We will try our skill fairly and honourably, and leave him and Rosabella to decide, without knowing which is your work and which is mine."

Florian suppressed a rising smile, for he thought to himself:

"She will know my workmanship as easily as she could distinguish my fairy romances from your Samson solos."

But he replied, right cordially:

"Honestly and truly, Pierre, I thing we are, as mechanicians, very nearly equal in skill. But let us both tax our ingenuity to invent something which will best please Rosabella. Her birthday comes in about six months. In honour of the occasion, I will make some ornaments for the little arbour facing the brook, where she loves to sit, in pleasant weather, and read to her good old grandfather."

"I will do the same," answered Pierre; "only let both our ornaments be machines."

They clasped hands, and, looking frankly into each other's eyes, ratified the agreement. From that hour they spoke no more to each other on the subject, till the long-anticipated day arrived.

The old watch-maker and his grandchild were invited to the arbour to pass judgment on the productions of his pupils. A screen was placed before a portion of the brook, and they sat quietly, waiting for it to be removed.

"That duck is of a singular colour," exclaimed the young girl. "What a solemn looking fellow he is!"

The bird, without paying any attention to her remarks, waddled into the water, drank, lifted his bill to the sky, as if giving thanks for his refreshment, flapped his wings, floated to the edge of the brook, and waddled on the grass again.

When Father Breguet threw some crumbs o

on the ground, the duck picked them up with apparent satisfaction.

He was about to scatter more crumbs, when Rosabella exclaimed:

"Why, grandfather, this is not a duck. It is made of bronze. See how well it is done!"

The old man took it up and examined it.

"Really, I do not think anything could be more perfect than this," he said. "How exquisitely the feathers are carved! And truly the creature seems alive! He who beats this must be a skilful mechanician."

At these words, Pierre and Florian stepped forward, hand in hand, and, bowing to their master, removed the temporary screen.

On a black marble pedestal in the brook was seated a bronze Naïad, leaning on an overflowing vase. The figure was inexpressibly graceful; a silver star, with brilliant points, gleamed on her forehead, and in her hand she held a silver bell, beautifully inlaid with gold and steel.

There was a smile about her mouth; and she leaned over, as if watching for something in a little cascade which flowed down a channel in the pedestal. Presently she raised her hand, and sounded the bell. A beautiful little goldfish obeyed the summons, and glided down the channel, his burnished sides glittering in the sun.

Eleven times more she rang the bell, and each time the goldfish darted forth.

It was exactly noon, and the water-nymph was a clock!

The watch maker and his daughter were silent. It was so beautiful that they could not easily find words to express their pleasure.

"You need not speak, my master," said Pierre, in a manly but sorrowful tone; "I myself decide in favour of Florian. The clock is his."

"The interior workmanship is not yet examined," rejoined his amiable competitor. "There is not a better mechanician in all Switzerland than Pierre Berthoud."

"Ah, but you know how to invest equally good workmanship with grace and beauty," replied the more heavily moulded Geneva.

The next contest was on a couple of watches for Rosabella. On New-Year's day the offerings, enclosed in one box, were presented by the good grandfather. The first was a golden apple, which opened, and revealed on one side an exquisitely neat watch, surrounded by a garland tastefully wrought in rich damaskineen of steel and gold; on the other side was a rose, intertwined with forget-me-nots, very perfectly done in mosaic. When the stem of the apple was turned, a favourite little tune of Rosabella's sounded from within.

"This is surely Florian's," thought she; and she looked for the other gift with less interest. It was an elegant little gold watch, with a Persian landscape, a gazelle, and birds of Paradise beautifully engraved on the back. When a spring was touched, the watch opened, a little circular plate of gold slid away, and up came a beautiful rose, round which a jewelled bee buzzed audibly. On the edge of the golden circle below was the word *Rosabella*, in ultramarine enamel. When another spring was touched, the rose went away, and the same melody that sounded from the heart of the golden apple seemed to be played by fairies on tinkling dewdrops. It passed a moment, and then struck up a lively dance. The circular plate again rolled away, and up sprang an inch-tall opera-dancer, with enamelled scarf, and a very small diamond on her brow. Leaping and whirling on an almost invisible thread of gold, she kept perfect time to the music, and turned her scarf most gracefully. Rosabella drew a long breath, and a rosy tinge mantled her beautiful face, as she met her grandfather's gaze fixed lovingly upon her. She thought to herself "there is no doubt now which is Florian's;" but she said aloud, "they are both very beautiful, are they not, dear grandfather? I am not worthy that so much pains should be taken to please me." The old man smiled, and fondly patted the luxuriant brown hair, which shone like threads of amber in the sun. "Whish dost thou think the most beautiful?" said he.

She evaded the question by asking:

"What do you?"

"I will tell thee when thou hast decided," answered he.

She twisted and untwisted the strings of her bodice, and said she was afraid she should not be impartial.

"Why not?"

She looked down bashfully, and murmured in a very low voice:

"Because I can easily guess which is Florian's."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the old man; and he playfully clucked her under the chin as he added:

"Then I suppose I shall offend thee when I give a verdict for the bee and the opera-dancer?"

She looked up, blushing; and her large, serious brown eye had for a moment a comic expression, as she said:

"I shall do the same."

One evening, Rosabella was reading to her grandfather a description of an albino squirrel. The pure white animal, with pink eyes and a feathery tail, pleased her fancy extremely, and she expressed a strong desire to see one.

Pierre said nothing; but not long after, as they sat eating grapes after dinner, a white squirrel leaped at the table, frisked from shoulder to shoulder, and at last sat up with a grape in its paws. Rosabella uttered an exclamation of delight:

"Is it alive?" she said.

"Do you not see that it is?" rejoined Pierre. "Call the dog, and see what he thinks about it."

"We have so many things here which are alive, and yet not alive," she replied, smiling.

Florien warmly praised the pretty automaton; but he was somewhat vexed that he himself did not think of making the graceful little animal for which the maiden had expressed a wish.

Heretofore canary had died the day before, and his eye happened to rest on the empty cage hanging over the flower-stand.

"I, too, will give her a pleasure," thought he.

A few weeks after, as they sat at breakfast, sweet notes were heard from the cage, precisely the same as the canary used to sing; and, looking up, the astonished maiden saw him hopping about, nibbling at the sugar, and pecking his feathers, as lively as ever. Florien smiled, and said:

"Is it as much alive as Pierre's squirrel?"

The approach of the next birthday was watched with eager expectation; for even the old man began to feel new pleasure in the competition, as if he had witnessed a race between fleet horses.

Pierre, excited by the maiden's declaration that she mistook his golden apple for Florien's workmanship, produced a much more elegant specimen of art than he had ever before conceived. It was a barometer, supported by two knights in silver-chain armour, who went in when it rained, and came out when the sun shone. On the top of the barometer was a small silver basket, of exceedingly delicate workmanship, filled with such flowers as close in damp weather. When the knights retired, these flowers closed their enamelled petals; and when the knights returned, the flowers expanded.

Florien produced a silver chariot, with two spirited and finely proportioned horses. A revolving circle in the wheels showed on what day of the month occurred each day of the week throughout the year. Each month was surmounted by its zodiacal sign, beautifully enamelled in green, crimson and gold. At ten o'clock the figure of a young girl, wearing Rosabella's usual costume, ascended slowly from behind the wheel; and at the same moment the three Graces rose up in the chariot and held garlands over her. From the axle-tree emerged a young man, in Florien's dress, and, kneeling, offered a rose to the maiden.

It was so beautiful as a whole, and so exquisitely finished in its details, that Pierre clenched his fingers till the nails cut him, so hard did he try to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment at his own manifest inferiority.

Could he have been an hour alone all would have been well; but as he stepped out on the piazza, followed by Florien, he saw him kiss his hand triumphantly to Rosabella, and she returned it with a modest but expressive glance.

Unfortunately he held in his hand a jewelled dagger, of Turkish workmanship, which Antoine Breguet had asked him to return to its case in the workshop.

Stung with disappointed love and ambition, the tempestuous feelings so painfully restrained burst forth like a whirlwind.

Quick as a flash of lightning, he made a thrust at his graceful rival; then, frightened at what he had done, and full of horror at the thought of Rosabella's distress, he rushed into the road and up the sides of the mountain like a madman.

A year passed, and no one heard tidings of him. On the anniversary of Rosabella's birth, the aged grandaughter sat alone, sunning his white locks at the open window, when Pierre Berthoud entered, pale and haggard. He was such a skeleton of his former self, that his master did not recognize him, till he knelt at his feet, and said:

"Forgive me, father. I am Pierre."

The poor old man shook violently, and covered his face with trembling hands.

"Ah, thou wretched one!" said he, "how darest thou come hither with murder on thy soul?"

"Murder!" exclaimed Pierre, in a voice so terribly deep and distinct that it seemed to freeze the feeble blood of him who listened. "Is he then dead? Did I kill the beautiful youth whom I loved so much?" He fell forward on the floor, with a groan.

Antoine Breguet was deeply moved, and the tears flowed fast over his furrowed face:

"Rise my son," said he, "and make thy escape, lest they come to arrest thee."

"Let them come," replied Pierre, gloomily. "Why should I live?" Then raising his head from the floor, he said, slowly, and with great fear, "Father, where is Rosabella?"

The old man covered his face, and sobbed out:

"I shall never see her again! These old eyes will never again look on her blessed face." Many minutes they remained thus; and when he repeated, "I shall never see her again!" the young man clasped his feet convulsively, and groaned in agony.

At last the housekeeper came in—a woman whom Pierre had known and loved in boyhood. When her first surprise was over, she promised to conceal his arrival, and persuaded him to go to the garret, and try to compose his too strongly excited feelings. In the course of the day she explained to him how Florien had died of his wound, and how Rosabella had pined away in silent melancholy, often sitting at the spinning-wheel with the suspended thread in her hand, as if unconscious where she was. During all that wretched night, the young man could not close his eyes in sleep. Phantoms of the past fitted through his brain, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings. In the deep stillness of midnight he seemed to hear the voice of the bereaved old man sounding mournfully distinct, "I shall never see her again."

He prayed earnestly to die; but suddenly an idea flashed into his mind and revived his desire to live. Full of his new project, he rose early, and sought his good old master.

Sinking on his knees, he exclaimed:

"Oh, my father, say that you forgive me! I implore you to give my guilty soul that one gleam of consolation. Believe me, I would sooner have died myself than have killed him. But my passions were by nature so strong! Oh, God forgive me! they were so strong! How I have curbed them, He alone knows. Alas! that they should have burst the bounds of that one mad moment, and destroyed the two I best loved on earth! Oh, father, can you say that you forgive me?"

With quivering voice, he replied:

"I do forgive you, and bless you, my poor son."

He laid his hand affectionately on the thick-matted hair, and added:

"I, too, have need of forgiveness. I did very wrong thus to put two generous natures in rivalry with each other. A genuine love of beauty, for its own sake, is the only healthy stimulus to produce the beautiful. The spirit of competition took you out of your sphere, and placed you in a false position. In grand conceptions, and in works of durability and strength, you would always have excelled Florien, as much as he surpassed you in tastefulness and elegance. By striving to be what he was, you parted with your own gifts, without attaining his. Every man is the natural sphere of his own talent, and all in harmony. This is the true order, my son, and I tempted you to violate it. In my foolish pride, I earnestly desired to have a world-renowned successor to the famous Antoine Breguet. I wanted that the old stand should be kept up in all its glory, and continue to rival all its competitors. I thought you could superadd Florien's gifts to your own, and yet retain your own characteristic excellencies. Therefore, I stimulated your intellect and imagination to the utmost, without reflecting that your heart might break in the process. God forgive me! It was too severe a trial for poor human nature! And do thou, my son, forgive this insane ambition; for severely has my pride been humbled."

Pierre could not speak; but he covered the wrinkled hands with kisses, and clasped his knees convulsively. At last he said:

"Let me remain here concealed for awhile. You shall see her again: only give me time."

When he explained that he would make Rosabella's likeness from memory, the sorrowing parent shook his head and sighed, as he answered:

"Ah, my son, the soul in her eye, and the light grace of her motions, no art can restore."

But to Pierre's excited imagination there was henceforth only one object in life, and that was to reproduce Rosabella. In the keen conflict of competition, under the fiery stimulus of love and ambition, his strong, impetuous soul had become machine-mad; and now overwhelming grief centred all his stormy energies on one subject.

Day by day, in the loneliness of his garret, he worked upon the image till he came to love it, almost as much as he had loved the maiden herself.

Antoine Breguet readily supplied materials. From childhood he had been interested in all forms of mechanism; and this image, so intertwined with his affections, took a very strong hold of his imagination also.

Nearly a year had passed away, when the house-

keeper, who was in the secret, came to ask for Rosabella's hair and the dress she usually wore.

The old man gave her the keys, and wiped the starting tears, as he turned silently away. A few days after, Pierre invited him to come and look upon his work.

"Do not go too suddenly," he said; "prepare yourself for a shock, for indeed it is very like our lost one."

"I will go—I will go," replied the old man, eagerly.

"Am I not accustomed to see all manner of automata and androids? Did I not myself make a flute-player, which performed sixteen tunes, to the admiration of all who heard him? And think you I am to be frightened by an image?"

"Not frightened, dear father," answered Pierre;

"but I was afraid you might be overcome with emotion."

He led him into the apartment, and said:

"Shall I remove the veil now? Can you bear it, dear father?"

"I can," was the calm reply. But when the curtain was withdrawn, he started and exclaimed: "Santa Maria! it is Rosabella! She is not dead!" He tottered forward and kissed the cold lips and the cold hands, and tears rained on the bright brown hair, as he cried out: "My child! my child!"

When the tumult of feeling had subsided, the aged mourner kissed Pierre's hands, and said:

"It is wonderfully like her in every feature and every tint. It seems as if she would move and breathe."

"She will move and breathe," replied Pierre; "only give me time."

His voice sounded so wildly, and his great deep-set eyes burned with such intense enthusiasm, that his friend was alarmed. They clasped each other's hands, and spoke more quietly of the beloved one.

"This is all that remains to us, Pierre," said the old man. "We are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me, and I am friendless."

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied:

"And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so, wretched that I am!"

From that time the work went on with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste of food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First, the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wilder fire.

Finally it was whispered in the village that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage, and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable watchmaker told the story so touchingly and painted so strongly the young man's consuming agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grandchild, that they promised not to distract him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birthday, he said, "Now my father, I have done all that art can do. Come and see the beautiful one." He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautifully-formed bust rose and fell under her neat bodice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully life-like was the fact that ever and anon the wheel rested, and her eyelids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above the flower-stand, near by, hung the bird-cage, with Florien's artificial canary. The pretty little automaton had been silent long; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poured forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grandchild silently. He caused his arm-chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

The fame of this remarkable android soon spread through all the region round about. The citizens of Geneva united in an earnest petition that the artist might be excused from any penalty for the accidental murder he had committed. The magistrates came and looked at the breathing maiden, and touched the beautiful flesh, which seemed as if it would yield to their pressure. They saw the wild, haggard artist, with lines of suffering cut so deep in his youthful brow, that they at once granted the prayer of the citizens.

But Pierre had nothing more to live for. His work in this world was done. The artificial energy, supplied by the one absorbing idea, was gone; and the contemplation of his own work was driving him to madness. It so closely resembled life that he longed more and more to have it live. The lustrous eyes moved, but they had no light from the soul, and they would not answer to his earnest gaze. The beauti-

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lips parted, but they never spoke kind words, as in days of yore. The image began to fill him with supernatural awe, yet he was continually drawn towards it by a magic influence. Three months after its completion, he was found, at daylight, lying at its feet, quite dead.

Antoine Bregnot survived him two years. During the first eighteen months, he was never willing to have the image of his lost darling out of sight. The latter part of the time he often whistled to the bird and talked to her, and seemed to imagine that she answered him. But with increasing imbecility, Rosabella was forgotten. He sometimes asked:

"Who is that young woman?" At last he said, "Send her away. She looks at me."

The magic lantern of departing memory then presented a phantom of his wife, dead long ago. He busied himself with imaginary watches, and rings for her, and held long conversations, as if she were present. Afterwards the wife was likewise forgotten, and he was occupied entirely with his mother, and the scenes of early childhood. Finally, he wept often, and repeated continually:

"They are all waiting for me, and I want to go home."

When he was little more than eighty years old, compassionate angels took the weary pilgrim in their arms, and carried him home.

H. M.

PRODUCE OF THREE POTATOES.—Three large-sized potatoes, planted in Mr. Ransom's garden, at Hawthorn-cottage, on Southampton-common, were this week dug up, and found to have produced 562, weighing in the aggregate 71 lbs. A dozen weighed 16 lbs., and four selected from the dozen weighed 6 lbs. The largest single potato weighed 2 lbs. 7 oz. These potatoes were planted about three feet apart, and kept well earthed up as they grew, each root forming a small mound about 18 inches high.

WHEN TO CUT TIMBER.—William Beck, a farmer and mechanic, who, it is claimed, "has made observations the last twenty years," says: "Most kinds of timber cut and sawed in the months of January, February, March, September, and October, are more durable than when cut at any other season of the year. Walnut, if cut in June, will not become worm-eaten. There is a difference in the same species of trees; those that grow on high, stony land are more durable and harder than those that grow on low lands."

THE BABY.—The baby is home again, to the delight, we presume, of all England, and certainly to the immense relief of all newspaper readers. The child landed at Hull, and its arrival produced an outbreak of funkeyism beyond even English precedent. The mayor actually went in his robes to visit a baby not twelve months old. "The sheriff's wife gave him a fur rabbit," "which," says the reporter, "he seemed to appreciate." A vast crowd assembled to see him pass, and "the cow which supplied the infant Prince with milk during the passage from the Elbe to the Humber" was purchased by Mr. Alderman Abbey, of Hull, that dignitary obviously considering the animal likely to be historic.

STREET MORTALITY.—One of the items in the late weekly reports of the Registrar-General has not attracted that attention which its importance merits. We allude to the deaths which occur in the streets of London, of persons who have been run over or otherwise injured by the overcrowding of vehicles. A few weeks since seven lives were thus sacrificed; and there is good reason to believe that this is about the weekly average of the mortality from these accidents. The attention of the authorities cannot be too emphatically called to the subject. In many of the largest thoroughfares of London there are no places of protection in the middle of the crossing. It is not creditable to the metropolis that such neglect should prevail. The statistics of death from this cause are so startling that the safety of the public urgently demands a remedy.

RAILWAY LAW IN FRANCE.—A commercial traveller, named Lombard, lately brought an action against the Orleans Railway Company, to recover the sum of 150f. as compensation for injury done to him by delay in the arrival of the company's trains. It appears that on the morning of the 25th of June last, M. Lombard left Lorient by the 5.40 train, corresponding with the train from Redon to Rennes, at which last place he ought to have arrived at 11.50 a.m. Owing to an accident to the engine of the Lorient train, however, it did not reach Redon till two hours after the Rennes train had passed. M. Lombard was accordingly obliged to wait for the next train, and did not get to Rennes till 7.50 p.m., about eight hours after the proper time. For the injury caused by this delay he demanded 150f. damages. The counsel for the company argued that no foresight on the part of his clients could always prevent accidental breakage of machinery, and that the delay had arisen from unavoidable causes, for

which they were not responsible. The tribunal, however, decided that the company were bound to keep their rolling stock in good working condition, and if they neglected doing so, were liable for damages; it therefore condemned the company to pay M. Lombard an indemnity of 50f. with all costs.

THE SECRET DUNGEON:

A TALE OF SCOTLAND IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

LATE in the last century, a master mason was superintending the digging of stone, among the ruins of Hermitage Castle, in Liddisdale. In directing the workmen how to proceed, he took up a bar and struck a blow upon what he found to be a broad, flat stone, not embedded in the earth, but apparently covering some pit or vault. The workmen removed it, and found a large stone vault beneath. They descended, and discovered an ancient sword—a weapon of large size, such as was used centuries ago; and lastly, the bones of a human being.

The authorities to whom he disclosed the fact, referred to the ancient records, and traced the ownership of the castle to a natural son of the good Lord James Douglas. This man was called the "Black Knight of Liddisdale," and had been created sheriff of Teviotdale. He was a bold, bad man, inheriting none of the good qualities of his father, who had been a friend and companion in arms to the gallant Robert Bruce.

In the stir and confusion which arose at the finding of the bones, distinguished families, who possessed traditional legends of their ancestors, now investigated them; and the truest solution of the mystery seemed to evolve itself from a time-stained manuscript, kept by one of the Ruthvens of Teviotdale. Almost brown with age, and mutilated as it was, it still threw light over the past, when faithfully patched, and freed from the stains that defaced it.

The Ruthvens had, centuries ago, allied themselves to the Ramsays, and it was of the Ramsays that the manuscript treated. From these imperfect details we gather the following tale:

Alexander Ramsay, a brave Scottish baron, had been distinguished for his daring exploits in the wars with England. He had, on one occasion, taken a fortress of immense strength and importance, called Roxburgh Castle, and the king, to reward his valour and bravery, had given him the government of the castle and added to it the situation of sheriff of Teviotdale; thereby depriving of his office the Black Knight.

The rage and indignation of the latter exceeded all bounds. To be superseded by Sir Alexander Ramsay, awakened the old jealousy that stung him when the good knight pressed the attack upon Roxburgh Castle, and made it his own. But that King David of Scotland should deprive him of honours, to heap them on another, was insupportable bitter; and he forthwith registered a fearful vow of revenge against him who had it.

Those who knew the deep, designing nature of the man, could readily believe that he would perform that vow, whenever chance threw his rival into his power. The good knight heard of it; but, satisfied with the heartily expressed satisfaction of the king, settled himself down in his own home, with his young and only daughter, Isabella, of whose beauty the neighbouring knights gave a glowing account.

For Isabella herself, it was happiness enough to know that her father's military labours had ceased, at least, for the present. Sought by many of the young Scottish nobles, she had refused to leave her widowed father, preferring to remain and brighten his lonely state.

The morning sun was shining brightly into the vast hall of Roxburgh Castle. Immense as was this apartment, it had become the usual sitting-room of the Ramsays. The father could not bear to lose sight of his daughter, and she would not grieve him by absenting herself from his presence.

So they kept separate courts at each end of the grand hall. On one side, the knight received and entertained his numerous friends and retainers, feasting them at the wide, hospitable board that was ever ready spread for their refreshment. At the far end, was Isabella's harp and lute, her embroidery frame, her pet birds; while at the low window, her white palfrey would eat from her hand, as he paused from his antics in the courtyard beyond.

Here, Malcolm Ruthven, the most favoured of her suitors, but bearing for the present only the appellation of friend, drank in the sweet witchery of her voice, and breathed the words of love into her ear. Even then she discouraged; for she felt it hardly fitting that the heir of Ruthven Castle should come to be second in a stranger's home; and she was firm not to leave her father.

On the morning of which we speak, the maiden

was sitting alone. Her whole figure, as well as her countenance, betrayed the deepest dejection. Her eyes were red and swollen, as from weeping; her face pale, and an indescribable air of weariness about her, very different from her usual gay and happy activity.

Her father entered the hall, apparently ready for a ride. His horse had been pawing the courtyard pavement for nearly an hour.

He stopped short on seeing Isabella's altered look. "What ails my lassie?" he asked, affectionately. "Has her linnet refused his breakfast, or young Lord Ruthven forgotten to accompany her to ride this morning? Some such weighty matter must have clouded that pretty face. But come, cheer up, my darling, and give me a parting kiss."

The girl rose, and throwing both arms around her father's neck, burst into a perfect torrent of tears.

"Father, dear father! do not leave me to-day. Promise that you will not go out of the castle through the whole day."

"Isabella!"

The voice was grave and earnest.

Then, softened to its usual affectionate tone, he asked why he should not go to-day, of all days, when she knew that the court sat at Harwick Church, and that he could not—must not be absent.

She clung the closer to his neck, a visible shudder running through all her frame.

"Don't, love!" he murmured. "If you are lonely to-day, send for Alice to come over, or Malcolm may be here. Malcolm is a good boy, Isabella, but rather proud—rather proud, my girl; but that will mend as he grows older. Now, tell me why you weep."

"Oh, father, you will laugh at my fears—but, all night, I have had such terrific dreams, in which I have seen you in so many situations of peril! I have tried to rid myself of the horrible presentiment that possesses me—but in vain. Oh, that you would not leave me to-day!"

"Isabella, this is childish. It is a lovely morning. Mount your palfrey and ride with me a mile or two. This beautiful air and the bright sun will soon put these weak fancies to flight."

"Will you let me go all the way, father?"

"Impossible, my child. The rude men who compose the court, would stare at and annoy you; and, altogether, it would be unpleasant for you to encounter such a scene. Besides, I must find a merry circle when I return, to chase away the cares of business."

Heaving a sigh, she yielded, and accompanied him as far on his road as he would permit her, begging him to come home early. On her way home she stopped for her friend Alice, who passed the day with her; but nothing could cheer her drooping spirits. The dream had made too strong an impression on her to be easily removed.

The good old knight sat in court that day, with a face not altogether as unclouded as its wont. The memory of Isabella's low spirits hung over him. Not that he believed in presentiments exactly; but in Scotland it is difficult to escape being superstitious in a measure. He was haunted by the thought of her pale face and the purple rings around her eyes, and wondered if she was spending the day alone and unhappy.

There were few cases in court; for all feared and loved the good knight, and wrong-doing had abated since he came into office.

A heavy footstep rang through the nearly empty church. He glanced at the new comer, and saw it was Douglas, the Black Knight.

All Ramsay's native politeness and benevolence sprang forth to greet him. He had long ago forgotten the foolish threat uttered by the Douglas in a moment of irritation and wounded pride; and he beckoned him to sit beside him.

Far other thoughts than those of peace and good fellowship possessed the soul of the visitor. He came with murderous intent, and in an instant he was rushing towards Ramsay, whom he struck with his sword.

Unarmed and defenceless, he fell an easy prey to the bad passions of his adversary, who was, moreover, reinforced by a party of his own vassals, who came pouring into the open doors of the church, completely routing the few persons who were within at the time. The poor knight, wounded and bleeding, was thrown hastily upon the back of a horse, and carried off; his enemy thus triumphing in the mean revenge which it was wholly in his power to take.

At this period of affairs, the messenger whom the anxious Isabella had sent forward to accompany her father on his lonely way home, rode up to the church. Poor Hector was in dismay and consternation at the sight that met his eyes. His dear old master, spirited away by an incarnate demon, as it seemed to him, on a charger, whose white sides were flecked with blood; and the people running in all directions without a leader.

In vain he questioned the terrified stragglers, until, at last, one more sensible, or less terrified than the rest, gave him the clue to the dreadful scene.

Without waiting to hear half, he spurred his horse to its utmost speed, and galloped back. His voice ringing like a trumpet, awakened the slumbering echoes of the hills, and aroused the whole clan of Ramsay.

Malcolm Ruthven, listening to the soft strains of Isabella's harp, heard the call far above the music, and sprang upon the steed he had tethered to the gate; and Alice and Isabella, alarmed at the mysterious cry, could only clasp each other's hands in trembling silence.

Malcolm learned what had taken place, and soon his own clan was aroused, to rescue, if possible, the beloved knight, whose virtues had endeared him to all. But no force availed to release him from the power of the Black Knight.

In vain young Ruthven pleaded with the monster to restore him to his child. He might as well have pleaded with the cruel sea to give up its victims.

Returning to the castle, he found Isabella in an agony of fear and distress. In a few brief words, he unfolded to her the knight's danger.

"You must go with me, dearest," he said, tenderly, "and try to soften the heart of the Douglas. He cannot refuse you your father's life. Come, Alice, you shall go with her, too. She will need you, perhaps. Now, Isabella, be brave, and use every power of persuasion. Perhaps you may disarm the monster."

With sore misgivings as to the success of her errand, the trembling girl was lifted to her palfrey, and the three speeded away to the stronghold of the Douglas. They were admitted to his presence; but not a muscle of his face stirred at the tears and pleadings of the kneeling suppliant before him.

Reframing his vow of vengeance upon him, for snatching his office, he turned on his heel, and strode away, leaving Isabella half dying upon the floor.

"Whither shall we go now, Malcolm?" she asked, in a mournful whisper, as he placed her upon her palfrey.

"To the king himself," he answered; "and, if there is right or justice in the land, he shall be rescued."

With mingled hopes and fears, they sought the presence of the king, who promised his assistance. With this, they were forced to be content.

They went back to the cheerless castle, where everything wore a dreary, changed look, now that its master was no longer there.

The heart no longer groaned beneath its dainties; for no one had the heart to assemble around it. The servants seemed heartbroken. It was indeed a desolate household.

Sixteen days passed in this horrible suspense. The Douglas continued to refuse answering all questions regarding his captive. The king might have forced him to disclose what he had done with him, but he evadedly delayed using full authority, and to no one else would the Black Knight answer.

Secure in his stronghold, he dared any to force their way into Castle Hermitage at peril of life; and although Ruthven haunted its neighbourhood almost constantly, attended by the faithful Hector, watching for some token that would indicate the knight's fate, all remained as dark and mysterious as before. The destiny of Ramsay was never revealed to mortal, outside of that darkly frowning and gloomy castle.

Ten years after this melancholy event, and when hope had for ever died out, Malcolm Ruthven essayed to draw the still weeping mourner from her sad home. He had long believed that the good knight had met death from the hands of his foe; and he impressed it upon Isabella's mind as forcibly as possible, feeling that such a conviction was preferable to suspense. King David had not performed his promise. On the contrary, he had bestowed upon the base Douglas the office once held by Ramsay.

Thus was the last link that bound the mourning daughter to her loyalty to the king severed. She said so to Malcolm; and, as he drew her to his loving heart, he asked her if she could take him in the stead of father, of king, and all others.

"But, look at this pale cheek, this withered form, dear Malcolm! I am not the young and happy bride whom you wooed, years ago. I cannot bind you to a vow registered under such different circumstances. I have been selfish in keeping you away from younger and fairer women. But, oh! it has been so sweet to have you near me, as a friend, that I had not the courage to give you up."

"Then, dearest, come with me, and be my wife. I want no younger or fairer bride. Ruthven Castle is ready for its mistress, and shall have none but you. Here you will fade away and die; but there the roses

will bloom again. We must not mourn always for the dead! Could your father speak to you, he would tell you to bind your soul in grief no longer for him."

He raised the sweet face from his shoulder, now glowing with an emotion that had overmastered her sorrow.

A quiet wedding succeeded this conversation; and, in a few weeks, Isabella was renewing her roses at Ruthven Castle.

Fair, brave, and noble children graced the unblemished lines of Ruthven and Ramsay, united in this happy pair; and these children won the last trace of sadness from the brow of the still lovely mother.

Isabella lived and died in perfect unconsciousness of her father's fate. It was reserved for later days—later centuries to discover it. There was not a shadow of doubt that Douglas concealed his victim in the stone vault, and left him to die there.

It is probable that King David feared the power of the Black Knight too much to allow him to proceed against him. His power, as well as his will, to work destruction upon the whole kingdom, had been thwarted in his cherished scheme of revenge, was, undoubtedly, the reason why he was left unpunished for his crime. To the same fear may be ascribed the bestowal of the office coveted by the Black Knight.

THE ARCHDUKE. A TALE OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Many a time
I have been half in love with easel death,—
Call'd him soft names in many a muss'd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet broath;
Now more than ever seems there need to die.

Keats.

At an early hour of the morning, Hernan set out for a more extended search and inquiry, unmindful of the fact that the French were near, and that he was himself, as a declared outlaw, in constant danger of a fate resembling his father's. He was attended by Pacheco and several of the most vigorous of his servants, all well armed and well mounted. The party had scarcely commenced exploring the hills to the southward of Zacatecas, however, when a score or more of ruffians, headed by Count Viletto, suddenly appeared in their path, with the evident intention of disrupting their progress.

"Yield yourself my prisoner, Captain de Valde," cried the count, flourishing a sword with which he had armed himself. "In the name of the imperial government of France, I command you!"

Hernan smiled bitterly, as the overwhelming force of his enemy gathered around him and his few followers.

"May I ask, Count Viletto," he demanded, "in what capacity you invoke the name of the imperial government of France?"

"In the capacity of a volunteer of the Franco-Mexican forces now serving under said government" replied the count, haughtily.

"A now business for you, I think?"

"Well, yes. I entered upon it yesterday, after I had the pleasure of meeting you at Señor Mar's," was the reply. "The opportunity afforded me of getting rid of a public enemy and a rival at one stroke was not to be slighted. Surrender, Captain de Valde, or your blood be upon your own head!"

Pacheco began to quake at this ominous state of affairs, and cast his eyes wildly around the adjacent thickets, looking for an avenue of escape.

"Count Viletto," replied Hernan, quietly placing himself on his guard, "if you have occasion to quarrel with me, you will do well to present yourself in the usual manner, and demand your satisfaction. Any assumption of other powers and claims will not be regarded!"

"You decline, then, to surrender?" exclaimed the count.

"I do!"

"Seize him! Take him alive!" shouted the count, dexterously placing himself well to the rear of several of his stalwart companions. "A hundred dollars to the man who first lays hands upon him! Seize him—"

His brawling cries were interrupted. Like a lion bounding on his prey, Hernan hurled aside the nearest of his assailants, and pressed his way forward to the craven villain, raining a shower of blows upon him that would have speedily ended in his death, if his attendants had not come to his rescue.

"Help! seize him! cut him down! attack him all together!" was the cry of the panting and terrified wretch, as he slunk away before his assailant, and took refuge behind some of his men. "Will you allow him to murder me? Where are you all? What are you doing?"

His words caused the whole mass of the assailants

to cluster around Hernan; but they did not count upon such a terrible resistance as they received from their intended victim.

Now here, now there—one moment on his horse, and the next sheltered behind it—now cleaving the skull of an assailant before him, and the next instant running through one of the cowardly wretches attacking him from behind—he taught his assailants by terrible experience the difference between the sword wielded by a lion-hearted guerrilla chief and the weapons of cowardly and thieving ladrone.

"The Virgin help us!" gasped the count, appalled by the number of his dead and dying companions. "Get a shot at him! Cut him down!"

Again he was interrupted, his cries seeming to have no other effect than to call the attention of his terrible enemy to him, for the form of our hero loomed up close before him, appearing of gigantic proportions to his startled vision, and then came another shower of blows around his head he could not altogether avoid. An instant, the count struggled desperately, endeavouring to save himself, and still shouting for assistance; but Hernan came near enough to inflict a severe cut on his head, and he fell, presuming that he was mortally wounded, and did not dare to betray any further signs of continued existence.

"This will never do," shouted Larro, who had not yet taken any particular part in the fray. "Come on, boys—all together. Look out behind him and on each side, while I engage him in front. Get your arms around him, one of you! Drag him from his horse! Now's your time—now we have him!"

The force of numbers had indeed brought the victory to the assailants; but it had been a dear one.

Hernan had killed or mortally wounded four of the ladrone, and seriously injured two or three others; while his followers had killed and wounded nearly as many more, so that it was with a general howl of denunciation that his enemies finally found him their prisoner.

"Death to him!" shouted a shrivelled old bandit, who had received a painful wound. "We'll have satisfaction—"

"Silence, there!" commanded the count, arising from the midst of his dead, and wiping the blood from his forehead. "Tie him securely, but harm not a hair of his head!"

Hernan was soon bound strongly, despite his struggles, half-a-dozen hands having seized him in concert, as his horse sank in death beneath him.

On looking around, ere the process of tying him was completed, he saw that Pacheco had disappeared, mule and all, and that his other servants, excepting two who had been killed, were in full flight homewards.

"Well, you see, Captain de Valde, that you are my prisoner after all!" said Viletto, drawing near Hernan, and looking scornfully at him. "I congratulate you on your prospects! All is fair in love, as in war, and I flatter myself that I no longer have a rival in my suit for the hand of the lovely Ada Mar."

Hernan heard the name of his loved one with the most poignant pain and regret.

"Bind up his wounds, Larro," added the count, turning to his confederate. "Let's take good care not to lose him after all the lives he has cost us."

The wounds of our hero, several of which were of considerable importance, were duly attended to, and the count mounted him on a horse, selected a guard of half a dozen of the ladrone, and then said to Larro:

"We will take the prisoner to General Dona, while you look after your dead and wounded and return to the hills. Our loss has been heavier than I expected, and the boys may complain of such business, but I will endeavour to pay them well for it."

All was arranged in a few minutes, and the count set out at the head of his escort, with the prisoners in their midst, to seek the French, whom he knew to be near, on the road to Aguas Calientes.

The sufferings of Hernan under the hot sun, smarting with his wounds and bound so tightly that the cords cut into his flesh, were unheeded by the count, or made a subject of revengeful comment or mockery.

At length, after a couple of hours of steady progress, the count encountered the advance guard of General Dona's division at a little village, and stated his desire to see the general.

"You will find him with the main body of his column at Soledad," replied the officer in command of the advance. "If your prisoner is of no particular importance—"

"He is," interrupted the count. "I wish to see the general in person."

The officer politely gave him every necessary direction, and he hastened on to the village, where the French commander and the bulk of his forces had halted temporarily, until he should hear from some scouts he had sent in quest of General Ortega.

After some delay with the guard, a servant took the

party in charge, and brought them to the general's pavilion.

A moment later, the general came out of his tent and surveyed the visitors, finally looking inquiringly towards the count, who thereupon bowed politely, and said, in the best French he could muster for the occasion :

" May it please you, general, I am the Count Viletto, formerly of Spain. I am a sincere friend and admirer of the French Government, of the regency, and of the proposed Empire of Maximilian, and have for some time had intention of serving the holy cause, general, at this moment represented by you."

General Donai, a keen-eyed man, ripe in years, and having no higher ambition than to faithfully execute the orders of his superiors, whatever they are—General Donai changed his attitude, and looked nervous and restless, his expression of countenance seeming to say that he had listened to a countless number of similar addresses.

" This desire has now been realized," resumed the count, again bowing. " Only last night I discovered that a well-known enemy of the French was visiting his relations in my neighbourhood—near Zacatecas. I at once determined to seize this enemy and bring him to you. I accordingly collected a few friends—kept a watch on him—waited until he was fairly away from his house or any other shelter—and then attacked him and his party of half a dozen. He fought bravely, killing several of my friends, but we finally secured him, and I now have the honour, general, of handing him over to your keeping!"

" And who may he be?" asked General Donai, with brightening eyes, as he marked the manly form and defiant air of the prisoner.

" Captain de Valde, the famous chief of guerrillas!"

The general started as though a bomb had exploded beside him, again looked at the prisoner, examining him minutely—and then hurried into his tent, returning, after a momentary absence, with a little book, which he hastily opened.

" 'Tis he, sure enough," he commented, comparing the personal appearance of the prisoner with a written description of him this book contained. " The same in form, bearing, and *tout ensemble*! By what good fortune have you secured him, Count Viletto? *Sacre!* I was just thinking of sending out a company of chasseurs in quest of this same man, having received information that he had been lately seen near his home and residence. *Parbleu!* What a service you have rendered us! Come into my tent, count, and give me all the particulars of the matter!"

The count accepted the invitation, flushing with joy at his favourable reception, and soon gave the general glowing details of the arrest, of the devotion of himself and Señor Mar to the French, and of all other topics desirable to make the listener wise respecting his new allies.

" I see," said the general, with marked satisfaction. " You have rendered us an immense service. This rascal has given us a world of trouble, and defied the repeated and extensive efforts we have made for his capture. We have lately doubled the rewards offered for him; and it was one of the chief points of my present duty to seize him. In a word, as he has been one of the most dangerous and successful of our foes, we feel a corresponding joy in his possession!"

Thus saying, the general produced a bottle of wine from one of his army chests, and invited his visitor to drink with him, a measure that completed the count's happiness.

" May I venture to inquire, general, what will become of him?" he asked.

" Certainly, and your question shall soon be answered," was the reply. " We make short work of all these fellows, wherever we find them. Be seated, count, fill up your glass and observe what follows."

In less than ten minutes a drum-head court-martial was sitting in front of the general's tent, and the trial of Hernan de Valde, for waging irregular warfare on the French, was commenced. The charges and specifications were many and weighty. The count and his attendants gave their testimony, and it is needless to say that they united in declaring the prisoner a prowl-est-throat, who had no higher ambition than to spring upon an unprotected Frenchman, or sympathizer with the French, and murder him in cold blood.

In addition to this testimony, the court-martial had at command that of sundry soldiers and officers, who had encountered the famous guerilla on one or another of his raids, and could testify directly to his leadership in much of the guerilla warfare from which the invaders had suffered.

When called upon for his defence, Hernan set forth in a few telling sentences the facts in the case.

He acknowledged that he was a sworn enemy of the French, as it was fitting and becoming for every true Mexican to be. He declared that he had long been at the head of a company of guerillas, specially employed in troubling the communications of the enemy between

Vera Cruz and the capital. He added that this form of warfare had been sanctioned by all military authorities, and was the chief form of the war to be waged by the defenders of Mexico, because it was that in which they could operate to the best advantage. In brief, he made a noble and heroic speech, proving that he was entitled to be regarded as a prisoner of war, having been guilty of no act that was not wholly in accordance with the immemorial usages and principles on which war is conducted.

But the result of the pretended deliberations of the court-martial, as can be foreseen, showed that his judges paid no attention to his defence.

His sentence was the one that has been so commonly passed upon patriot Mexicans by the French invaders:

" That he be shot to death with musketry, at such time and place as the general commanding the division shall appoint, subject to the approval of the commander-in-chief."

Hernan listened calmly to this atrocious sentence, or rather he scarcely heard it, so busy were his thoughts with his betrothed, and with the mystery of his father's disappearance.

He was sent to the division guard-house, and strict orders were issued to the commander of the guard concerning him, while the officers composing the court-martial returned to their respective duties, and the general again congratulated the count upon the great service he had rendered him by Hernan's capture.

" Thanks—a thousand thanks, general, for this generous approval," said the count. " You embolden me to make a further display of my feelings," and he drew a formidable-looking paper from his pocket. " Here, general, is an act of formal adhesion to the empire of Maximilian, in behalf of the city and state of Zacatecas. I have been chiefly instrumental in getting it up, and causing it to be signed. As you see, general, it expresses the devotion and zeal of the best citizens among us to the new empire, and we trust that it will be acceptable to your Government."

The general examined the document with great interest, declaring his warm approval of the count's conduct.

" Of course, I only show you this," added the count, " as an earnest of the reception that awaits you at Zacatecas. It will be presented to you on your arrival, with suitable ceremonies, by the authorities of the city and state, to whom I will now return with the news of the fate awaiting this notorious guerilla and traitor!"

More passed between the couple, the general stating that he should make an immediate report of the count's services to the regency, who would pass it to the emperor on his arrival; but at length Viletto placed his act of adhesion in his pocket, bade the general adieu, and rode away with the half-dozen followers who had come with him.

" That settles De Valde's doom, was the thought of the triumphant villain. " He will be shot as soon as the sentence can be placed before the commander-in-chief for his approval, and his death will relieve me of every fear for my past or future. There's now no obstacle between me and Ada. Ha! ha! I have reached a pleasant result—a most desirable triumph.

CHAPTER XIV.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—That we're called bighter for his sake—he owns it. He needs our alliance to maintain himself: He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair That we too should do somewhat now for him.

Schiller.

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object? Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?

Ibid.

The flight of Pacheco, at the time of our hero's encounter with Viletto was wild and precipitate. Every bush, as he sped along the road towards Zacatecas, appeared to be designed expressly to conceal a murderous foe; and every sound that reached his hearing seemed to betoken his destruction. His mule gave out, panting and foaming as he reached the city; and he turned into some bushes by the way-side, where he ascertained that he had not received the slightest injury. Even his garments were untouched.

" This will never do," he muttered. " It's ruinous to one's clothes to be shot or stabbed; but I am the last man to come out of a fight uninjured!"

He drew his sword, and made sundry gashes in his garments, besides boring a couple of bullet holes in his blanket with a pistol.

" That looks more like it," he then said, admiring his work. " Captain de Valde probably demolished six of the enemy, which will be reported as sixteen, and quickly swelled by repetition to thirty-two, so that I, as his companion-in-arms, may justly swear to having killed one-half that number! Yet there ought to be some wounds in the case. How'd it do to cut off

the mule's ear or tail, as an additional proof of the horrible carnage?"

The idea pleased him, and he was about to carry it into execution, when he beheld a horseman riding along the road towards him from the direction of the city. His late experiences had made him suspicious of mounted strangers, and he exclaimed:

" Here's an undesired meeting! What shall I do? Pretend to be a cripple, or blind from my birth, or go mad? Or shall I rush upon him, calling myself Captain de Valde, and demand his surrender? Or, better still, shall I retreat? He's a tough-looking customer, anyhow!"

The last reflection seemed to decide Pacheco, for he commenced creeping stealthily away through the bushes. The stranger was too quick for him, however, heading him off and saying, as he descended:

" Have no fears, my good fellow. I merely want a little information. As you appear, by the state of your mule, to have ridden some distance from the southward, I take the liberty of inquiring if you have seen anything of the French?"

The question admitted of a non-committal answer, and Pacheco promptly replied:

" Certainly. They are already this side of Ojo Caliente, and advancing in this direction!"

" Then I shall not follow this road much further," the stranger declared, after musing a moment. " I do not care to meet them."

At this announcement, Pacheco darted forward, brightening up and exclaiming:

" You are not on friendly terms with the French, then?"

" No. I disapprove of their movements in Mexico, and think it wise to keep clear of them."

The face of Pacheco became radiant with joy and relief.

" You're the very man, señor, I have been wishing to meet—a kindred spirit!" he ejaculated. " I, too, am a foe of the invaders," and he beat his breast with a grand air. " Yes, I am one of their most terrible destroyers! And I might have known you at sight, señor, as a sharer of my opinions. One glance at your noble countenance should have been sufficient. Your very air tells me that you are a patriot, warrior, and statesman. Permit me to say that I am most proud and happy to have met such a compatriot and brother!"

He extended his hand, with a bow meant to be irresistible, and the stranger shook it, remarking, with a significant glance at Pacheco's numerous arms:

" I might have seen that you are in the military service. May I ask to what particular body of troops you belong?"

" Oh, I am a sort of scout," replied Pacheco: " an independent fighter—in fact, the companion-in-arms of the famous guerilla chief, Captain de Valde!"

" Captain de Valde!" echoed the stranger, excitedly. " Is it possible that I have the pleasure of meeting one of the captain's intimate friends?"

" It is, indeed," and Pacheco tossed his head swaggeringly. " In me you behold the captain's right-hand man, his trusty counsellor, his constant companion, and his mighty and famous confederate! Can it be that you have never heard of Pacheco, the Destroyer?"

The stranger shook his head, dubiously.

" Ah! you must have been dwelling in remote and unknown lands, then," sighed Pacheco, " 'Tis a name that has been written on the trembling souls of invaders in letters of blood! *Car-r-r-ants!* As the hawk is known to the chicken, or the wolf to the lamb, thus am I known to the minions of Louis Napoleon!"

The peon was in his element, having a stranger to listen to him, and his swarthy face glowed with a pleasurable excitement.

" But may I inquire," he added, " if you had the honour of my brave confederate's acquaintance?"

" I have seen him," responded the horseman; " but only once. Yet I shall never forget him, for on that occasion he rendered me an immense service."

" Indeed!" Pacheco ejaculated. " I and the captain are continually doing such deeds. Your name, then, noble señor, is—"

" Navarro, a name probably unknown to you; for, as you have suggested, I have been many years absent from this region."

The speaker was, indeed, Señor Navarro, the wild and lonely prisoner Hernan had released from his chains during the homeward ride with Ada.

The gentleman had changed greatly, both in person and features, since the memorable night of his meeting with our hero.

Some gleams of hope had appeared permanently in his eyes, and his frame had acquired a liberal portion of his wonted vigour.

" The name is now to me," said Pacheco; " but no matter. As the captain's friend, you are mine; and I will speak freely."

"Then I beg to inquire the captain's whereabouts?" rejoined Navarro. "I am even now on my way to his residence to see him and his noble father the marquis, the friend of my early years."

Pacheco sniffed in a manner peculiar to him, and struck an attitude of the profoundest grief.

"Alas for human hopes!" he cried. "That which is the very thing that has no existence, and that which is not the sum and substance of all that has being—in other words, such is life. The marquis has vanished, money and all, no one knows where; and the brave captain himself is a prisoner in the hands of the French."

Navarro was shocked—astonished.

"It's only too true," Pacheco added. "I am just from the scene of the captain's arrest. We were set upon, I and he, while looking for the marquis, by a band of traitors, under Count Viletto; and my efforts to save the captain were all fruitless!"

Navarro obtained control of his emotions, and inquired eagerly for the particulars of this double misfortune.

In reply, Pacheco narrated a tremendous fiction, founded on the facts known to the reader.

By the time his Titanic fables were concluded, Navarro had formed a very correct estimate of his character; but was nevertheless compelled to see that the captain and his father were in the greatest peril and affliction possible.

"A sad state of affairs, Señor Pacheco," he commented; "but we must not despair. Have you no force at hand to effect the captain's rescue?"

"Not a man. They're scattered in the mountains."

"Then we must collect them. You will go with me, of course. We must hasten to the scene of the fight, learn what Viletto has done with his prisoner, gather men to release him, or to take whatever other course may be necessary."

"All this will be dangerous," said Pacheco, not relishing Navarro's ready zeal.

"Perhaps so," admitted the latter; "but the danger will only quicken our movements. My very life is owing to Captain de Valde, and I will defer all other tasks to that of ministering to him in this dire extremity."

"Oh—ah," muttered Pacheco, displeased at this turn of affairs. "Of course, of course! I have often rescued my friends from just such perilous positions. It's nothing now for me to penetrate to the heart of the French camp, and I shall be swift to guide you to the prisoner. The count took him, of course, to General Donai, who is approaching the city, and he's doubtless now in irons, guarded by a score of soldiers in the midst of the invaders!"

Navarro's face became convulsed with his painful emotions, as he fully realized the awful situation of our hero, and said :

"He could not well be in a tighter box. We can do him no service unless we act promptly, and with proper courage and devotion!"

Pacheco's head reeled on his shoulders at these ominous words, and his eyes rolled wildly and restlessly, as if he were looking for a hole in which to take refuge.

"Let's mount at once," added Navarro. "You are better acquainted with this vicinity than I am, Señor Pacheco, and I will look to you for guidance!"

"Exactly—yes, of course," faltered the peón, growing more and more apprehensive each moment. "I am eager for this duty!"

They mounted, without further words, and rode towards Ojo Caliente.

Pretending to lose himself, Pacheco avoided the scene of the late fight, and wandered up and down the neighbourhood, till two or three hours had passed, and Navarro was astonished at him.

Finally, after some sharp spurring from his companion, the peón started anew; and the couple soon perceived a body of infantry and cavalry, at quite a distance from them, across an intervening valley.

"There they are!" cried Pacheco, astounded at seeing troops so near the place where he had located them at random. "Shall we go back? Two of us can do nothing towards rescuing the captain, and—"

"I cannot turn back," interrupted Navarro, gravely. "I should be an ungrateful wretch to leave the prisoner to his fate. We had better observe the advancing troops closely; for the captain may be among them, if the French were on the march when he was delivered to them!"

"True—but—" Pacheco fell to the rear without completing the sentence.

Navarro noticed his evident reluctance to proceed, and demanded:

"What are you doing?"

"Merely keeping a proper look out," and his eyes rolled more wildly than before. "Perhaps we're already within the line of the army's skirmishers. Do

you suppose the French will imprison us if we are captured by them? They say that the invaders are awful severe to parties who, like me, have acted as guerrillas. We can't be too cautious!"

His frame was now shaking with apprehension, and his face was blanched to a dirty white, relieved by livid streaks.

He fell further into the rear, while his companion was surveying the approaching host, and muttered excitedly to himself:

"How can I give him the slip? He is as mad as any one in Bedlam. What an insane leor there is in his eyes! What a lunatic craziness is written on his features!"

I knew, the instant I set eyes on him, that he was out of his mind; and his every word and action has confirmed this opinion. The idea of one or two men rescuing the captain from a whole division of Frenchmen! Was there ever such utter madness?"

"Hallo, where are you?" shouted Navarro, again looking behind him.

"Here, señor." And the peón showed himself for a moment among the bushes, in which he was taking refuge. "It's all right; I am merely beating up our flanks a little."

Navarro continued his reconnaissance, while Pacheco fell still further into the rear, and resumed his wild and excited soliloquy as follows:

"How shall I get clear of him? Of course, I am anxious to rescue the captain, or should be if there were any chance of success; but I can't throw my life away for nothing. He made me promise, if anything happened to him, to carry the news to Señorita Mar, and that's the very best service I can do for him. A promise like that is sacred. I have no right to peril my life with this madman, when such a dying injunction as this remains unfulfilled. But, how can I get away from him, and yet keep up my reputation for courage. Oh, I have it! I'll pretend to be assailed and captured. I'll make a pretence of a terrific fight, and take my leave of this neighbourhood in a hurry."

He slipped farther into the bushes, where Navarro could not see very clearly what was going on, drew his sword, and commenced a furious slashing around him, and shouting like a fury:

"Come on, you frog-eating devils. I am not afraid of the whole score of ye."

Navarro was startled by this sound of conflict.

"Heaven help us!" he ejaculated. "What is the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated Pacheco, pricking his mule sharply through the bushes; "I'm attacked by a score of Frenchmen. Take that, and that, and that," he added, with a pause between each utterance of the pronoun, as he continued his furious slashing. "Down ye go, like so many sheaves before a reaper. But, ah! what's here? An attack in the rear. Take care of yourself, Señor Navarro; I am cut off—surrounded! Surrender, is it? Never, Villain! *Car-r-a-amba!*"

By this time Pacheco was at a sufficient distance from Navarro, from whom he was separated by a thick grove, and he accordingly became as still as death, hurrying his mule with frenzied pricks, changing his course, and sneaking away in silence. The voice of Navarro was heard for a minute or two calling him, but the runaway was soon clear of his disagreeable companion. He then muttered:

"The thing's done! Señor Navarro will think I have been knocked on the head, and carried away as a prisoner. This step gives me two glowing accounts to narrate—one of my capture by these imaginary Frenchmen, and one of my escape from them—and it shall not be my fault if I'm not soon telling them to that old donna."

He went on his way, rejoicing.

As to Señor Navarro, he soon reached the scene of Pacheco's disappearance, and looked wonderingly around.

"A queer affair," he ejaculated; "I see no Frenchmen, nor even a sign of their presence. That fellow is a great fool or coward!"

The troops he had seen were now so near that Navarro realized the propriety of seeking his own safety. He accordingly retreated before them, resolving to watch their every movement, with a view to the discovery of the whereabouts of our hero.

(To be continued.)

until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then she takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzenberg told me that he once packed up one of these nests, with the eggs, in a box for the museum of St. Petersburg; but was recommended, before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred of which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.

ALPINE CLIMBING.

To decrie Alpine climbing as fool-hardiness is both very ignorant and very perverse. Its supposed dangers are merely visions of the benighted lowlander. Its real risks are, indeed, small to the skilful and prudent man. The fool-hardy blunderer will find dangers in a street-crossing. The accidents in the Alps are nothing to those of the hunting-field, and even of the moor. Far more men die of gun-shot wounds in a month than fall into crevasses in a season. No doubt, the Alpine accidents, when they do happen, are of a very frightful kind. But a man may as well be killed beneath a precipice one thousand feet high as at the bottom of a fenced ditch. Of course, if careless or unpractised persons attempt what skilful climbers can do with ease, they will probably come to a bad end. On this point only serious warning is needed. Once let it be universally understood that to climb glaciers requires special habit, like fencing or skating, and accidents will scarcely be heard of. No one but a fool sets up to ride a steeplechase if he has never taken a gate, or goes out to a batteau if he has never handled a gun; but many a man who has never seen ice, except on a pond, jauntily thinks that what A, B, and C can do, he can do much better, and goes, like a fool, to risk his own and his companions necks on a difficult *arrête*. Such men must be told that ice-climbing requires some special training of hand, foot, eye, and nerve. With these, and reasonable forethought, a healthy man may go anywhere and do anything. Without them, all the courage and strength in the world are of no use, and may only bring a man to a painful and unhonoured end.

But the man who, diligently training himself for what he has to do, takes all the measures which a man of sense would, may fairly give full rein to his energies and his fancies in the Alps, and know that he is following some of the best emotions of our nature, and testing some of the most useful qualities we have, without committing any folly of which a wise man need be ashamed, or incurring any risk but that inseparable from every keen exercise, whether of nerve or limb. Less dangerous than many, more exhilarating than most, and nobler than any other form of physical training, Alpine climbing may surely be proved to demonstration to be the best of the modes by which we may refresh, as we must, our jaded animal and sensuous systems.

Fighting with mankind in all its modes, real or mimic, has long been set down as a brutalizing outlet for our animal energies.

The destruction of animals, or all forms of the chase, will soon, we believe, be discredited on somewhat similar grounds. There remains the better fight, the true scope for our combative capacities, the battle with the earth, the old struggle with the elements and the seasons. To know this strange and beautiful earth as it is, to bask from time to time in its loveliness, to feel the mere free play of life and happiness in the great world of sense, to wrestle with it from time to time in its might, is not the most ignoble occupation of its rational denizens.

A SURGEON'S REBUKE.—When Sir B. Brodie was looking over the Paris hospitals, an eminent French surgeon, speaking of a particular operation, said: "It is a very difficult and brilliant thing to do; I have performed it one hundred and thirty times." Sir Benjamin looked astonished, and said he had only performed it nine times in his life, and added: "How many of the patients' lives did you save?" "Not one," said the Frenchman, with a shrug; "how many did you save?" "Every one of them, sir," replied Sir Benjamin.

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.—When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had

ALLIGATOR'S NESTS.—They resemble haystacks, four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a second stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs

imposed upon her and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.

THE FINGER-POST AND THE WILLOW.

"How wise I am!" cried the Finger-post to a Willow-stump by his side.

"Are you?" said the Willow.

"Am I?" indignantly retorted the Post. "Do you see my arms? Are not the name of the great town, the road to it, and the distance from it, plainly written there?"

"Ah, yes!" said the Willow.

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a public teacher."

"True, indeed," answered the Willow, "and learned you are; but, as to wisdom, I see little difference between you and me. You know the way to the city, I believe, and are the means of enabling many to find it; but here you have stood these twenty years, and I don't see that you have got a step further on the road than I have, who don't profess to understand anything about it."

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.

It is not absolutely settled where this coming Universal Exhibition is to be held. There was a general impression abroad that the building commenced by the unfortunate Permanent Exhibition Company, at Auteuil, would be made available for the purpose. It is admirably situated for such a purpose, standing as it does at the junction of three main roads; a railway, an American tramway, and the river; while the foundations and a considerable amount of the stone and iron work are executed.

The Champ de Mars has been under consideration of the authorities, but there is probably an objection to shut up so fine a theatre for military exhibitions for one or two years; and now it is said that it is probable the site of the exhibition of 1855 will be again employed. But the Palais de l'Industrie is much too small for the purpose, and large annexes would be absolutely necessary. It will be remembered that on the former occasion the machinery was placed in a long building erected on the Quai de la Conference, that a large circular building, formerly a panorama, which stood between the two, was also used, and that all three were united together by means of the garden and a wooden rialto, which passed over the ordinary road and the tramway.

There are two great objections to a repetition of this arrangement, namely, the cutting up of the Champs Elysées, which have been beautifully planted since 1855, and the interruption of the traffic along the quays. The Parisian public was rather surprised the other day by a statement to the effect that the building for the 1867 exhibition would be built over the Seine, and, strange as it may appear, the rumour is not unfounded.

M. A. Barrault, formerly engineer-in-chief of the Palais de l'Industrie, has written to the editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, protesting against the project attributed to him, of placing the new building under a tunnel, covering the Seine from the Pont d'Alma to the Pont de la Concorde (a distance of full 4,000 feet), but he admits that he is occupied on a plan, of which the scheme has been presented to the Emperor, and of which the following is an outline.

M. Barrault proposes to make use of the Palais de l'Industrie, and to erect additional buildings over the Seine, which flows at little more than 200 yards from the building in question. He proposes to cover the Seine to the extent of 350 metres, or more than a thousand feet, by means of wood-work nearly level with the quays, which are much higher than the level of the river, and supported by beams resting on piers built in the stream; this erection to be connected with the Palais de l'Industrie by means of a large covered gallery crossing the public road and the quays. One advantage claimed for this curious arrangement is that the public will have means of direct access to the exhibition on each side of the river.

It is currently reported in racing circles, that the Marquis of Hastings won £32,482 on the great Cambridge race. The jockey, Cannon, received a present of £500. The marquis, in spite of his recent success, intends to dispose of his stud.

A VALUABLE SANDWICH.—In the good old days when George III. was King, there flourished an actress of very great celebrity, whose face had been a fortune she had contrived to put out to very good interest. Prominent among the principal shareholders in the speculation was a near relation of her virtuous sovereign. His Royal Highness called at the lady's residence one day, and having bestowed a more than ordinary prodigality of tediousness upon his hostess,

on taking his departure—with a manner that showed his sense of his princely liberality—placed a crisp piece of very thin paper neatly in her hand. Directly he was gone, she rang the bell and ordered luncheon. A tall footman in gorgeous plush brought in the tray. She bade him wait. The walking peony opened his eyes with the very flunkiest expression of wonderment when he observed his beautiful mistress unfold a bank note, and place it between two thin slices of bread and butter. His mouth opened wider than his eyes when he saw her raise the sandwich to her mouth and devour it with as sedate a manner as if Abram Newland had served her for anchovies time out of mind. Without paying the slightest attention to the man's evident consternation, who deemed his mistress suddenly gone mad, on concluding a meal that was far more extravagant than Cleopatra's draught, she said gravely—"Tell that white-headed boy what you have seen, and inform him that I do not want him to call here again." There is little doubt that the message was faithfully delivered. The incident of course became known, and the beautiful Mrs. Baddeley, as a natural consequence, grew quite "the rage" among men of rank and fashion.—"My Life and Recollections." By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.

WHY ROBIN REDBREAST SANG HIS SONG.

"How cold it is," said the Thrush, one wintry morning, when the snow was on the ground; "I never felt anything so wretched. I shan't stir from this sheltered nook to-day; shall you, friend Blackbird?"

"No, I should think not," said the Blackbird; "but there is that foolish Robin Redbreast singing his song as if it were fine and warm, instead of cold and miserable."

Robin Redbreast heard them; and with a twinkle in his merry eye, he answered:

"There would be no thanks to me for singing on a bright fine day; there are plenty of birds to do that, and I am only valued because I am bright and cheery when everything else is dreary and dull!"

Then he hopped upon the window-ledge, and sang his happy winter song; and the little children opened the casement, and said:

"Mother, there are some birds singing, even though it is so cold."

"It is the dear little Robin," said their mother; "give him some crumbs for his song."

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prelate," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER CXVII.

He drew from his belt a pair of exquisitely mounted pistols, which he had found, after the battle, in the cabin of the slaver. His companion recollected them; they had been the property of Captain Granton.

Making a detour to avoid the front of the mansion, the two adventurers reached at last the inclosure which separated the garden of the consul from the wood. The spot was as lonely as they could have desired—it was merely a narrow footpath, overshadowed by branches of the neighbouring trees, planted in a line parallel with the wall, in the centre of which was a small door studded with iron.

Frank pressed with all his strength against it—it was immovable. He next looked up, and wistfully measured with his eye the height of the wall—it was thirty feet at the very least. He shook his head despondingly.

Willie suggested that he should climb one of the trees, and so obtain a view of the house and garden. There was nothing better to be done, so he began at once to ascend.

"Well," said his companion, eagerly, as he stood again on the ground beside him, "what have you discovered?"

"That the garden is deserted!"

"Good!" ejaculated Frank.

"And the house occupied! Scarcely had I ascended, before a mulatto servant came out and closed the jalousies, through the bars of which the light of a lamp is still streaming."

"Then they have not retired to rest?"

"Not yet."

"Willie," exclaimed his master, "you must contrive some means to get over this infernal wall—that done, creep through the garden as cautiously as you would make your way over a path in which was a yawning grave—approach the house, and peep through the jalousies."

"I understand!"

The question was how to get over the wall, which rose like an insuperable barrier between them and their hopes. But sailors are seldom at a loss; like cats, they climb by instinct; and if they fall, generally

contrive to alight upon their feet. Providence seems to have taken them under His especial protection.

After a few minutes' consideration, Willie unwound from his person a long coil of slender rope, yet not so slender but it would bear his weight. Fastening a heavy stone securely to one end of it, he made several fruitless attempts to cast it over the wall.

"Let me try!" said Frank, taking the missile from his hand.

After several trials, the young farmer succeeded: the stone had evidently caught against a portion of the coping, or in the branch of some tree trained up the other side, for their united strength could not dislodge it. The lad now threw off his jacket, and prepared to mount.

"Willie," said the young man, grasping his hand, "I will not conceal from you that the attempt you are about to make is one of danger!"

"I know it!" was the cool response: "but I am armed!"

"Promise me that you will not fire," continued the brother of Bell, "unless pushed to the last extremity?"

"And then?"

"Then," added Frank, defend your life to the last! You have been true to me, in fair and foul weather—my companion through years of lonely wandering! I should never know moment's happiness again, if I lost you through your fidelity to me!"

"All right!" exclaimed the grateful boy; "I have no wish to lose my life yet, for I am young, and life is very sweet; but if I am to be deprived of it, I would sooner it was to do you a service than in any other manner: I have no one to regret me now!"

"But me!" added his master.

"But you!" replied Willie; "and for your sake, as well as my own, I promise to be careful! After all, I can't be placed in a worse strait than I was on board the Black Eagle, whilst spiking the guns! So here goes!"

Frank watched him anxiously as he began to ascend the rope, which, from his long practice on board ship, was no very difficult task to the active sailor-boy. At last he reached the summit of the wall, and waving his hand in triumph, disappeared on the other side.

His companion seated himself at the foot of a lofty palm-tree to wait for his return.

The vice-consul, his daughter, and Bell, were seated in the long apartment which occupied the greater portion of the garden front of the mansion. Ned was occupied in spelling over the contents of an English newspaper, which Penguin had brought from the Revenge. Lady Sinclair and her fellow captive were busily engaged on a dress for little Cuthbert, who was seated with his favourite, Wasp, on a cushion near one of the windows, which still remained open, to admit the cool evening air—the jalousies only were closed.

The gaudy French time-piece over the chimney struck the hour of eleven.

"Time for bed, Cuthbert," said his mother, holding out her hand to him.

"Not yet, mamma," replied the boy.

"Eleven o'clock," observed Bell, coaxingly.

"But mamma has not sung to me yet!" urged the little fellow, with the pertinacity of an indulged child; "and you know she always sings to me before I go to bed!"

The fond mother laid down her work, and took a seat at the piano.

"You spoil him!" said Bell, with a smile.

"I think you both spoil him!" growled Ned, raising his eyes from the paper. "He is getting a big boy now, and I find that I must take him in hand; he won't disobey me, I warrant!" he added, significantly.

Lady Sinclair shuddered at the idea of her child becoming the pupil of his grandfather; pressing him closely to her breast, she asked him in a whisper, what she should sing.

"Not that song which makes you cry so, mamma!" replied the affectionate little fellow; "Cuthbert can't bear to see you cry, for then he always cries, too!"

"Woman-like to cry!" brutally observed his grandfather; "it's a part of their nature: you'll find it out one day, as I have done! They cry when they are happy—cry when they are miserable—in fact, they're always crying!"

To prevent any further ebullition of her tyrant's temper, Margaret struck a few mournful chords upon the instrument, and accompanied herself to the following song:

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that makes life dear,

Should the strains we used to love

In days of childhood meet our ear,

Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,

Waking thoughts that long have slept—

Kindling former smiles again

In faded eyes that long have wept!

Here Wasp gave a suppressed growl; but so absorbed were the listeners by the deep feeling and

pathes with which the words and music were given, that they paid no attention to the animal.

Like the gale which sighs along

Beds of Oriental flowers,

Is the grateful breath of song

Thet once was heard in happier hours.

Filled with the balm, the gale sighs on,

Though those flowers have snak in death;

So when pleasure's dream is gone,

It's memory lives in music's breath.

At the termination of the song, the dog uttered a loud, sharp bark, and sprang with fury at the jalouse. Ned started to his feet in an instant.

"Wasp hears some one," he said, suspiciously.

"A night-bird," suggested Bell, "attracted by the light."

The anger of the dog increased rather than diminished.

"We shall see!" muttered the vice-consul, catching up a long Spanish blade which was suspended against the wall, and hurrying from the apartment; "I'll have no interlopers here!"

As he disappeared, Lady Sinclair and her companion regarded each other for several minutes. The vague hope—the possibility—that some one interested in their fate had discovered their retreat agitated them too deeply for speech.

"Pat Cuthbert to bed," said Bell, at last; "I feel as if the crisis of our fate was approaching!"

"Vain hope!" ejaculated Margaret, with a sigh, as she retired, with the child in her arms; "we are forgotten, Bell, by all but heaven!" she added, mournfully; "by all but heaven!"

When Ned Cantor entered the garden, he looked carefully around. The moon was shining so brightly that its silver light enabled him to discern the most minute objects: there was nothing in the open space in front of the mansion, or in the paths, to excite his suspicion.

He next began a careful examination of the shrubberies: the result was the same.

"Perhaps, after all," he muttered, "it was only a bird! What a fool I was not to bring Wasp with me—the cunning varmint would precious soon ferret any out."

He returned towards the house, and called the dog, which had remained in the sitting-room, satisfied apparently with having roused the attention of his master. In a few moments the faithful animal was in the garden, hurrying to and fro.

"There is some one!" exclaimed the ruffian, in a tone of fury; "I could swear to it!"

Wasp at last approached a low cluster of shrubs, in an oval bed; the plants did not rise more than three feet from the ground. With a loud, angry bark, it darted into the midst of them—but speedily retreated, howling pitifully, and took refuge between his master's legs.

"Any one there?" demanded Ned.

There was no reply: the dog continued to whine, but without attempting to approach the spot again.

Like most ignorant and cruel men, the vice-consul was superstitious. He felt a strange sort of chill creeping through his veins. True, as he used to observe, he had never yet seen anything worse than himself—but that was no reason that he never should. Whilst arguing the point between his courage and his fear, the shrubs were slightly agitated, and a human form rose slowly in the midst of them. We scarcely need inform our readers that it was Willie.

With a yell of exertion, his old persecutor sprang towards him; when, to his horror, he recognized the pale features of the boy whose bones he for many years had deemed bleaching at the bottom of the Firth of Forth. His extended arm sank to his side, as if stricken by a sudden palsy, and he dropped the weapon.

It was a fortunate thing for him that he did so—for Willie's finger had all the while been upon the trigger of his pistol. A step nearer, and the bullet would have whistled through the brains of the convict.

The lad comprehended the terror of Ned in a moment, and was not slow to take advantage of his mistake. In a hollow voice he pronounced the word—"Murder!"

"Ay!" shrieked the ruffian; "it will out, they say! But I didn't do it; I must be dreaming! This is too horrible! My brain is on fire! I am mad—mad! There is a God, and He has reached me!"

The conscience-stricken wretch hid his eyes with his hands, to shut out the vision which appalled him. When he removed them, Willie was gone: the lad had glided into the thick mass of shrubs and underwood, confident that he should not be again pursued.

Ned Cantor tottered rather than walked towards the house. When he entered the sitting-room, both Lady Sinclair—who had returned from putting Cuthbert to bed—and Bell was struck by his altered appearance. His features were ghastly pale—thick drops stood upon his brow—and his iron-grey hair seemed half bristling on his head.

Throwing himself into a chair, he called for brandy. Bell filled him a glass, and noticed as he took it that his hand trembled like that of man smitten with a palsy.

"You are ill, father!" exclaimed Margaret. "What has terrified you?"

"What has terrified me?" he repeated. "The dead! I have gazed on eyes whose light has long been dim—heard a voice whose death-cry the seagull and the wild waves mocked!"

"It must have been imagination!" observed Bell Hazleton.

"Imagination?" said the ruffian, recovering a portion of his ill-humour and self-possession. "Am I a whining girl, to be the dupe of my own fancies? I saw him—I tell you I saw him as distinctly as when he lived, and it almost withered my sight for ever."

"Saw who?" demanded Margaret.

"His voice rang in my hear," continued her father, regardless of her questioning, "like the raven's cry! Why should he haunt me?" he added; "mine was not the hand that struck him down! I never—"

The equivocal assertion was interrupted by a loud rattling at the window. Wasp howled pitifully again. Even the females began to feel alarmed—not that they had any faith in the return of a being from another world.

Ned rang for the mulatto, and ordered the casements to be carefully closed and the doors locked. He waited till this was done; then, catching up a lamp from the table, retired moodily to his chamber, without a word to any one.

"Massa very bad!" observed the domestic, staring after him with wondering eyes; "see something in garden, lady, he no like! I'm thinking I go to bed, too—unless missus want me."

"I shall not want you, Quacco," replied Lady Sinclair, calmly.

"If missus frightful, I sit up!" added the man.

The offer was declined.

"Come, Bell," said Margaret, as he left the room; "let us retire to rest."

"I shall not sleep to-night," was the reply.

"What, then?"

"Watch," said the high-spirited girl; "I may fear the living, but I have no terror of the dead! Something assures me that friends, or those who may be come so, are near. I will not permit the only chance we have yet had of making our position known to escape me. Retire you," she added, "to your child; and may heaven watch over your dreams, and the innocent sleep of your dear boy!"

CHAPTER CXIX.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *Proverb.*

THE chamber of Bell fronted the garden. Although the hour was late, the poor girl had little inclination to retire to rest. The hope of escape—of returning to her native land—of being restored to the brother she so fondly loved, her home, and all the dear domestic ties so rudely sundered—gave her a courage which rose superior to her fear of Ned's resentment, should he discover that she was a watcher of the night.

Wrapping herself in a dark shawl, the captive concealed herself behind the muslin curtains of the window, and stood like a sentinel on duty, patiently waiting the result. The moon shone so brightly that, had a shadow crossed the open space in front of the house, she must have seen it.

After remaining on her solitary post for nearly two hours, she fancied that she heard a faint whistle. How her heart beat! She listened eagerly, fearing her senses had deceived her, or that she had mistaken the cry of some night-bird for a signal.

It was repeated, and she gently opened the window. The action was followed by a slight rustling in the adjoining shrubbery—from which the slim figure of the sailor-boy cautiously advanced.

"Who are you?" she demanded in Spanish—a few words of which she had acquired during her forced residence in the country.

"Inglesi, senora!" replied Willie, in a tone of disappointment.

"English!" repeated Bell, in a louder tone than prudence might have warranted; "thank heaven! You belong to the ship which lately arrived?"

"Yes—the Revenge."

"And will you faithfully deliver a letter to the commanding officer?" she added. "I have no money to offer you, but you shall be amply rewarded."

"Faithfully, lady!" replied the boy; "and without a recompence! One word only: tell me your name?"

Unfortunately Bell did not hear the request, or much future misery might have been spared her; for no sooner had the messenger which Providence had unexpectedly sent to her aid pledged himself to deliver her letter than she retired from the window, to write

a few hasty lines, explaining her own and Lady Sinclair's forcible abduction and detention.

It appeared an age to Willie till she returned.

With a prayer for its success—such as the heart breathes in its despair—Bell threw the letter from the casement. The boy advanced to seize it; another moment, and his hand must have grasped it: when Quacco—who had only pretended to retire for the night, but in reality had concealed himself under the verandah, to watch—darted between him and his prize.

"No catchee, no havee, buccra sailor!" exclaimed the mulatto, with a diabolical chuckle; "dat for me."

"Fly!" shrieked the girl; "fly, if you value your life!"

"Dat bery good advice, Missee Bell!" exclaimed Quacco; "but me like to see how him fly out ob de garden—walls 'tand high! Um tink um hab um in a trap."

Willie waited for no second warning—but rapidly disappeared in the shrubberies; whilst Quacco commenced a tremendous outcry at the door of the mansion, to call the vice-consul to his assistance. With tears of bitter disappointment, Bell closed the window.

"Massa—massa!" shouted the mulatto; "Quacco catch ghost in de garden—um can't get out! Massa—massa—um buccra sailor-boy—come down! Gorramity, how him sleep."

The speaker was mistaken. Ned had not slept; the terrors of an awakened conscience had driven repose from his pillow. When he first heard the alarm raised by his domestic, he started from the bed, on which he had cast himself partially dressed, and stood for a few moments pale and bewildered, fearing the dreadful vision had returned. Gradually, however, he recognised the voice, and, catching up his pistols, rushed down the staircase into the garden.

"Now, what? Speak!" he exclaimed; "what have you seen?"

"Um seen sailor-boy, massa, without jacket and cap! Um talk to Missee Bell at de winder."

"Talk!" repeated Ned.

"Yes, massa—um speak Spanish fast—den English! Um come from ship, um say, and um promise to gib letter to de captain."

"What letter?"

"Missee Bell's letter, massa; but um no get it—Quacco too quick for dat! Here um is! Massa, see what 'tis to have 'fidential, 'clebber, 'sponsible person to watch um house."

With an air of intense satisfaction at his success, the mulatto held forth the few hastily-written lines to which so many hopes and prayers had been attached. Ned eagerly clutched it.

"Curse her!" he muttered, after he had read it by the light of the moon—sufficiently bright for his purpose. "But this is no time for words—but action! Yet the boy! Pah! I must have been deceived by some fancied resemblance. He is in the garden, you say?"

"Yes, massa. Um no get out, unless um fly!" replied the domestic, with a grin.

"How did he get in?"

The question was a poser. Quacco searched his woolly head—looked first at his great splay feet—then at the moon; but neither suggested to him an answer.

"No matter," continued the vice-consul, placing one of the pistols he carried in the hand of his domestic; "living or dead, this time he shall not escape me! Assist me to search the garden—we must not leave a clump or bush unexplored. I ought to have uprooted the useless trees and shrubs long since," he added, "and not have left such a tangled labyrinth for spies to hide in."

More than two hours were occupied in the useless search—neither the intruder nor any trace of him could be found. Ned knew not what to think—the walls, he fancied, were too lofty to be scaled without assistance both from without and within. His terrors began to return.

"You have been drinking, you rascal," he exclaimed, turning suddenly round upon his companion.

"Only one bottle ob rum, massa!" replied the fellow, in a whining tone; "and dat noting."

"You have imagined this," added the ruffian, striking him.

"Um didn't imagine um letter, though!" observed the mulatto, sullenly, at the same time pointing to the crumpled paper which his master held in his hand; "spose him drink two bottle ob rum—it no learn Quacco to write letter like Missee Bell."

The proposition was so self-evident that even Ned could not deny it. For many reasons he regretted the ebullition of temper into which he had been betrayed, as he had no one whom he could rely upon to act as a spy over his prisoners but the mulatto, whose fidelity had hitherto proved incorruptible—perhaps because he felt proud of being trusted.

"I was hasty, Quacco," said his master. The man turned away.

"You shall have another bottle of rum."

Still the offended confidant walked on.

The vice-consul began to reflect. He knew quite sufficient of the half-caste race, of which his domestic was a type, to feel that he was no longer to be depended upon—and he bitterly cursed his own impetuous temper; at the same time, he secretly determined to get rid of him.

"Get the calèche ready in the morning," he said—"an hour after daybreak; and as for the rap I gave you just now, a hard fist breaks no bones! I'll find the means to recompense you—I've got a few doubloons left yet."

And, without waiting for a reply, he returned to the house.

Quacco looked after him for some time in silence.

"Cuss um doubloons—cuss um rum! Um tink coloured gentleman stand kicking like nigger slave! Um berry sorrow now um gave um Missee Bell's letter. Wison next time! Um want calèche ready dat for journey. Please Gorrampathy um break um neck—Quacco no grieve for um."

As he followed Ned towards the house, he began to hum one of the common negro airs, to conceal his vexation.

Never had the hours appeared so long to Frank Hazelton as those which he passed at the foot of the tree, watching the return of Willie. At times he blamed himself for having urged the poor boy to risk his life on such a dangerous enterprise; for he well knew what mercy he might expect if he fell into the hands of his old enemy, Ned Cantor.

"I should have gone myself!" he said; "and yet, the villain had seen and recognized me, the sufferings of years would have been useless, and my hopes defeated."

At times he asked himself whether he had not suffered a vague suspicion to deceive him. He had no proof that the vice-consul of Belize and the father of Lady Sinclair were the same person.

Thus did he pass the weary hours in reveries, doubts, and surmises—which were broken at last by the loud outcries of the mulatto, when he summoned his master to the garden.

"They have discovered him!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet; "I have led him into the danger—least I can do is to share it."

So saying, he began to ascend the rope almost as rapidly as Willie had done before him; for his experience on board ship had changed the young farmer into an active sailor, fit to do duty before the mast in any frigate in his Majesty's service.

As his hand grasped the coping of the wall, he encountered Willie, who was making his escape from the other side.

"Back!" said the boy. "I have been discovered."

"Are you hurt?" demanded Frank.

"Sound as the mainstay!" was the reply.

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated his companion, at the same time retracing his way till he once more stood upon *terra firma*. Once there, he looked anxiously up, to see if the boy was following him; but no—there sat Willie, deliberately perched upon the top of the wall.

"Descend!" he said; "for heaven's sake, descend at once. Should any injury befall you, I should never forgive myself."

"All right, Mr. Frank!" coolly observed the object of his solicitude. "I've all my senses about me—ready in an instant! There, that will do."

The rope gilded rapidly through his hands, and the next minute he stood beside the young farmer.

"Why did you delay?" inquired the latter.

"You'll see."

"I surely heard something fall on the other side of the wall?" added the young man.

"The stone!" replied Willie, coolly, at the same time drawing down the cord. "You see, Mr. Frank, we may want to return—and it would never do to let the enemy know the means by which we obtained entrance into the garden: so I detached the stone, and ran the line round that precious palm-tree—which Providence must have planted there on purpose. Here I am! the rope after me."

During this explanation, the speaker had been winding the cord once more round his person, to serve him, if necessary, on another occasion. That done, the two adventurers plunged into the wood, and did not slacken their steps till all danger of pursuit was passed.

"Now," said Frank, pausing at last to take breath, "tell me—for my heart is burning with impatience—the result?"

"I have seen him," replied the boy, with a shudder.

"Ned Cantor?"

"The man who would have procured my death in the Frith of Forth. I recognised him distinctly, as his eyes glared upon me in the full moonlight. His

features were paler than when I last saw him," he added; "and his hair grizzled with snow—something like that of the boatswain's mate. But I knew him, despite the change."

"At last," muttered the young man, with a sigh of intense satisfaction; "thank heaven, I have discovered the villain at last."

Willie detailed to him every circumstance of his adventure in the garden, just as they had taken place. When he spoke of the appearance of the female at the window, the agitation of the young farmer became excessive; and bitter was the disappointment he felt at the result of the letter.

"Did you see her face?" he inquired, eagerly.

"No."

"But you heard her voice?"

"It sounded like one I had heard before—but I cannot swear to it," answered the lad. "She seemed in mortal terror; and when the nigger rascal started from his concealment and seized the paper, she screamed and closed the window—but not till she had warned me to fly," he added, with grateful recollection of her forethought for his safety.

Frank reflected for some time in silence. One great point was gained: he had ascertained the residence of Ned—though how he ever came to be appointed vice-consul, even in that remote corner of the world, he was at a loss to imagine. The female, he doubted not, was either Bell or Lady Sinclair.

"I must be brief," he thought; "Ned is warned which, to a man of his desperate character, is to be prepared. He would not scruple at any means to baffle the efforts of their friends."

He trembled to return to the ship, lest in the meanwhile the persecutor should remove the victim beyond his reach.

He at last decided upon writing to Captain Vernon, to send Willie with the letter on board the *Revenge*, and remain himself to watch the house of the ex-convict.

By this time they had wandered so far in the wood that they had lost all idea of the direction towards the beach; and, unfortunately, neither of our two adventurers had thought of bringing a pocket-compass with them: so there was nothing left for them but to continue their march, and trust to Providence to guide them. Gradually the *tucole*—which had risen in clouds in their path, disappeared—or, as Shakespeare says, "gone to pale their ineffectual fires before the rising sun"—whose warm rays penetrated even the thick foliage above them. At last, to their great relief, they espied a long, low hut, which, from the bush hanging over the door, they knew to be a wine-shop, or locanda.

It proved to be kept by one of those half-castes so numerous on the borders of Mexico—fellows whom a long system of oppression and brutalization have rendered fitting tools for any crime. Almost the only office open to them—so great is the prejudice against them—is that of overseers in the mines, where they are chiefly remarkable for their cruelty to the slaves and dishonesty to the government which employs them.

As Willie was well armed, they did not hesitate for a moment to enter the place, where they were received by the host with the usual welcomes of the country—a benediction, and a mental calculation of how much he could make by them.

Leaving them to their repast of wine, bread, and fruit—for coffee or chocolate was out of the question—we must return to the house of Ned Cantor, where everything had been hurriedly prepared for his departure with his prisoners.

"It is useless to resist Meg," said her father, after he had announced his intention. "You know me by this time. Neither prayers nor tears will move me when I have once made up my mind."

"Inform me, at least, whether we are to be dragged," exclaimed the unhappy woman, bursting into tears.

"Do I look like such a soft fool?" he said; "tell you where you are going, that you may leave some clue or sign behind, by which you may be traced? No, no—I am too wide awake for that. You are going with your father—that ought to content you—going where I please!" he added, with a sneer; "and that must content you!"

Lady Sinclair wrung her hands, and sighed bitterly. The haughty spirit which had once braved him was broken. She was a mother, and trembled for the fate of her child; she had long been indifferent to her own.

"But you are not my father, thank heaven, Mr. Cantor!" observed Bell, in a spirited tone; "and I warn you, before you add to the outrage you already have to answer for. By what right do you pretend to drag me to some nameless place?"

"The same right that brought you here—Force!" "I will not go!" exclaimed the indignant girl; "you shall kill me first! It's my opinion it would not be the first murder you have committed—pray heaven it may be the last!"

At this random accusation Ned turned pale with passion.

"In ten minutes we start, he said, placing his hand rudely upon her shoulder, "If you refuse to accompany Meg and me, I will have Mitilizy to bring you after us. I don't think you will be able to resist his persuasion!" So saying, he left the room, to issue fresh orders for his departure.

Bell shuddered, and her courage vanished in an instant. Mitilizy was the name of a half-caste—a tall, handsome man, with a sinister cast of countenance—who resided in the interior of the country. The terrified girl had seen him on one or two occasions, when he had visited her persecutor, on account of certain commercial transactions between them; and he had profaned her ears by a declaration of what he was pleased to call his passion for her.

"We must submit, Bell!" said Margaret, with a sigh; "heaven, perhaps, will not always remain deaf to our prayers."

A loud cry was heard in the hall. Lady Sinclair rushed from the room—for the voice awakened nature's echoes in her heart—and saw little Cuthbert struggling in the arms of the mulatto, who, by her father's directions, was conveying him to the carriage.

All further idea of resistance to the orders of their oppressor ceased, and the distracted mother at once resigned herself to her fate. She entered the calèche, followed by Bell.

The mulatto and a fellow-servant—both well armed—mounted the box.

"I thought it," observed their master, with a grin, as they drove off, "that I should bring you to reason."

Perhaps the hour of retribution was nearer, and likely to prove more bitter than he thought.

(To be continued.)

A HORSE CHESTNUT TREE.

DR. DAVY read a paper at Bath on the Horse Chestnut. Will any one read a paper on a Horse Chestnut? The tree stands on a flat stone. Its root grows up through the air for 7 feet, turns over a wall, and descends 7 feet into the earth. So that the root passes for 14 feet through the air before it enters the earth.

The celebrated Dutrochet, by experiment, convinced the still more celebrated De Candolle, and all European vegetable physiologists, that roots will only grow straight downwards. On this, I set to work to show that they will grow in any direction in which they can find food. If any one doubts this fact, let him inspect my tree, which is now 21 years old.

In imitation of Dutrochet's beautiful experiment, I placed a great variety of seeds (single as well as double) in flower-pots, suspended them upside-down on wire-work, and watered them from above. Each seed sent a tap-root down into the air, which died; but the branch roots (as I have named them) and the plants grew, and corn ripened in this way. But cuttings placed upside-down, though they grew and bore fruit for years, showed no root below. I thus blurred on the fact that every seedling has a tap-root, whose downward determination nothing can pervert, a provision and contrivance for the fixing of the plant, and a beautiful proof of the design of a Creator. But the downward tap-root is as peculiar to the seedling as the "seed leaves" are, and all branch roots will grow in all directions.

I preserved one horse chestnut by placing it on a flat stone, and replacing the flower-pot with a chimney-pot full of earth, and, by degrees, raised a column of chimney-pots. I then built up a column of earth on the opposite side of the wall, turned the roots into it, and when they were established in the ground, I took away the two columns of earth. I think that Virgil's tap-rooted *Esculus* (*que quantum vertice, &c.*) is the horse chestnut. Virgil (second book of *Georgics*) mentions it as distinct from the *Quercus* and *Castanea*, and Ovid (*Met. x. 91*) as distinct from the *Fagus* and *Ilex*. It is then afeat to make its radix tend to heaven instead of to *Tartarus*. With regard to the name from *Esca*, it is true that neither man, horses, nor pigs, will eat horse chestnuts, but sheep, cows, and deer are ravenously eager for them.—GREENWOOD.

THE exports of small fire-arms from the United Kingdom in September comprised 28,835, against 21,501 in September, 1863, and 47,835 in September, 1862. In the nine months ending September 30, 1862, the aggregate exports amounted to 168,105, against 329,186 in the corresponding period of 1863, and 459,116 in the corresponding period of 1862. The exports of gunpowder in September amounted to 1,668,050 lb. against 1,059,167 lb. in September, 1863, and 1,439,568 lb. in September, 1862. In the nine months ending September 30, the aggregate exports amounted to 11,904,684 lb. against 11,795,771 lb. in the corresponding period of 1863, and 12,447,627 lb. in the corresponding period of 1862.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.—“How do you do?” That is the English and the American. “How do you carry yourself?” That’s French. “How do you stand?” That’s Italian. “How do you find yourself?” That’s German. “How do you fare?” That’s Dutch. “How can you?” That’s Swedish. “How do you perspire?” That’s Egyptian. “Have you eaten your rice?” That’s Chinese. “How do you have yourself?” That’s Polish. “How do you live on?” That’s Russian. “May thy shadow never be less.” That’s Persian.

SCIENCE.

THE BLAKELY GUNS.—The Russian Government has ordered guns of a large calibre to the amount of £95,000, from Capt. Blakely, Royal Artillery. We hope after this that we shall hear no more from writers in this country of our Artillery officers being inferior to those in foreign armies.

A PATENT has been taken out for a new method of hardening the surface of castings. When the piece is filed up, or otherwise finished, it is brought to a cherry red heat, and then immersed till quite cold in a solution composed of 1,080 grammes of sulphuric acid, and 65 grammes of nitric acid to 10 litres of water. It is added that the thickness of the stratum hardened is sufficient for all ordinary purposes, and that the iron suffers no distortion.

An official order has been issued from the Controller’s-office of the Admiralty, directing that all such of Her Majesty’s ships in the several dockyards that are not fitted to carry armour-plating shall be at once fitted with eyebolts on the outside of the ship’s hull, three feet apart, in the wake of the ship’s boilers and engines; so that, in the event of the ship going into action with an enemy her Majesty’s ships may sling their chain cables over their sides.

PROPOSED GREAT BRIDGE ACROSS THE FORTH, AT BLACKNESS.—At a recent meeting of the North British Railway, the chairman, Mr. Hodgson, M.P., stated that calculations were in progress whether or not a great bridge across the Forth at Blackness and Charlestown (above North and South Queen’s Ferry) would not be nearly as economical as the railway ferry which they had parliamentary powers to construct. The Forth is nearly three miles broad at this point, and the bridge, if erected there, would be one of the greatest efforts of railway engineering. Another great engineering project is a bridge over the Forth of Tay, from Newport in Fifeshire, to Dundee. It would be an undertaking scarcely less in magnitude than the Forth bridge in connection with which it would afford an unbroken route from Edinburgh to Dundee.

THE AGE OF THE TIDES.—Professor Rankin said that it was perfectly well known that water moved miles horizontally, while it moved only a few feet vertically. If the earth was covered with an ocean of a uniform depth, the tides could be easily calculated in a mathematical way; but the irregularity of the depths of the sea, and the shape of the continents, made it complicated. This was so important, that gentlemen who were employed in such investigations would do well to give their minds so as to devise some means of recording horizontally, as well as vertically, the motion of the water. Mr. Parkes said that there was one very curious thing in connection with diurnal tides. The tides, as they were aware, were one and a half to two days’ old according to the coast. At Bombay they were one and a half days’ old; that was the semi-diurnal tide. But the diurnal tide was not more than a few hours old. Tides of a longer period were much more accelerated by friction than tides of a shorter period.

HOW TO TEST QUICKSILVER, AND DETECT ADULTERATION.—Quicksilver, after being extracted by the plain process of retorting, is seldom quite pure, and generally contains a small proportion of other metals. The eminent naturalist, Priestley, suggests a very simple method to purify mercury, by merely shaking it strongly in an iron flask, and renewing the air in the same repeatedly with a pair of bellows. By this manipulation, a black powder will be formed on the surface, which can easily be separated. If no more of this dust is formed, the quicksilver may be considered pure. In this state, it will always give a clear sound when agitated in the flask, while an admixture of lead will make it sound dull, as if the vessel were made of potter’s clay. It is often found in the market wilfully adulterated with lead, tin, and bismuth. Of lead, it can absorb or dissolve almost one-half of its weight, without losing much of its liquidity. This adulteration can easily be detected by rubbing some of the metal on the open palm; if it soils the skin, it is adulterated—if pure, it leaves no trace. Besides, if dosed with lead, it will leave a tail behind—it *fait la queue*, to use a French expression—that is, the drops, instead of being globular,

will assume an elongated form, and a more or less flattened surface. Some of these observations may be, perhaps, useful to the goldminers, as many complaints have latterly been heard about the impurity of the quicksilver sold in the mines, which fact is also proved by the frequent occurrence and admixture of base metals in the amalgam gold, probably, in most cases, by artificial means.

PUT SOME ICE IN IT.—The highly-polished surface of ornamental silver vessels is well known to occasion considerable trouble to the photographer, not only from the brilliant mass of light reflected, but from the number of irregular reflections from surrounding objects, the effect of which materially interferes with due rendering of the design. Some very unsatisfactory results of this kind being obtained by a photographer for a large firm at the West End, the manager of the artistic department, an Irish gentleman of great resource, exclaimed to the photographer, “Why don’t you put a piece of ice in the jug?” The question was solved in a moment. A piece of ice in the silver vessel would rapidly cool it, and cause it to condense vapours on its surface from the surrounding atmosphere. This would just sufficiently dim the excessive lustre to render a good photographic representation possible.

NO SCALE IN HARRISON BOILERS.

There is no occasion to make a boiler as a single large sphere, for it is now ascertained from extensive experience that hollow cast-iron spheres of small diameter do not retain the solid matter deposited by the water. Small water tubes, and indeed all small water spaces in ordinary boilers, always choke with deposit when the feed-water contains lime; but cast-iron boiler spheres, although they may be temporarily coated internally with scale, are found to part with this whenever they are emptied of water. This fact is the most striking discovery that has been made in boiler engineering. It removes the fatal defect of small subdivided water spaces, which can now be employed with the certainty of their remaining constantly clear of deposit.

This discovery has been made in the use of the cast-iron boiler invented by Mr. Harrison, and which is now working in several of the Midland and Northern counties. Mr. Harrison employs any required number of cast-iron hollow spheres, eight inches in external diameter, and three-eighths of an inch thick, these communicating with each other through open necks, and being held together by internal tie bolts. A number of these spheres are arranged in the form of a rectangular slab, and several of these slabs, set side by side, and connected together, from the boiler, about two-thirds of the whole number of spheres being filled with water, while the remainder serve as steam room.

The bursting strength of these spheres corresponds to a pressure of upwards of 1,500 lbs. per square inch, as verified by repeated experiment, being, therefore, from six to seven times greater than that of the ordinary Lancashire boilers of large size. The evaporative power, as in all other boilers, depends upon the extent and ratio of the grate area and heating surface, but in practice from $\frac{7}{8}$ to 8 lbs., of water are evaporated per pound of coal in a cast-iron boiler, which, for each ton of its own weight, supplies steam equal to ten indicated horse-power.

The joints between the spheres are made by special machinery, securing the utmost accuracy of fitting, and there is no leakage, either of water or steam. The spheres occupied as steam space are screened by fire bricks from the direct action of the heat; but enough is allowed to reach them to secure complete drying, and, if desired, any degree of superheating of the steam. The slabs into which each series of sphere is assembled, are placed in an inclined position, which secures the thorough calculation of the water.

The whole quantity of water carried in a 40-horse boiler is three tons, the boiler weighing 18 tons, and presenting 1,000 square feet of water-heating and 500 square feet of steam-drying surface. In Manchester, with the feed-water taken from the Irwell, or from the canal, a hard scale is soon formed in the ordinary boilers; but in the cast-iron boiler a succession of thin scales of extreme hardness are found to form upon and to become detached of themselves from the inner surfaces of the water spheres. These scales are blown out with the water at the end of the week, and only small quantities can be discovered when purposely sought for.

A specimen of these, slightly cohered together into a friable mass, is exhibited. A pint of loose scales and dirt is the most that has yet been found in a careful internal examination after nine months’ daily work. None of the iron is removed with the scale, the weight of the spheres, after three years’ service, being the same as when new.

Mr. Harrison’s cast-iron boiler has been worked for six years; and for the last two years the same description of boilers have been employed at Messrs.

Hetherington’s, and other large works in Manchester. It should be added that the system of casting the spheres is such that their thickness is necessarily the same at all points.

The self-scaling action, which has been found to be the same in all cases where the boiler has been worked, can only be explained by conjectures. It deserves the careful investigation of the chemist and mechanical philosopher, with whom the author prefers to leave the subject.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL JOTTINGS.—An interesting operation was performed on Thursday, at St. Ouen, near Paris. A large floating dock, on new construction, 210 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 18 feet high was launched on the canal. This great iron boat or floating dock is intended for a store, to hold all descriptions of spirits, oils, or other inflammable liquids. These substances, which are so frequently the cause of disastrous fires on land, are now to be secured on water, where they will be comparatively free from fire. Each of the 100 compartments into which the iron boat is divided, is sufficient to contain 250 hectarites. Ten similar floating warehouses are to be built for the company of the docks of St. Ouen, of which five are already on the stocks. The iron boat was launched sideways into the canal of St. Ouen. After once having glided along the slides placed under it, the iron mass, once in the water, moved forward more than forty yards by the force of impulsion. The operation was performed with complete success.

WHY CAKE TASTES OF TURPENTINE.

We are told by a person of experience in cooking, that if in using oil of lemons to flavour her cakes she gets too large a quantity, she will frequently have the exact flavour of spirits of turpentine. It is probable that the oil of lemons is actually changed into oil of turpentine.

An atom of the oil of lemons is composed of 20 atoms of carbon, and 16 atoms of hydrogen, and oil of turpentine has precisely the same composition. The two substances are isomeric. Among all of the wonders of chemistry there is none more wonderful than this principle of isomerism. That two substances composed of the same elements in the same proportions should vary so greatly in their odour, flavour, and other properties, as oil of turpentine and oil of lemons is a puzzling mystery.

The oil of turpentine is isomeric, not only with oil of lemons, but also with the oils of oranges, cloves, camomile, thyme, and bergamot. All of these are composed of only the two elements, carbon and hydrogen, and all in the same proportions, 20 of carbon and 16 of hydrogen.

The great difference in the odour and flavour of these several substances is to be accounted for only on the supposition of a different arrangement of the atoms.

It is not difficult to conceive that if an atom of the oil of lemons is subjected to certain influences, that peculiar arrangement of its 20 atoms of carbon and 16 of hydrogen which gives it its peculiar properties should be broken up, and these atoms should receive that other arrangement which produces the properties of the oil of turpentine.

Heretofore chemists have not known what conditions were requisite for effecting the change in these two substances, so as to transform oil of lemons into oil of turpentine; and if our informant is correct in her observation, she has made an interesting discovery in chemical science. But in other cases the transformation of one substance into another of the same chemical constitution is not only understood by chemists and practised in the laboratory, but conducted on a large scale in the industrial arts.

An atom of starch is composed of 12 atoms of carbon, 9 of hydrogen, and 9 of oxygen, with the addition of water; and sugar has precisely the same constitution. When a kernel of barley or other grain sprouts and begins to grow, the starch which it contains is transformed into the isomeric compound, sugar. It is for the purpose of effecting this transformation that grain is malted.

The sugar thus produced is afterward converted into alcohol by fermentation. Thus the production from grain of beer, whisky, and all other fermented and distilled liquors, and therefore the great industries of brewing and distilling, as well as the prevalence of intemperance, with its immeasurable evils, all depend upon the power of transforming one substance into another of isomeric constitution, by simply changing the arrangement of its atoms.

THE SILVER CROSS OF THE DANNEBORG.—The King of Denmark has conferred on the Prince of Wales, a mark of distinction which is only in rare and very exceptional cases bestowed upon foreigners. King Oscar of Sweden has it, and so have a few Russian officers. The very natural mistake has been

made of supposing that the Silver Cross of the Dannebrog is a subsidiary decoration. It is, in its nature, a thing apart, although it is quite true that nobody can possess the Order of the Dannebrog who has not also received the Silver Cross. But the fact of the Prince of Wales being a Knight of the highest order in Denmark, the Elephant, supersedes all the honours of the Dannebrog; and there was no need of any magnanimity on his part in disclaiming title to a distinction which has recently been an object of special desire in the Danish army. The Silver Cross, which he now wears, is, under the circumstances, a complete, as it is an extraordinary token of the honour which the King of Denmark would naturally feel to be due from him to his Royal son-in-law and guest.

FACETIAE.

A QUARREL is like a debt—much easier rushed into than got out of.

THE young lady who kept her word has found it very useful.

WHY is there no occasion for a flute-player to go to Germany for his health? Because he can stay at home and breathe a German air.

WHY should women be employed at the Post Office?—Because they understand how to manage the mails.

A MR. BIRD married a Miss Cobb. A friend perpetrated the following:

A Bird flew in Love's granary,
With foel intent—to rob;
But as he couldn't get the corn,
Was forced to take the Cobb.

ELDERLY MAIDEN.—Ah, Miss Jones, how fortunate for you that you placed your affections on that dear cat, instead of on a false man. If you only knew what I have suffered from the faithless sex!

"How old is your older brother?" "In two years he and I will be of the same age."

AN EXCUSE.

Grand-Pa.—You must excuse our dear boy another week from school. The affectionate child positively refuses to go to his studies because his mother has a headache.

Teacher.—Wonderful demonstration of filial duty!

A GRAMMARIAN conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style:—"Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentot, hottentotest; hottentotissimus; hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens!" How comfortable to contemplate this weather.

A FRIEND said to an Irishman: "Good-morning; slippery this morning." "Slippery? and be jabers, it is nothing else, yer honour. Upon my word and I slid down three times without getting up once."

TOO HAPPY.—A newly married man says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a shingle every day, to keep him from being too happy.

THE waist of the Empress of Austria is but fifteen inches round—just as big as an ordinary stove pipe. She must be a very prudent woman, for we have always been told that they were characterized by their little waste.

VERY WISE.—The following stanza, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Matilda Cheevis, is exceedingly well told and very witty:

At length she seized the proffered prize,
A happy one, believe us;
For matrimony had made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheevis.

MADAGASCAR RAT EXTERMINATOR.—A pedlar distributed a large quantity of what he called his Un-falling Madagascar Rat Exterminator in the neighbourhood, and yet the rats were as lively and active as ever. On being told that it had no effect—"Perhaps," said the imperturbable pedlar, "yours may not be the Madagascar rats."

DURING the late court mourning, a gentleman, wishing to be very polite to a lady, said: "You look like so many brilliants displayed to the best advantage on black." "Everything here is brilliant, except your observation," she replied, "and that is mournful indeed."

AN amusing little scene took place this week at a mansion not far from Berkeley-square. An interesting event being shortly expected, and for the first time, false alarms have on more than one occasion caused the doctor to be hastily summoned. This was the case again one night last week, when the expectant papa, who is said to be doing Banting, hearing the doctor's carriage arrive, rushed to the top of the grand staircase, with his night-cap neatly tied down, and a

wrapper thrown round him, candlestick in hand, to hasten the approach of the doctor, who, seeing the corpulent female, as he supposed, and imagining her to be the nurse, called out rather angrily, "Now then, my good woman, why on earth did you leave the room?" The agitated husband required soothing after this unpardonable mistake.

THE Duchess of H.—"a housekeeper was once engaging a Scotch lassie as housemaid, when, as was her usual custom, she said to the girl, "If ever the duchess speaks to you, you must always say, 'Your grace.'"

One day, the duchess having occasion to speak to the maid, the girl dropped a very low curtsey, and stammered out, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!"

A FRENCH journal of influence laughs, for the hundredth time, at the friendship of England for Garibaldi—laughs at the yacht being sent out—even at the gallant Colonel Pearl who accompanies it, and at the band of Englishmen who fought with Garibaldi. "What is all this," it exclaims, "to the magnificent sacrifice of France, who deluged the soil of Italy with her blood—and for what?" We will reply to that question by answering, "For Savoy;" and that is what France fought for.

A DUBLIN merchant, running out from his counting-house to get his lunch, was impeded in his progress by a poor man with a wheelbarrow. In his excitement the merchant told the man to go with his wheelbarrow—to no matter where. Pat looked round, and curtly replied, "May be, your honour, we should be more in your honour's way there than here."

MEUM AND TUUM.

ONE of our German fellow-citizens has a young boy who is apt to make mistakes in the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. Much complaint had been made against the lad, and many a lecture and restitution had followed. Last week, however, the old man changed his base of operations.

"Hans, where you gets that knife?" asked the old man.

"I finds him, fader," replied the hopeful.

"No, Hans, I b'lieves you tell one lie."

"No fader, dat is true—I is the luckiest boy as you ever see."

"Well, Hans, I 's to vip you."

"Not cause I steals, fader?"

"No, Hans; I vips you cause you is so lucky."

A CONTEMPORARY vouches for the following story:—A young physician, who was in love with a fair patient, but was unable from bashfulness to reveal his passion, wrote her a passionate declaration, and left it on the table, where the servant found it. The servant naturally enough thought it was a prescription, and took it to the chemist's, who the next day sent it back to the poor doctor, with an apology that he "was out of the ingredients necessary to make up what was wanted."

THE following anecdote of the Iron Duke may be resuscitated, by way of a hint to the war authorities of the present day, who have spent enormous sums in fruitless experiments with new inventions. A man visited the duke and intimated that he had an important invention to submit to his notice. "Well, what have you to offer?" "A bullet-proof jacket, your grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The duke rang a bell, and an aide-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the Captain of the Guard to order one of his men to load with ball cartridge." The inventor disappeared, and was never again seen near the Horse Guards. No money was wasted in trying that invention.

THE Emperor Alexander was present at a collection in Paris for one of the hospitals. The plate was held out to him by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis d'or he whispered: "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtseyed, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

AN IRRITABLE LORD.—On one occasion, while I was out with my yacht, and the late Lord Arundell had gone to Wardour, Lady Arundell (the present dowager) and Mrs. Berkeley were staying alone with their host and hostess, when at night, on the usual ample tray of wine, brandy, whisky, and hot water, with their etceteras being brought in, Doughty got up to "do the civil," but making a sudden skip with the ungovernable leg, he lost his balance and went down. In his fall, in an endeavour to catch the table for support, he only caught the tray, so he went on his back on the carpet with hot and cold water, wine and spirits mingling in inexhaustible floods upon his breast; the tray, turned upside down, making him look like a fallen knight, with his shield above him. The ladies knew how he disliked the fact of being admitted that he had fallen, so they proceeded to talk over his body of the weather, and "what a pleasant

day it was." Bottles, jugs, sodden biscuits, broken glass, and steaming spray, sugar-tongs and spoons, all flying about as Doughty kicked and cuff'd at them in fury, blaming them and not himself for losing their equilibrium, and proclaiming his whereabouts long before he regained his feet, when, with a "Shall we go to bed?" he advanced to the bell and rang such a peal that it seemed, from his instantaneous arrival, that Bogle had been affixed to the end of the wire.—"My Life and Recollections." By the Hon. G. F. Berkeley.

DISADVANTAGES OF BEING TOO EARLY.

It is decidedly a bad thing to be too early, and it has cost me and others a great deal of trouble. Let us see how many times in my life I have been on hand too early.

First, I showed my homely visage two months too early in the world, and thereby caused a great consternation in the whole family, who looked upon the six-pound baby as an imposter. Then when I was about seven years old, my teacher told me one day to come up in his room at ten o'clock, a.m., but being always ahead of time, I dropped in at nine, a.m., and caught him in the act of kissing the housemaid. It cost the poor fellow and his amoretta their situations.

"Young Hopeful" was then sent to the university to study medicine. I boarded with one of the professors, a kind-hearted man, deep in fifty, with a wife about twenty-two. The first thing, "the seven month's wonder" did, was to fall in love with his landlady, and she, for a wonder, seemed to take a fancy to said "wonder."

The poor professor had to solve many a problem for me; it was the only excuse I had to be in her company. At last, after much persuasion, I got her to appoint an hour for a *tête-à-tête*. The Professor went to his club in the evening; and she promised to be alone in the parlour after supper. "Young Hopeful" donned his best *smi*, besprinkled his handkerchief with all the *eaude-cologne* imaginable, and was ready at least an hour ahead of time. At last I heard the hall door shut after my worthy Professor, and down the stairs with a beating heart rushed "the seven month's wonder," spreading a perfume of *eaude-cologne* that would have made Jean Maria Farina faint.

Softly I opened the door. There on the sofa was my lady sitting, dressed for a walk, with a thick veil over her face. "Young Hopeful" bowed. My lady bowed. "Young Hopeful" advanced timidly. My lady kept her seat. "Young Hopeful" fell on his knees and poured forth a largo declaration, which he had learned by heart from one of Dumas' novels. My lady was silent. "Young Hopeful" asked for her hand. My lady held out her hand. "Young Hopeful" was dumb-founded: he recognized the large seal ring as the professor's, and the hand as belonging to the Professor. What was to be done? "Young Hopeful" kissed the hand; then got up and burst out laughing, saying:

"My dear Professor, I recognized you the moment I entered the room. I was going to ask you to help me through the problem I showed you yesterday; but seeing you dressed as a lady, I thought, I would have a joke with you." The Professor didn't see the joke, and the "Wonder" was advised to look somewhere else for lodgings. Now I have often tried to make up my mind whether I was too early or late on this occasion, but have not come to the conclusion yet."

GERMAN LANGUAGE.—No nation in the world contains so many adepts in the art of carrying the thing too far as the German. The very language is an instance. A friend of ours maintains that it has seven deadly sins, as follows:—1. Too many volumes in the language, 2. Too many sentences in a volume; 3. Too many words in a sentence; 4. Too many syllables in a word; 5. Too many letters in a syllable; 6. Too many strokes in a letter; 7. Too much black in a stroke.

RAPID INCREASE.—A Gloucester correspondent writes:—Little Mary B.—was a very sickly, delicate child. She had been ordered by a physician to take a glass of new milk with a teaspoonful of brandy, every morning. Her mother, who was with her in the country, was writing to her father in town, and asked Mary what she should say to him from her. "Oh, just say to him that I took my first glass of milk this morning, and I perceive that one of my knees has grown quite fat already."

CURE FOR JEALOUSY.—A jealous man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant, to ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlour," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window, as if in expectation." "Strange!" said the gentleman; "who can she expect?" "Some one enters the door! She seizes him and caresses him fondly!" "Horrible!" interrupted the old gentle-

she, thinking of the Divorce Court. "Now he lays his hand in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes." "Dreadful! She shall suffer for this." "Now he wags his tail!" And as this explained the story, old Jealousy decamped, and resolved not to be inquisitive again in regard to his wife.

A KNOWING CONTRABAND.—Bob, now called "Belmont Bob," is the body servant of General McCleraud; and at the battle of Belmont, it is said of him that when the retreat commenced, he started for the boats. Reaching the bank, he dismounted, and slid rapidly down, when an officer, seeing the action, called out: "Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse." Merely looking up as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied: "Can't 'bey colonel: major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's word'm a horse."

LECTION INFORMATION.—At the coming election, gentlemen desirous of becoming M.P.'s, have only to support the medium, to insure, at the critical moment, an overpowering show of hands.—*Punch*.

SKYE HIGH.—"Travelling in Skye," has been the heading to numerous letters in the *Times*. If there's anything wrong in this sort of journeying, surely Messrs Coxwell and Glaisher could furnish us with the best information on this aerial subject.—*Punch*.

A REBUKE.

How! "Fish is very expensive, just now, I can tell you. This salmon cost me two and sixpence a pound!"

Great (no business of his). "Ah, it's very good; I think I'll take another eighteen pence'orth!"—*Punch*.

A PIANO FOR SALE.—Here we are again! Talk of Clapier and carman, what could they do in comparison with this lady?—"A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak-case with carved legs." Apparently no one can put a stop to her. Hardly proper, is it, especially the mention of the cald-shem!—*Punch*.

A MISAPPREHENSION.—A lady, not very young, and excessively nervous about travelling in company with the opposite sex, hearing of the "limited mail," availed herself of it for a journey to the North, expecting to find the horrid creatures few and far between. Her consternation, on discovering her mistake, may be imagined.—*Punch*.

SETTLEMENT OF THE MORAL DRAINAGE QUESTION.—Since Australia refuses to allow our convicts to come near her, would Abraham Lincoln take them? As recruits they would constitute food for Confederate powder quite as good as the voluntary refuse employed; and one sure advantage of sending them to fight the battles of the Yankees would be that we should never see them again.—*Punch*.

THE DONKEY AND THE DAVENPORTS.

On my guinea, my guinea!
Myself, with two or three others,
I paid all that, like a nimby,
To see the Davenport Brothers.
Say one farthing would fee them,
To save it would prove you no miser.
A fool for going to see them,
I didn't come back any wiser. *Punch*.

MAMMA:—"What's my darling crying about?" Greedy Little Boy:—"Oh, Ma, dear, Dr. Nob says Mandie's got the dip-diptheria—(sob)—and I haven't got any—booo-oo!"—*Fien*.

I'LL BE SHOT IF HE DID.—A paragraph in a Scotch paper says that a certain Captain Nicholson, while shooting at Brotherton, had the extraordinary good fortune to kill a snipe flying and a hare running with one shot. Two birds with one stone is a joke to this! Was the hare running in the air, or the bird flying on the ground, we should like to know? We are inclined to bid our northern contemporary tell this story about a shot with a long bow to a goose, or the marines.—*Fax*.

STATISTICS.

In the six months ended June 30 last, the quantity of unmanufactured tobacco imported into the United Kingdom amounted to 15,358,105 lb. In the same period of last year it was 12,923,857 lb., and in that of 1862 only 7,486,306 lb., whereby it appears that the supplies to June 30, 1864, exceed those of the six months of 1863 by nearly 2,500,000 lb., and those for the first half of 1862 by almost 8,000,000 lb. These deficiencies arose out of the disturbed state of things consequent upon the breaking out of the civil war; but, as with cotton, other countries are now supplying us with tobacco in sufficient quantities to compensate for the diminished imports from America.

STEAM ENGINES AND MACHINERY.—The value of the steam engines exported to September 30th this year was £1,130,341, against £1,149,376, in the corresponding period of 1863, and £1,156,920, in the cor-

sponding period of 1862. The value of the other machinery exported to September 30th this year was £2,232,712, against £1,881,227, in the corresponding period of 1863, and £1,793,698, in the corresponding period of 1862. In this latter branch of mechanical industry there has thus been a further decided advance this year.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.—The statistics of the telegraphic system in the United Kingdom—that is, of the telegraphs open to the public, for there are many purely private lines—are remarkable and interesting. The capabilities and operations of the system have steadily increased year by year. In 1861, there were 11,528 miles open; in 1862, 12,711 miles; while last year the lines were extended to cover 13,892 miles, which, however, consisted of 65,012 miles of separate wires. The number of stations was increased in proportion, and last year there were 1,755 open, containing 6,196 instruments, through which about 3,400,000 messages were sent. In addition to the lines actually on British soil, the submarine lines to Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Jersey, Ostend, Hanover, and Denmark, with which the other lines are more or less all in connection, cover 887 miles, with 2,683 miles of wire. This line has upwards of 3,000 stations in foreign countries. The messages sent by it and from foreign countries were, in 1861, 280,000; in 1862, 310,590; and in 1863, 345,784, while the mileage was not increased. The several lines were last year, Electric and International, 8,230 miles of line and 39,042 of wires, 1,022 stations. The number of messages sent by this company during 1863 has not been ascertained; but, calculating the proportion of increase from the returns of the two years immediately preceding, may be estimated at nearly 2,000,000. The British and Irish Magnetic, 4,196 miles, 17,257 miles wires, 464 stations—827,424 messages; South Eastern Railway, 316 miles, 2,642 miles wires, 94 stations, and 62,968 messages were sent; London and Brighton Railway, 212 miles, 541 miles wires, 46 stations—43,208 messages; London District, 107 miles, 430 miles wires, 81 stations—247,606 messages; and the United Kingdom, 831 miles, 5,092 miles wires, 48 stations, whence 226,729 messages were forwarded.

"REEF SAILS."

A thoughtful pair, with streamers gay,
O'er Hymen's waters sweep,
Profusion dancing at the helm,
And Prudence laid to sleep;
At Labour's ancient chart they scoff,
On murdered hours they tread,
And lavish waste another's gold
When all their own is fled.
Reef sails! Reef sails! a whirlpool's nigh,
The angry breakers sound;
Haste, change your reckoning, ere ye plunge
In gulls profound.

Young Beauty, in her painted bark
Like Egypt's boasted queen,
For whom, 'tis said, the world was lost,
With haughty brow is seen;
The morn is fair, the beeeve is rare,
And gliding on her way,
She deems each billows flashing crest
To her doth homage pay;
Reef sails, my lady! There's a cloud
To threat thy noontide skies,
A wrecking sand, a lowly strand,
Be timely wise.

Pride launches bold, with canvas spread
And top-mast towering high,
Regardless of the warning blast
That through the shrouds doth sigh
Reef sails! 'tis not for him of dust,
Whose fall the worm doth wait,
To magnify the fleeting pomp
That seeks his high estate.
Reef sails! Reef sails! life's bubble breaks,
The stern grave claims its part,
But heaven's eternal favour crowns
The lowly heart.

L. H. S.

GEMS.

SOLITUDE shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.

Be wise; for, in gaining wisdom, ye also gain an eminence from which no shaft of envy or malice can hurl.

WHAT AN EDUCATED MAN OUGHT TO KNOW.—Ruskin says:—"An educated man ought to know three things:—First, where he is, that is to say, what sort of world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of,

and what may be made of it. Secondly, where he is going to, that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what he has best do under the circumstances; that is to say, what kind of faculty he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued, in the learning of them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

CULTIVATE a spirit of forgiveness. Check the impudent rejoinder when provoked. Avoid strife and contentions. Walk humbly and meekly, and your sphere of usefulness will be largely increased.

SORROW is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

INTERCOURSE with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation; and, by necessary influence, our tempers and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

MAN WITHOUT PIETY AND VIRTUE.—The true reason why the societies of men are so full of tumult and disorder, so troublesome and tempestuous, is because there is so little of true religion among men; so that, were it not for some small remainder of piety and virtue, which is yet left scattered among mankind, human society would in a short space disband and run into confusion; the earth would grow wild, and become a great forest, and mankind would become beasts of prey one towards another.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HOW TO ASCERTAIN THE HEALTH OF THE LUNGS.—Draw in as much breath as possible; then count without drawing in more, till the lungs are exhausted. In consumption, the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

INFLUENCE OF IRON ON VEGETATION.—A curious discovery, it is said, has recently been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of 60 per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat derived advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of a sulphate of iron on soils where it is desired to produce an early crop. No fruit is so much benefitted by iron rust in soils as the pear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAR always pays France. It is said that she has got twenty million dollars by the Cochinchina spc.

A SHARP WALK.—A female pedestrian, named Sharp, is reported to have finished the trying feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

No less than 300,000 stand of arms and some rifled cannon have been, we are told, shipped from England this year, all for Japanese nobles, and all invoiced as "hardware."

THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS have been awarded to the owner of "Milton's house," Barbican, as compensation. It was stated at the trial of the case that as much as £2,000,000 per acre had been given for property in the city.

THIRTY-SIX FEET OF THEM.—When George IV. visited Holyrood, in 1822, Sir John Sinclair presented to him six young Misses Sinclair, each six feet high. The last living of these was Catherine Sinclair, the authoress.

SALES OF ALPACAS.—Ten of the alpacas recently offered for sale by the New South Wales Government have been secured for Victoria, at £21 each—a sum ridiculously low, considering the enormous expense attending the importation of the animals from Peru.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWARD J. G.—The handwriting is good, and gives fair promise of becoming an excellent legal hand.

L. S.—Your best course is to apply at the General Register Office for Seamen, London Bridge.

LEONIDAS.—We never supply recipes of the description which you require.

L. W.—A man may assume any surname he pleases by merely notifying the fact; and the marriage of an illegitimate son would be legal in his own name.

N. T. H.—When a new visitor enters a room, the ladies present bow slightly, if the visitor be a gentleman; if a lady, all the persons rise. Handwriting tolerably good.

C. T. H.—To wear yellow kid gloves in dancing is not good taste. They are sometimes seen in French ballrooms; but white are decidedly preferable.

JANE A.—As your husband is outlawed (or dead in civil law), you may enter into the contract yourself, and it will be perfectly legal.

A. B. C.—Most of the old coins enumerated are not scarce. Take them to any numismatist, who will readily appraise their value for you.

R. W. F.—The term bachelor comes to us immediately from the French, in which language it is *bachelier* (or bachelier).

X. X.—No; it is better to say "a surgeon" or "a physician," as the case may happen, than to use the expression "a medical man."

J. M. C.—To drive away moths from clothes, wrap up some yellow or turpentine soap in paper, or place an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine, in the wardrobe.

M. C. A.—We are not acquainted with any book on the subject. Probably you can procure it by applying to a bookseller in connection with the Temperance Society.

T. P. M.—Offensive breath may be counteracted by taking in the morning from six to ten drops of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda in a wineglassful of pure spring water.

E. H. B.—To fatten your poultry in a short time, you should mix together ground rice, well scalded with milk, adding some coarse sugar. Feed them with this in the daytime, but sparingly.

P. H. R.—The first type-composing machine was the invention of Mr. James Young, who died at Dover in 1861. Mr. Young was also the inventor of the "distributing" machine. Inquire at the Patent Office, Chancery Lane.

N. G.—The production of your last quarter's receipt for rent bars all prior claim. Even when arrears have been due on former quarters, the receipt given for the last quarter precludes the landlord from recovery of arrears.

LIONEL.—In view of the evil courses into which your wife has fallen, there is no remedy for you except a divorce. The expense varies with circumstances; but a respectable solicitor will conduct the suit for a moderate amount.

THIRZA LOUISE.—The Empress Eugénie has become of late rather thin than formerly. The empress, who is of the medium height, is in figure very slender, and has certainly passed the period of life which our French friends designate as *première jeunesse*.

J. H. B.—To questions which owe their origin to the morbid curiosity that attaches itself to great criminals who expiate their guilt by death upon the scaffold, we never reply. The handwriting, considering the writer's age, is very creditable.

EXPECTANTS.—All persons appointed to the Civil Service of India must enter into a covenant at the India Office, and give bond for £1,000 jointly with their sureties for the due fulfilment of the same. The stamp payable by civilians on their appointment amount to £3 10s.

S. C. C.—Selected candidates for the Indian Civil Service will be allowed £100 if they pass the further examination in 1865 to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. This sum is given towards defraying their expenses before they can proceed to India.

E. M. P.—Dirty silver may be cleaned without polishing it by soaking it in a saturated solution of carbonate of soda (common soda) until the crust is softened, which, if thick, will take several days, and then washing it with soap and soft flannel in warm water.

INEZ.—Woolen articles may be cleaned thus:—Take four ounces of soft soap, four ounces of honey, the white of an egg, and a wineglassful of gin; mix well together, and brush the article thoroughly with the mixture; afterwards rinse with cold water, and let drain.

MARY H., who is nineteen, and passable as regards personal appearance, is a candidate for matrimony, being at present under the guardianship of a cross old aunt, and would be glad to escape from her bondage. "Mary H." would prefer a son of Mars to woo and win her.

ELLEN, a young lady of twenty-two, fair, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, nice-looking, well educated, and not averse to domestic employments, will be happy if any bachelor unattached will take note of her qualifications and desire to become a wife.

A. T.—We will endeavour to explain the difficulty. Since the heavens appear to make a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, each object on the firmament must move at the rate of 15 degrees an hour, or at the rate of one quarter of a degree a minute. But as no motion is perceptible to the

eye which has a less apparent velocity than one degree a minute, this motion of the firmament is unperceived. If, however, the earth revolved on its axis in six hours instead of twenty-four, then the sun, moon, stars, and other celestial objects would have a motion at the rate of 60 degrees an hour, or 1 degree a minute; and the sun would appear to move over a space equal to twice its own diameter each minute, and this motion would be distinctly perceived. The fact that the motion of the hands of a clock is not perceived is explained precisely the same manner.

L. T.—Your very long and somewhat clever letter is entirely unsuited to our columna. You appear to forget that the dissolution of a Parliament on the part of the Crown is, in fact, no more than an appeal either to the people themselves, or to another Parliament.

K. F. T.—Pure "atmospheric air" is composed of nitrogen-oxygen, and a very small proportion of carbonic acid gas. Air once breathed has lost the chief portion of its oxygen, and acquired, instead, a corresponding quantity of carbonic acid gas, which is highly deleterious.

FLORENCE, who is eighteen, tall, of fair complexion, possessing in manner, and of a merry disposition, is anxious to meet with a husband, who must be tall and dark, of a merry and affectionate disposition, possess sufficient means to maintain a wife comfortably, and be highly respectable.

GANTROW.—If love were not merely a blind deity himself, but the cause of blindness in his votaries, or victims, you would have seen that the lady is attached to you, and is merely trying to pique you into a declaration. And why don't you make it? That is the only way in such cases to know a lady's mind.

Two sisters, ANNIE and GRACE, would like to correspond matrimonially with two friends. "ANNIE" is seventeen, tall, with dark brown hair and eyes, and would make a loving and good little wife. "GRACE" is twenty, of medium height, rather good-looking, of a lively disposition, and would make a true and affectionate wife.

LIFE'S LESSON.

"Nessun maggiore dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria." Dante.

Ah, why shouldst thou grieve, or at fortune repine,
While beauty, sweet Laura, and youth are thine own?

Thou wilt find other bosoms as tender as mine
To hang on thy smile, love, and sigh at thy frown.

If the landscape be lost in the dim ev'ning shade,
The sunbeams returning shall gild it anew;

If the flower thou dost cherish should wither and fade,
Why sigh o'er its loss? There are more where it grew

For me let no sigh idly tell of the past,
Or pity gloss over my uneasiness here;

I covet no sigh but the sigh of the blast—
Save the light dew of heaven, I seek not a tear.

Regret not the moment that cannot return;

Improve thy brief day ere in darkness it set;

And a lesson of wisdom thou mayst learn—
The secret of happiness is—to forget.

W. M.

MARY ELLEN.—The money must be deposited in your full baptismal name, the omission of one of your Christian names in your marriage certificate being an error which should not be perpetuated. You must exercise your own discretion as to having the marriage ceremony performed again.

A. Z.—Our opinion is certainly averse to tight lacing. A fine shape depends upon due size and proportion, and as tight lacing destroys this, the small waist, which it produces, is a defect. As a general rule, everything that confines and lays nature under restraint is bad taste; and gracefulness cannot exist without ease.

A. L.—An ingenious and simple mode of annealing glass consists in immersing the article in cold water, gradually heated to the boiling point, and allowed to remain till cold, when it will be fit for use. If the glass has to be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, you must immerse it in oil.

E. L. R.—Correspondents must not expect answers to their inquiries to appear within "a week or two," or even three; as, on account of our greatly extending circulation we must go to press at least two weeks before the publication. That period, therefore, will generally be the interval that must elapse between the receipt of a letter and the appearance of a reply.

E. W.—The best specific we are acquainted with is sanguineous cleanliness. The skin is a highly organized membrane, full of minute pores, cells, blood-vessels, and nerves; it imbibes and throws off moisture according to the condition of the atmosphere and the temperature of the human body. It also breathes, like the lungs; and all the internal organs and the mental faculty also sympathize with the skin:

From the body's purity the mind receives
A secret, sympathetic aid.

W. S. J.—The eye becomes adapted for near vision by the pressure of the iris and ciliary muscle upon the lens, rendering it more convex. The elasticity of the lens restores it to the original form on the removal of the pressure. The radius of the curvature of the anterior surface is ten or eleven millimetres; for near vision about five millimetres.

J. H. N.—In all cases of life assurance, when the assured is leaving England, notice should be given to the company with whom the life is assured; for it often happens that the policy holder is in the same position as yourself, and forbidden by the terms of the contract from leaving England without giving notice. If you do not do so, the policy and all the premiums paid on it will become void.

FRANK WESTON writes:—"I am twenty-three years of age, 6 ft. 3 in. in height, of strong build, light hair and whiskers; complexion rather bronzed from attachment to all kinds of field sports, have received a college education, and am at present the favourite pupil of the first pianist of the day, and possess an income of £420 per annum (with expectations); am allowed to be gentlemanly in bearing, a pleasant companion, and altogether a very passable sort of a fellow, and have determined to settle down into the routine of married life. The young lady of my choice must be not more than twenty-two years of age, rather tall and well

proportioned, dark complexion, fresh colour, possessing a taste for music, and generally accomplished." The writer adds, in conclusion, that his appeal is made in earnest, and expressing the hope that it will be met in the same spirit.

SIRYL LEE.—We regret that we cannot supply you directly with the address of any practitioner able to affect a permanent cure of the affection; but in the *Athenaeum* for October 19, page 546, you will find an advertisement which may answer your object; the subject, moreover, is treated of in a small work which you can procure from Longman. (See also reply to "Inez.")

LONELY KATE, in a plaintive note, stigmatizes the young people of Newcastle-on-Tyne as being shy, and begs us to notify our bachelor readers that she will gladly open a correspondence with any gentleman who is on matrimonial thoughts intent. "Lonely Kate" is of a dark complexion; has violet eyes, small mouth, rosy cheeks, and a fine set of teeth; is of the medium height, and will receive £500 on her wedding-day. The gentleman must be of steady habits, of dark complexion, and have an ample income.

W. M. W.—The question involves a very nice point in law, and we are not certain that the omission would render the marriage null and void. The simple and proper course would have been for your father to have had the mistake corrected on finding his name entered erroneously in the Government books; but how or wherefore you should have committed the mistake in your marriage certificate is very singular. As it is, we doubt whether the marriage is void; but you had better lay the circumstances before a solicitor.

J. CHAY.—Of course, the words "father" and "mother" are preferable to "papa" and "mama." In all probability, the common use of these terms in England as equivalents for father and mother is traceable to the fondness for everything French which made itself so strongly evident in the last century. But it is remarkable that the word "papa" is in many European languages applied to the priest or religious father; in Eastern Europe every parish priest is honoured by being so designated; and the Chief Bishop of Western Europe—the Pope—is commonly called *papa*.

ANDREW NOLAN.—The form of words used in half-rooms in requesting a lady to dance, may be varied *ad infinitum*, and a great deal more politeness may be evinced in the manner of asking than in the precise words employed. You may, however, either "request the pleasure" or "solicit the favour" of a lady's hand for the next quadrille, or schottische, as the case may be; or you may simply ask the lady point blank whether she is engaged; but if you possess any *air faire* you will know then and there how to convey your wish in the most acceptable terms.

OXONIUS.—The examination for the Matriculation degree at Oxford differs in different colleges. But it is usual to require the same for the first examination, or "little go;" is one Greek and one Latin author, arithmetic, algebra, as far as simple equation (or two books of Euclid), a knowledge of Greek and Latin grammar, and capability of translating a piece of English prose into Latin. You must take up either Sophocles or Eschylus, that is, two plays of either author (but they must be of the same author). We recommend Sophocles; you might then take up the *Edipus* you have read, or the *Ajax* or *Antigone*. In Latin, Virgil—the for Georgics, or four books of the *Aeneid*, or else Cicero, *de Amicitia*, or *de Senectute*.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"William" offers himself to "Daisy" ("Violet" and "Daisy"). In a respectable position in life, good-looking, and will make a good husband, and provide a comfortable home—"Fanny C." who is nineteen, and considered rather pretty, wishes to correspond with a view to matrimony, with "J. W. N." She is of medium height, has chestnut hair, and dark brown eyes, good teeth; has a small property at present, but it will be increased on the death of an aunt—"Venice," a widow, forty-two years of age, would very much like to hear further from "S. J." the widow, aged thirty-nine—"Cesara" would like to hear further from "Jane," the young widow, twenty-seven years of age—"H. C." would like to correspond matrimonially with either "Julie," "Annie," "Violet," or "Daisy," in fact with any young lady not more than eighteen years of age. As is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, nineteen, and an architect by profession—"Beatrice" thinks she is just suited to "Claude Thorley," to whom she would make a loving wife. Is eighteen years of age, tall, nice figure, dark auburn hair; fair complexion, slight colour, and generally prepossessing—"Alice Maed Mary," would like to exchange *cartes de visite* with "Thomas Cooper" (although her residence is fifty miles from London). Is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark brown hair and eyes, and fair complexion, possessing, and well educated—"Clara" will be happy to receive the matrimonial advances of "Minton," from whom she desires to hear further, stipulating for an exchange of *cartes de visite* as a preliminary—"Joseph" (T. J. E.) Neither of the ladies have given any address.—A respectable widow wishes to correspond with "William," the policeman, in No. 76, with a view to matrimony. Is thirty-seven years of age, of genteel appearance, and of an amiable disposition—"Harry Coverdale," who is in a prosperous business of his own, bringing in at least £450 per annum, a widower, aged forty-seven, dark, of domesticated habits, considered to be good-looking, and about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, offers himself to "A. B." a widow, or any other lady of a suitable age, with a view to early marriage—"Carrie" being strongly prepossessed to "Claude Thorley's" favour. She is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has dark brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, slight colour, a good temper, and would make a loving wife.

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